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BECKWITH'S FAIRY

By Maurice Hewlett

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

THE facts in this well-authenticated case were as follows. Mr. Stephen Mortimer Beckwith was a young man living at Wishford in the Amesbury district of Wiltshire. He was a clerk in the Wilts and Dorset Bank at Salisbury, was married and had one child. His age at the time of the experiences here related was twenty-eight. His health was excellent.

On November 30th, 1889, at about ten o'clock at night, he was returning home from Amesbury where he had been spending the evening at a friend's house. The weather was mild, with a rain-bearing wind blowing in squalls from the South-west. It was three-quarter moon that night, and although the sky was frequently overcast, it was at no time dark. Mr. Beckwith, who was riding a bicycle and accompanied by his fox-terrier Strap, states that he had no difficulty in seeing and avoiding the stones cast down at intervals by the road-menders, that flocks of sheep in the hollows were very visible, and that, passing Wilsford House, he saw a barn owl quite plainly and remarked its heavy, uneven flight.

A mile beyond Wilsford House, Strap, the dog, broke through the quickset hedge upon his right hand side and ran yelping up the down, which rises sharply just there. Mr. Beckwith, who imagined that he was after a hare, whistled him in, presently calling him sharply—"Strap, Strap, come out of it." The dog took no notice, but ran directly to a clump of gorse and bramble half-way up the down, and stood there in the attitude of a pointer, with uplifted paw, watching the gorse intently, and whining. Mr. Beckwith was by this time dismounted, observing the dog. He watched him for some minutes from the road. The moon was bright, the sky free from cloud.

He himself could see nothing in the gorse, though the dog was undoubtedly in a high state of excitement. It made frequent rushes forward, but stopped short of the object that it saw and trembled. It did not bark outright, but rather whimpered, "a curious, shuddering, crying noise," says Mr. Beckwith. Interested by the animal's persistent and singular behavior, he now sought a gap in the hedge, went through on to the down, and approached the clumped bushes. Strap was so much occupied that he barely noticed his master's coming; it seemed as if he dared not take his eyes for one second from what he saw in there.

Beckwith, standing behind the dog, looked into the gorse. From the distance at which he still stood he could see nothing at all. His belief then was that there was either a tramp in a drunken sleep, possibly two tramps, or a hare caught in a wire, or even a fox. Having no stick with him he did not care, at first, to go any nearer, and contented himself with urging on his terrier. This was not very courageous of him, as he admits, and was quite unsuccessful. No verbal excitations would draw Strap nearer to the furze-bush. Finally the dog threw up his head, showed his master the white arcs in his eyes, and fairly howled at the moon. At this dismal sound, Mr. Beck-

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with owned himself alarmed. It was, as he describes it—though he is an Englishman—"uncanny." The time, he owns, the aspect of the night, loneliness of the spot (midway up the steep slope of a chalk down), the mysterious shroud of darkness upon shadowed and distant objects, and flood of white light upon the foreground—all these circumstances worked upon his imagination.

He was indeed for retreat; but here Strap was of a different mind. Nothing would excite him to advance, but nothing either could induce him to retire. Whatever he saw in the furze-bush Strap must continue to observe. In the face of this, Beckwith summoned up his courage, took it in both hands and went much nearer to the furze-bushes—much nearer, that is, than Strap the terrier could bring himself to go. Then, he tells us, he did see a pair of bright eyes far in the thicket, which seemed to be fixed upon his, and by degrees also a pale and troubled face. Here, then, was neither fox nor drunken tramp, but some human creature, man, woman or child, fully aware of him and of the dog.

Beckwith, who now had surer command of his feelings, spoke aloud. Asking, "What are you doing there? What's the matter?" he had no reply. He went one pace nearer, being still on his guard, and spoke again. "I won't hurt you," he said. "Tell me what the matter is." The eyes remained unwinkingly fixed upon his own. No movement of the features could be discerned. The face, as he could now make it out, was very small—"about as big as a big wax doll's," he says, "of a longish oval, very pale." He adds, "I could see its neck now, no thicker than my wrist; and where its clothes began. I couldn't see any arms, for a good reason. I found out afterwards that they had been bound behind its back. I should have said immediately, 'That's a girl in there,' if it had not been for one or two plain considerations. It had not the size of what we call a girl, nor the face of what we mean by a child. It was, in fact, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Strap had known that from the beginning, and now I was of Strap's opinion myself."

Advancing with care, a step at a time, Beckwith presently found himself within touching distance of the creature. He was now standing with furze half-way up his calves, right above it, stooping to look closely at it; and as he stooped and moved, now this way, now that, to get a clearer view, so the crouching thing's eyes gazed up to meet his, and followed them about, as if safety lay only in that never-shifting, fixed regard. He had noticed, and states in his narrative, that Strap had seemed quite unable, in the same way, to take his eyes off the creature for a single second.

He could now see that, of whatever nature it might be, it was, in form and feature, most exactly a young woman. The features, for instance, were regular and fine. He remarks in particular upon the chin. All about its face, narrowing the oval of it, fell dark glossy curtains of hair, very straight and glistening with wet. Its garment was cut in a plain circle round the neck, and short off at the shoulders, leaving the arms entirely bare. This garment—shift, smock or gown, as he indifferently calls it—appeared thin, and was found afterward to be of a gray color, soft, and clinging to the shape. It was made loose, however, and gathered in at the waist. He could not see the creature's legs, as they were tucked under her. Her arms, it has been related, were behind her back. The only other things to be remarked upon were the strange stillness of one who was plainly suffering, and might well be alarmed, an appearance of expectancy, a dumb appeal; what he himself calls rather well, "an ignorant sort of patience, like that of a sick animal."

"Come," Beckwith now said, "let me help you up. You will get cold if you sit here. Give me your hand, will you?" She neither spoke nor moved; simply continued to search his eyes. Strap, meantime, was still trembling and whining. But now, when he stooped yet lower to take her forcibly by the arms, she shrank back a little way and turned her head, and he saw to his horror, that she had a great, open wound in the side of her neck—from which, however, no blood was issuing. Yet it was clearly a fresh wound, recently made.

He was greatly shocked. "Good God," he said, "there's been foul play here," and whipped out his handkerchief. Kneeling, he wound it several times round her slender throat and knotted it as tightly as he could; then, without more ado, he took her up in his arms, under the knees and round the middle, and carried her down the slope to

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the road. He describes her as of no weight at all. He says it was exactly "like carrying an armful of feathers about." "I took her down the hill and through the hedge at the bottom as if she had been a pillow."

Here it was that he discovered that her wrists were bound together behind her back with a kind of plait of thongs so intricate that he was quite unable to release them. He felt his pockets for a knife, but could not find it, and then recollected suddenly that he should have a new one with him, the third prize in a whist-tournament in which he had taken part that evening. He found it wrapped in paper in his overcoat pocket, with it cut the thongs and set the little creature free. She immediately responded —the first sign of animation which she had displayed—by throwing both her arms about his body and clinging to him in an ecstasy. Holding him so that, he says, he felt the shuddering go all through her she suddenly lowered her head and kissed his wrist. He says that instead of being cold to the touch, "like a fish," as she had seemed to be when he first took her out of the furze, she was now "as warm as a toast, like a child."

So far he had put her down for a "foreigner," convenient term for defining something which you do not quite understand. She had none of his language, evidently; she was undersized, some three feet, six inches, by the look of her,* and yet perfectly proportioned. She was most curiously dressed, in a frock cut to the knee, and actually in nothing else at all. It left her bare-legged and bare-armed, and was made, as he puts it himself, of stuff like cobweb: "those dusty, drooping kind which you put on your finger to stop bleeding." He could not recognize the web but was sure that it was neither linen nor cotton. It seemed to stick to her body wherever it touched a prominent part; "you could see very well, to say nothing of feeling, that she was well made and well nourished." She ought, as he judged, to be a child of five years old, "and a featherweight at that;" but he felt certain that she must be "much more like sixteen." It was that, I gather, which made him suspect her of being something outside experience. So far, then, it was safe to call her a foreigner: but he was not yet at the end of his discoveries.

Heavy footsteps, coming from the direction of Wishford, in due time proved to be those of Police Constable Gulliver, a neighbor of Beckwith's and guardian of the peace in his own village. He lifted his lantern, to flash it into the traveller's eyes, and dropped it again with a pleasant "Good evening." He added that it was inclined to be showery, which was more than true, as it was, at the moment, raining hard. With that, it seems, he would have passed on.

But Beckwith, whether smitten by self-consciousness at having been seen with a young woman in his arms at a suspicious hour of the night by the village policeman, or bursting, perhaps, with the importance of his affair, detained Gulliver. "Just look at this," he said boldly. "Here's a pretty thing to have found on a lonely road. Foul play somewhere, I'm afraid." He then exhibited his burden to the lantern light.

To his extreme surprise, however, the constable, after exploring the beam of light and all that it contained for some time in silence, reached out his hand for the knife which Beckwith still held open. He looked at it on both sides, examined the handle and gave it back. "Foul play, Mr. Beckwith?" he said laughing. "Bless you, they use bigger tools than that. That's just a toy, the like of that. Cut your hand with it, though, already, I see." He must have noticed the handkerchief, for as he spoke the light from his lantern shone full upon the face and neck of the child, or creature, in the young man's arms, so clearly that, looking down at it, Beckwith himself could see the clear gray of its intensely watchful eyes, and the very pupils of them, diminished to specks of black. It was now, therefore, plain to him that what he held was a foreigner indeed, since the parish constable was unable to see it. Strap had smelt it, then seen it, and he, Beckwith, had seen it; but it was invisible to Gulliver. "I felt now," he says in his narrative, "that something was wrong. I did not like the idea of taking it into the house; but I intended to make one more trial before I made up my mind about that. I said good-night to Gulliver, put her on my bicycle, and pushed her home. But first of all I took the handkerchief from her neck and put it in my pocket. There was no blood upon it, that I could see."

*Her exact measurements are stated to have been as follows: Height from crown to sole 3 ft. 5 in.; round waist 15 in.; round bust 21 in.; round wrist 3½ in.; round neck 7½ in.

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His wife, as he had expected, was waiting at the gate for him. She exclaimed, as he had expected, upon the lateness of the hour. Beckwith stood for a little in the roadway before the house, explaining that Strap had bolted up the hill and had had to be looked for and fetched back. While speaking, he noticed that Mrs. Beckwith was as insensible to the creature on the bicycle as Gulliver the constable had been. Indeed, she went much further to prove herself so than he, for she actually put her hand upon the handle-bar of the machine, and in order to do that, drove it right through the centre of the girl crouching there. Beckwith saw that done. "I declare solemnly upon my honor," he writes, "that it was as if Mary had drilled a hole clean through the middle of her back. Through gown and skin and bone and all her arm went; and how it went I don't know. To me it seemed that her hand was on the handle-bar, while her upper arm, to the elbow, was in between the girl's shoulders. There was a gap from the elbow downward where Mary's arm was inside the body; then from the creature's diaphragm her lower arm, wrist and hand came out. And all the time we were speaking, the girl's eyes were on my face. I was now quite determined that I wouldn't have her in the house for a mint of money."

He put her, finally, in the dog-kennel. Strap, as a favorite, lived in the house; but he kept a greyhound in the garden, in a kennel surrounded by a sort of run made of iron poles and galvanized wire. It was roofed in with wire also, for the convenience of stretching a tarpaulin in wet weather. Here it was that he bestowed the strange being rescued from the down.

It was clever, I think, of Beckwith to infer that what Strap had shown respect for would be respected by the greyhound, and certainly bold of him to act upon his inference. However, events proved that he had been perfectly right. Bran, the greyhound, was interested, highly interested in his guest. The moment he saw his master he saw what he was carrying. "Quiet, Bran, quiet there," was a very unnecessary adjuration. Bran stretched up his head and sniffed, but went no further; and when Beckwith had placed his burden on the straw inside the kennel, Bran lay down, as if on guard, outside the opening and put his muzzle on his forepaws. Again Beckwith noticed that curious appearance of the eyes which the fox terrier's had made already. Bran's were turned upward, to show the narrow arc of white.

Before he went to bed, he tells us, but not before Mrs. Beckwith had gone there, he took out a bowl of bread and milk to his patient. Bran he found to be still stretched out before the entry; the girl was nestled down in the straw, as if asleep or prepared to be so, with her face upon her hand. Upon an after-thought he went back for a clean pocket-handkerchief, warm water and a sponge. With these, by the light of a candle, he washed the wound, dipped the rag in hazeline, and applied it. This done, he touched the creature's head, nodded a good-night, and retired. "She smiled at me very prettily," he says. "That was the first time she did it."

There was no blood on the handkerchief which he had removed.

Early in the morning following upon the adventure Beckwith was out and about. He wished to verify the over-night experiences in the light of refreshed intelligence. On approaching the kennel he saw at once that it had been no dream. There, in fact, was the creature of his discovery playing with Bran the greyhound, circling sedately round about him, weaving her arms, pointing her toes, arching her graceful neck, stooping to him, as if inviting him to sport, darting away—"like a fairy," says Beckwith, "at her magic, dancing in a ring." Bran, he observed, made no effort to catch her, but crouched rather than sat, as if ready to spring. He followed her about with his eyes as far as he could; but when the course of her dance took her immediately behind him he did not turn his head, but kept his eye fixed as far backward as he could, against the moment when she should come again into the scope of his vision. "It seemed as important to him as it had the day before to Strap to keep her always in his eye. It seemed—and always seemed so long as I could study them together—intensely important." Bran's mouth was stretched to a "sort of grin"; occasionally he panted. When Beckwith entered the kennel and touched the dog (which took little notice of him) he found him trembling with excitement. His heart was beating at a great rate. He also drank quantities of water.

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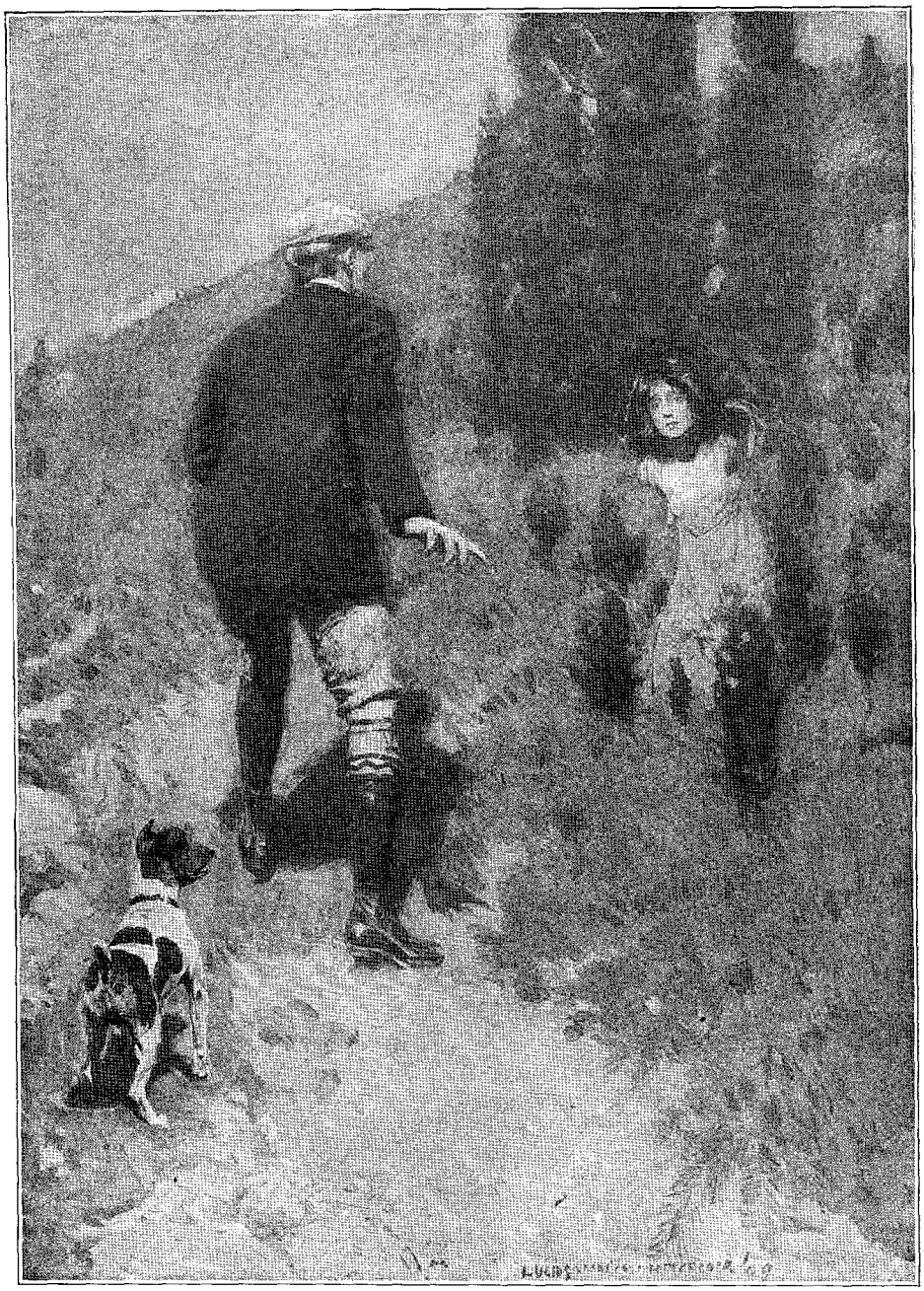

He went one pace nearer, being still on his guard.—Page 130.

Beckwith, whose narrative, hitherto summarized, I may now quote, tells us that the creature was indescribably graceful and light-footed. "You couldn't hear the fall of her foot: you never could. Her dancing and circling about the cage seemed to be the most important business of her life; she was always at it, especially in bright weather. I shouldn't have called it restlessness so much as busyness. It really seemed to mean more to her than exercise, or irritation at confinement. It was evident that she

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was happy when so engaged. She used to sing. She sang also when she was sitting still with Bran; but not with such exhilaration.

"Her eyes were bright—when she was dancing about—with mischief and devilry. I cannot avoid that word, though it does not describe what I really mean. She looked wild and outlandish and full of fun, as if she knew that she was teasing the dog, and yet couldn't help herself. When you say of a child that he looks wicked, you don't mean it literally; it is rather a compliment than not. So it was with her and her wickedness. She did look wicked, there's no mistake—able and willing to do wickedly; but I am sure she never meant to hurt Bran. They were always firm friends, though the dog knew very well who was master.

"When you looked at her you did not think of her height. She was so complete; as well made as a statuette. I could have spanned her waist with my two thumbs and middle fingers, and her neck (very nearly) with one hand. She was pale and inclined to be dusky in complexion, but not so dark as a gypsy; she had gray eyes, and dark brown hair which she could sit upon if she chose. Her gown you could have sworn was made of cobweb: I don't know how else to describe it. As I had suspected, she wore nothing else, for while I was there that first morning, so soon as the sun came up over the hill she slipped it off her and stood up dressed in nothing at all. She was a regular little Venus—that's all I can say. I never could get accustomed to that weakness of hers for slipping off her frock, though no doubt it was very absurd. She had no sort of shame in it, so why on earth should I?

"The food, I ought to mention, had disappeared: the bowl was empty. But I know now that Bran must have had it. So long as she remained in the kennel or about my place she never ate anything, nor drank either. If she had, I must have known it, as I used to clean the run out every morning. I was always particular about that. I used to say that you couldn't keep dogs too clean. But I tried her, unsuccessfully, with all sorts of things; flowers, honey, dew—for I had read somewhere that fairies drink dew and suck honey out of flowers. She used to look at the little messes I made for her, and when she knew me better would grimace at them, and look up in my face and laugh at me.

"I have said that she used to sing sometimes. It was like nothing that I can describe. Perhaps the wind in the telegraph wires comes nearest to it, and yet that is an absurd comparison. I could never catch any words; indeed, I did not succeed in learning a single word of her language. I doubt very much whether they have what we call a language—I mean, the people who are like her, her own people. They communicate with each other, I fancy, as she did with my dogs, inarticulately, but with perfect communication and understanding on either side. When I began to teach her English I noticed that she had a kind of pity for me, a kind of contempt perhaps is nearer the mark, that I should be compelled to express myself in so clumsy a way. I am no philosopher, but I imagine that our need of putting one word after another may be due to our habit of thinking in sequence. If there is no such thing as Time in the other world, it should not be necessary there to frame speech in sentences at all. I am sure that Thumbeline (which was my name for her—I never learned her real name—) spoke with Bran and Strap in flashes which revealed her whole thought at once. So also they answered her, there's no doubt. So also she contrived to talk with my little girl, who, although she was four years old and a great chatterbox, never attempted to say a single word of her own language to Thumbeline, yet communicated with her by the hour together. But I did not know anything of this for a month or more, though it must have begun almost at once.

"I blame myself for it, myself only. I ought, of course, to have remembered that children are more likely to see fairies than grown-ups; but then—Why did Florrie keep it all secret? Why did she not tell her mother, or me, that she had seen a fairy in Bran's kennel? The child was as open as the day; yet she concealed her knowledge from both of us without the least difficulty. She seemed the same careless, laughing child she had always been; one could not have supposed her to have a care in the world; and yet, for nearly six months, she must have been full of care, having daily secret intercourse with Thumbeline, and keeping her eyes open all the time lest her mother or I should find her out. Certainly she could have taught me something in the way of keeping secrets. I know that I kept

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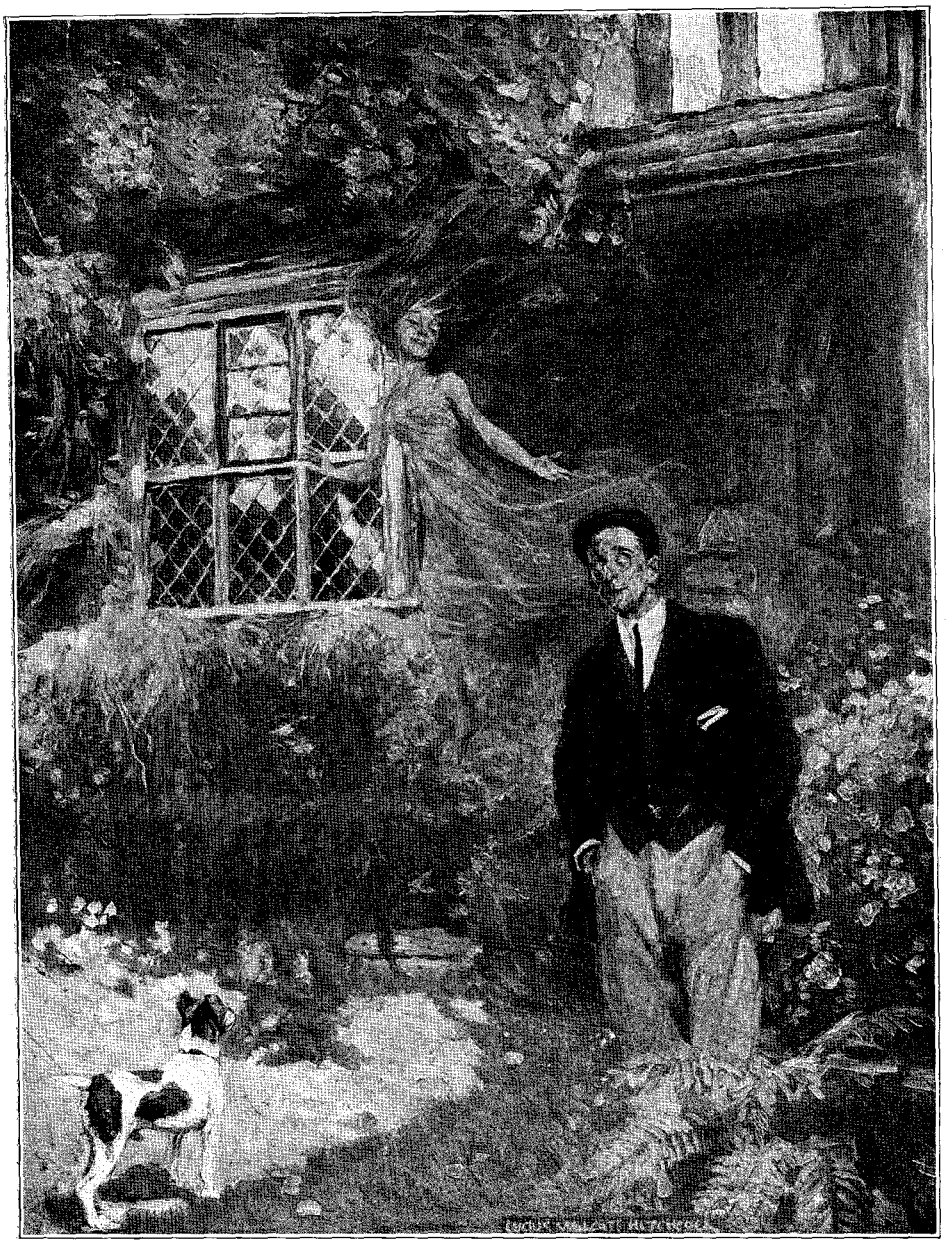

Flashing about the place for all the world like a humming-bird moth.—Page 138.

mine very badly, and blame myself more than enough for keeping it at all. God knows what we might have been spared if, on the night I brought her home, I had told Mary the whole truth! And yet—how could I have convinced her that she was impaling some one with her arm while her hand rested on the bar of my bicyle? Is not that an absurdity on the face of it? Yes, indeed; but the sequel is no absurdity. That's the terrible fact.

"I kept Thumbeline in the kennel for the whole winter. She seemed happy enough there with the dogs, and of course she had had Florrie too, though I did not find that out until the spring. I don't doubt, now,

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that if I had kept her in there altogether she would have been perfectly contented.

"The first time I saw Florrie with her I was amazed. It was a Sunday morning. There was our four-year-old child standing at the wire, pressing herself against it, and Thumbeline close to her. Their faces almost touched; their fingers were interlaced; I am certain that they were speaking to each other in their own fashion, by flashes, without words. I watched them for a bit; I saw Bran come and sit up on his haunches and join in. He looked from one to another, and all about: and then he saw me.

"Now that is how I know that they were all three in communication, because, the very next moment, Florrie turned round and ran to me, and said in her pretty baby-talk: 'Talking to Bran. Florrie talking to Bran.' If this was wilful deceit, it was most accomplished. It could not have been better done. 'And who else were you talking to, Florrie?' I said. She fixed her round blue eyes upon me, as if in wonder, then looked away, and said shortly, 'No one else.' And I could not get her to confess or admit then or at any time afterward that she had any cognizance at all of the fairy in Bran's kennel, although their communications were daily, and often lasted for hours at a time. I don't know that it makes things any better, but I have thought sometimes that the child believed me to be as insensible to Thumbeline as her mother was. She can only have believed it at first, of course; but that may have prompted her to a concealment which she did not afterward care to confess to.

"Be all this as it may, Florrie, in fact, behaved with Thumbeline exactly as the two dogs did. She made no attempt to catch her at her circlings and wheelings about the kennel, nor to follow her wonderful dances, nor (in her presence) to imitate them. But she was (like the dogs) aware of nobody else when under the spell of Thumbeline's personality; and when she had got to know her she seemed to care for nobody else at all. I ought, no doubt, to have foreseen that and guarded against it.

"Thumbeline was extremely attractive. I never saw such eyes as hers, such mysterious fascination. She was nearly always good-natured, nearly always happy; but sometimes she had fits of temper, and kept herself to herself. Nothing then would get her out of the kennel, where she would lie curled up like an animal, with her knees to her chin and one arm thrown over her face. Bran was always wretched at these times, and did all he knew to coax her out. He ceased to care for me or my wife after she came to us, and instead of being wild at the prospect of his Saturday and Sunday runs, it was hard work to get him along. I had to take him on a lead until we had turned to go home; then he would set off by himself, in spite of hallooing and scolding, at a long steady gallop, and one would find him waiting crouched at the gate of his run, and Thumbeline on the ground inside it, with her legs crossed like a tailor, mocking and teasing him with her wonderful shining eyes. Only once or twice did I see her worse than sick or sorry; then she was transported with rage and another person altogether. She never touched me—and why or how I had offended her I have no notion*—but she buzzed and hovered about me like an angry bee. She appeared to have wings, which hummed in their furious movement; she was red in the face, her eyes burned; she grinned at me and ground her little teeth together. A curious shrill noise came from her, like the screaming of a gnat or hover-fly; but no words, never any words. Bran showed me his teeth, too, and would not look at me. It was very odd.

"When I looked in, on my return home, she was as merry as usual, and as affectionate. I think she had no memory.

"I am trying to give all the particulars I was able to gather from observation. In some things she was difficult, in others very easy to teach. For instance, I got her to learn in no time that she ought to wear her clothes, such as they were, when I was with her. She certainly preferred to go without them, especially in the sunshine; but by leaving her the moment she slipped her frock off, I soon made her understand that if she wanted me, she must behave herself according to my notions of behavior. She got that fixed in her little head, but even so she used to do her best to hoodwink me. She would slip out one shoulder when she thought I wasn't looking, and before I knew where I was half of her would be gleaming in the sun like satin. Directly I noticed it I used to frown, and then she would pretend

* "I have sometimes thought," he adds in a note, "that it may have been jealousy. My wife had been with me in the garden and had stuck a daffodil in my coat."

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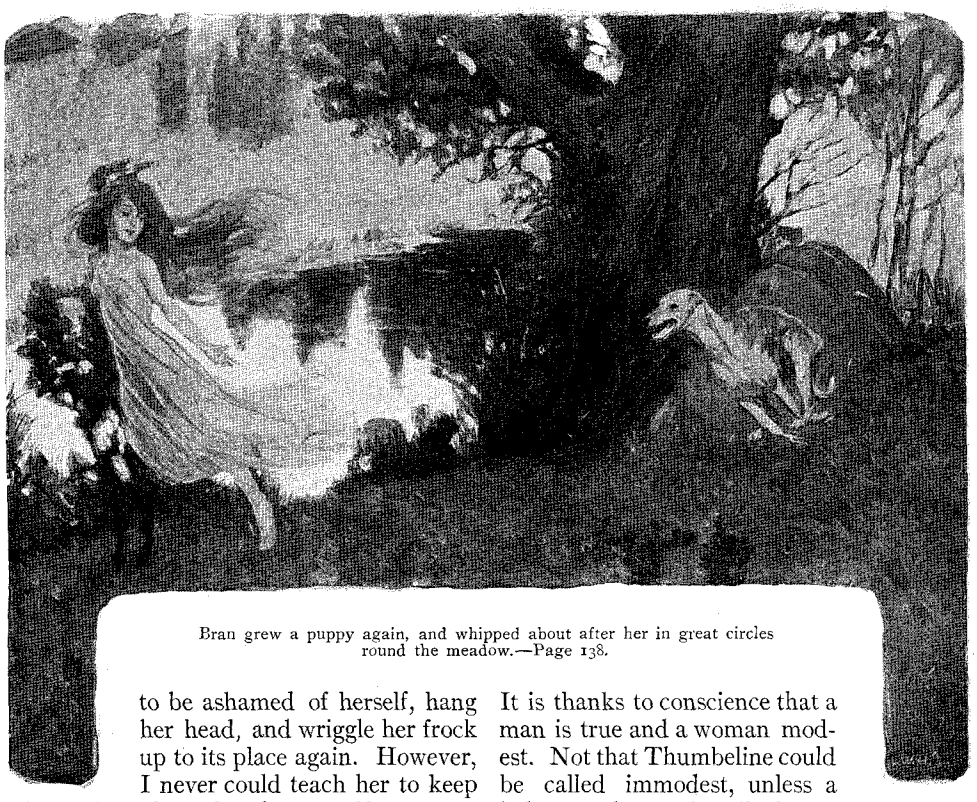

Bran grew a puppy again, and whipped about after her in great circles round the meadow.—Page 138.

to be ashamed of herself, hang her head, and wriggle her frock up to its place again. However, I never could teach her to keep her skirts about her knees. She was as innocent as a baby about that sort of thing.

"I taught her some English words and a sentence or two. That was toward the end of her confinement to the kennel, about March. I used to touch parts of her, or of myself, or Bran, and peg away at the names of them. Mouth, Eyes, Ears, Hands, Chest, Tail, Back, Front: she learned all those and more. Eat, Drink, Laugh, Cry, Love, Kiss: those also. As for kissing (apart from the word) she proved herself an expert. She kissed me, Florrie, Bran, Strap indifferently, one as soon as another, and any rather than none, and all four for choice.

"I learned some things myself, more than a thing or two. I don't mind owning that one thing was to value my wife's steady and tried affection far above the wild love of this unbalanced, unearthly little creature, who seemed to be like nothing so much as a woman with the conscience left out. The conscience, we believe, is the still small voice of the Deity crying to us in the dark recesses of the body; pointing out the path of duty; teaching respect for the opinion of the world, for tradition, decency and order. It is thanks to conscience that a man is true and a woman modest. Not that Thumbeline could be called immodest, unless a baby can be so described, or an animal. But could I be called 'true'? I greatly fear that I could not—in fact, I know it too well. I meant no harm; I was greatly interested; and there was always before me the real difficulty of making Mary understand that something was in the kennel which she couldn't see. It would have led to great complications, even if I had persuaded her of the fact. No doubt she would have insisted on my getting rid of Thumbeline—but how on earth could I have done that if Thumbeline had not chosen to go? But for all that I know very well that I ought to have told her, cost what it might. If I had done it I should have spared myself lifelong regret, and should only have gone without a few weeks of extraordinary interest which I now see clearly could not have been good for me, as not being founded upon any revealed Christian principle, and, most certainly, were not worth the price I had to pay for them.

"I learned one more curious fact which I must not forget. Nothing would induce Thumbeline to touch or pass over anything made of zinc. I don't know the reason of it;

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but gardeners will tell you that the way to keep a plant from slugs is to put a zinc collar round it. It is due to that that I was able to keep her in Bran's run without difficulty. To have got out she would have had to pass zinc. The wire was all galvanized.

"She showed her dislike of it in numerous ways; one was her care to avoid touching the sides or top of the enclosure when she was at her gambols. At such times, when she was at her wildest, she was all over the place, skipping high like a lamb, twisting like a leveret, wheeling round and round in circles like a young dog, or skimming, like a swallow on the wind, above ground. But she never made a mistake; she turned in a moment to fling herself backward if there was the least risk of contact. When Florrie used to converse with her from outside, in that curious silent way the two had, it would always be the child that put its hands through the wire, never Thumbeline. I once tried to put her against the roof when I was playing with her. She screamed like a shot hare, and would not come out of the kennel all day. There was no doubt at all about her feeling for zinc. All other metals seemed indifferent to her.

"With the advent of spring weather Thumbeline became not only more beautiful, but wilder, and exceedingly restless. She now coaxed me to let her out, and, against my judgment I did it: she had to be carried over the entry; for when I had set the gate wide open and pointed her the way into the garden she squatted down in her usual attitude of attention, with her legs crossed, and watched me, waiting. I wanted to see how she would get through the hateful wire, so went away and hid myself, leaving her alone with Bran. I saw her creep to the entry and peer at the wire: what followed was curious. Bran came up to her, wagging his tail, and stood close to her, his side against her head; he looked down, inviting her to go out with him. Long looks passed between them, and then Bran stooped his head, she put her arms round his neck, twined her feet about his foreleg, and was carried out. Then she became a mad thing, now bird, now moth; high and low, round and round she went, flashing about the place for all the world like a humming-bird moth, perfectly beautiful in her motions (whose ease always surprised me), and equally so in her coloring of soft gray and dusky-rose flesh. Bran grew a puppy again and whipped about after her in great circles round the meadow. But, though he was famous at coursing, and had killed his hares single-handed, he was never once near Thumbeline. It was a wonderful sight and made me late for business.

"By degrees she got to be very bold, and taught me boldness too, and (I am ashamed to say) greater degrees of deceit. She came freely into the house and played with Florrie up and downstairs; she sat on my knee at meal-times, or evenings, when my wife and I were together. Fine tricks she played me, I must own. She spilled my tea for me, broke cups and platters, scattered my Patience cards, caught poor Mary's knitting wool and rolled it about the room. The cunning little creature knew that I dared not scold her or make any kind of a fuss. She used to beseech me for forgiveness occasionally, when I looked very glum, and would touch my cheek to make me look at her imploring eyes, and keep me looking at her till I smiled. Then she would put her arms round my neck and pull herself up to my level, and kiss me, and then nestle down in my arm and pretend to sleep. By and by, when my attention was called off her, she would pinch me, or tweak my neck-tie, and make me look again at her wicked eye peeping out from under my arm. I had to kiss her again, of course, and at last she might go to sleep in earnest. She seemed able to sleep at any hour or in any place, just like an animal.

"I had some difficulty in arranging for the night, when once she had made herself free of the house. She saw no reason whatever for our being separated; but I circumvented her by nailing a strip of zinc all round the door; and I put one round Florrie's, too. I pretended to my wife, that it was to keep out draughts. Thumbeline was furious when she found out how she had been tricked. I think she never quite forgave me for it. Where she hid herself at night I am not sure. I think on the sitting-room sofa; but on mild mornings I used to find her outdoors, playing round Bran's kennel.

"Strap, our fox terrier, picked up some rat-poison toward the end of April and died in the night. Thumbeline's way of taking that was very curious. It shocked me a good deal. She had not been so friendly

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Thumbeline had been crowning Florrie with a wreath of flowers.—Page 140.

with him as with Bran, though certainly more at ease in his company than in mine. The night before he died, I remember that she and Bran and he had been having high games in the meadow, which had ended by their all lying down together in a heap, Thumbeline's head on Bran's flank, and her legs between his. Her arm had been round Strap's neck in a most loving way. They made quite a picture for a Royal Academician; 'Tired of Play,' or, 'The End of a Romp,' I can fancy he would call it. Next morning I found poor old Strap stiff and staring, and Thumbeline and Bran at their games just the same. She actually jumped over him and all about him as if he had been a lump of earth or a stone. Just some such thing he was to her; she did not seem able to realize that there was the cold body of her friend. Bran just sniffed him over and left him, but Thumbeline showed no consciousness that he was there at all. I wondered, was this heartlessness or obliquity? But I have never found the answer to my question.

"Now I come to the tragical part of my story, and wish with all my heart that I could leave it out. But beyond the full confession I have made to my wife, the county-police and the newspapers, I feel that I should not shrink from any admission that may be called for of how much I have been to blame. In May, on the thirteenth of May, Thumbeline, Bran, and our only child, Florrie, disappeared.

"It was a day, I remember well, of wonderful beauty. I had left them all three

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together in the water meadow, little thinking of what was in store for us before many hours. Thumbeline had been crowning Florrie with a wreath of flowers. She had gathered cuckoo-pint and marsh marigolds and woven them together far more deftly than any of us could have done, into a chaplet. I remember the curious winding, wandering air she had been singing (without any words, as usual) over her business, and how she touched each flower first with her lips, and then brushed it lightly across her bosom before she wove it in. She had kept her eyes on me as she did it, looking up from under her brows, as if to see whether I knew what she was about. I don't doubt now but that she was bewitching Florrie by this curious performance, which every flower had to undergo separately: but, fool that I was, I thought nothing of it at the time, and bicycled off to Salisbury, leaving them there.

"At noon my poor wife came to me at the bank distracted with anxiety and fatigue. She had run most of the way, she gave me to understand. Her news was that Florrie and Bran could not be found anywhere. She said that she had gone to the gate of the meadow to call the child in, and not seeing her, or getting any answer, she had gone down to the river at the bottom. Here she had found a few picked wild flowers, but no other trace. There were no footprints in the mud, either of child or dog. Having spent the morning with some of the neighbors in a fruitless search, she had now come to me.

"My heart was like lead, and shame prevented me from telling her the truth as I was sure it must be. But my own conviction of it clogged all my efforts. Of what avail could it be to inform the police or organize search-parties, knowing what I knew only too well? However, I did put Gulliver in communication with the head-office in Sarum, and everything possible was done. We explored a cicuit of six miles about Wishford; every fold of the hills, every spinny, every hedgerow was thoroughly examined. But that first night of grief had broken down my shame: I told my wife the whole truth in the presence of Reverend Richard Walsh, the Congregational minister, and in spite of her absolute incredulity, and, I may add, scorn, next morning I repeated it to Chief-Inspector Notcutt of Salisbury. Particulars got into the local papers by the following Saturday; and next I had to face the ordeal of the *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Daily Graphic*, *Star*, and other London journals. Most of these newspapers sent representatives to lodge in the village, many of them with photographic cameras. All this hateful notoriety I had brought upon myself, and did my best to bear like the humble, contrite Christian which I hope I may say I have become. We found no trace of our dear one, and never have to this day. Bran, too, had completely vanished. I have not cared to keep a dog since.

"Whether my dear wife ever believed my account I cannot be sure. She has never reproached me for my wicked thoughtlessness: that's certain. Mr. Walsh, our respected pastor, who has been so kind as to read this paper, told me more than once that he could hardly doubt it. The Salisbury police made no comments upon it one way or another. My colleagues at the bank, out of respect for my grief and sincere repentance, treated me with a forbearance for which I can never be too grateful. I need not add that every word of this is absolutely true. I made notes of the most remarkable characteristics of the being I called Thumbeline *at the time of remarking them*, and those notes are still in my possession."

Here, with the exception of a few general reflections which are of little value, Mr. Beckwith's paper ends. It was read, I ought to say, by Reverend Richard Walsh at the meeting of the South Wilts Folk Lore Society and Field Club, held at Amesbury in June, 1892, and is to be found in the published transactions of that body (Vol. IV. New Series, pp. 305 *seq.*).

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THE FORTUNE-TELLER

By Josephine Preston Peabody

'Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man, Thief,
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief.'

I

HIGHWAY, stretched along the sun,
Highway, thronged till day is done;
Where the drifting Face replaces
Wave on wave on wave of faces,
And you count them, one by one:
'Rich man—Poor man—Beggar man—Thief:
Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief.'
Is it soothsay?—Is it fun?

Young ones, like as wave and wave;
Old ones, like as grave and grave;
Tide on tide of human faces
With what human undertow!
Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief!—
Tell me of the eddying spaces,
Show me where the lost ones go.
Like and lost, as leaf and leaf.
What's your secret grim refrain
Back and forth and back again,
Once, and now, and always so?
Three days since and who was Thief?
Three days more and who'll be Chief?
Oh, is that beyond belief,
Doctor, Lawyer—Merchant-Chief?

(*Down, like grass before the mowing;*
On like wind in its mad going:—
Wind and dust forever blowing.)

Highway, shrill with murderous pride,
Highway, of the swarming tide!
Why should my way lead me deeper?
I am not my Brother's keeper.

II

Byway, ambushed with the dark,
Byway, where the ears may hark;
Live and fierce when day is done,
You, that do without the Sun:—
What's this game you bring to nought?—
Muttering like a thing distraught,
Reckoning like a simpleton?—

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(Since the hearing must be brief,—
Living or a dying thief!)
Cobbled with the anguished stones
That the thoroughfare disowns;
Stones they gave you for your bread
Of the disinherited!
Where the Towers of Hunger loom,
Crowding in the dregs of doom;
Where the lost sky peering through
Sees no more the grudging grass,
Only this mud-mirrored blue—
Like some shattered looking-glass.

(*Under, with the sorry reaping!*
Underneath the stones of weeping,
For the Dark to have in keeping.)

Byway, you, so foully marred;
You, whose sodden walls and scarred,
See no light, but only where
Fevered lamps are set to stare
In the eyes of such despair!
Tell me—as a Byway can—
Was this Beggar once a Man?
'*Rich man—Poor man—Beggar man—Thief!*'
Like and lost as leaf and leaf.
Stammering out your wrongs and shames,
Must you cry their very names?
Must you sob your shame, your grief?
—'*Poor man—Poor man!—Beggar—Thief.*'

III

Highway, where the Sun is wide;
Byway, where the lost ones hide,
Byway, where the Soul must hark,
Byway, dreadful with the Dark:
Can you nothing do with Man?
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief,
Learns he nothing, even of grief?
Must it still be all his wonder
Some men soar, while some go under?
He has heard, and he has seen:
Make him know the thing you mean.
He has prayed since time began,—
He's so curious of 'the Plan'!—
He will pray you till he die,
For the Whence and for the Why;
Mad for wisdom—when 'tis cheaper!
'*Why should my way lead me deeper?*
Am I, then, my Brother's keeper?'

Show him, Byway, if you can;
Lest he end as he began,
Rich and poor,—this beggar, Man.

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A BLACK FOREST PATHWAY

(DER HÖHENWEG—FROM PFORZHEIM TO BASEL)

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

THIS is the "Magnificat" of der Höhenweg. Perhaps those who know them may think I ought to have said die Höhenwege (that being the German plural), because there are two or, as some count, including the Ostweg, three of them. But the one which leads you from end to end of the enchanted forest, through all the greenest, most delicious mysteries of the Schwarzwald, that climbs to all the highest, loneliest peaks, where quiet pools reflect the sky, and dips into all the happiest, friendliest valleys, where the little rivers sing at their wheels, is Der Höhenweg (with a capital D, if you please), Der Höhenweg von Pforzheim bis Basel. And, for those of you who can translate German literally, but are, as yet, unfortunately not acquainted with the Höhenweg itself, I ought, perhaps, avoiding all misunderstandings at the start, to explain that it is the Highway for happy pilgrims and modern adventurers, and in no sense the path of traffic or of commerce.

I can well suppose that there is hardly a dweller in Würtemberg and Baden, and perhaps only a few in all the thirty other kingdoms, principalities, archduchies, provinces and free cities of Germany that have yet to be informed of this pathway of the Blest: but, until a fortunate chance had led us, sight- and city-weary, into the green valley of the Enz, and a still more fortunate accident brought the magic word beneath my listless eyes in the pages of the abused but useful Baedeker, I had never even heard of the Höhenweg. Oh! Blessed Karl! for this alone, had I the giving, thou shouldst receive an immortal crown!

Now all these nine and twenty years of mine I cannot recall to have been unhappy ones. Indeed I had always accounted myself most fortunate in earthly things. And so, I cannot doubt, do the poor Heathen, who have never heard of Heaven. And so perhaps do you, yourself. But you will never learn the full enormity of your misconception of the Blessed Estate; you will never rise into the ethereal regions of the most perfect human happiness until the forest files separate before you, the path begins to unroll its sinuous miles of leaf carpet between, and you, with knapsack on your back, the breath of the pines in your nostrils, and Pleasure seated securely in your heart, take your first bold strides forth upon the Höhenweg.

And here I must pause to hope that no one has so far misunderstood me as to suppose himself driving along the Höhenweg, in private carriage, post wagon, or diligence. Certainly you cannot drive. And, if you want to be happy, you will want to walk. Anyway, you will have to, if you go by the Höhenweg.

For the Höhenweg is no more nor less than a forest path, glorified and monstrously elongated, to be sure, but retaining all the charm of its fascinating prototype in irregularity of breadth, surface and texture. Mostly you find a soft, springy footing of leaf-strewn earth and forest mold, but sometimes there are long stretches, slippery with pine needles and, occasionally, rocks to scramble over. One ten-mile length there is of clean, grass terrace, and, beyond Triberg, you travel a considerable distance upon an unused, sandy road.

A similar variety appears also in the breadth of your way. It may swell from a pleasant garden-path size to the full width of Government macadam for a few rods and then, with a sudden, capricious turn into the woods, dwindle to a mere brown thread winding in and out between the sheltering trees: or it may ramify, like a sort of dry delta, upon the hillside scarred with sheep and cattle tracks. In a word, there is nothing unpleasantly fixed or definite about its make-up. There is nothing

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that does not fit in nicely with a roving, holiday humor such as possesses the mind of a vacation pedestrian, and the only things connected with the Höhenweg that do not vary in their type are the "Wegzeichen."

Imagine, then, a forest path one hundred and fifty miles long, or rather a connected series of paths and old wood roads, leading through forest and upland meadow, across rivers and among villages, up hill and down, in sunlight and shadow, tempting, fascinating, alluring, and you have at least an idea of the Höhenweg. Fairies may dance on the green summits under the summer moon: Kobolds, doubtless, are busily mining, deep in the mountains, and wood sprites and water nymphs peep out at you from the leafy thickets and cool, dark waters. You may expect anything you please. Your spirit is on tiptoe for adventure, and you have but to hold out your hand to Fancy, that good companion, and follow the Sign of the Road.

This is a white rectangle, envelope size, bearing a red diamond, with a vertical, white line in its middle, that is flanked by a black Pf. at one end, and B. at the other. Sometimes the sign is of painted tin, tacked to a tree; sometimes it is fastened to a post or a bush, and, occasionally, it is painted on a wayside stone, but always "Pf." points northward toward Pforzheim and "B." southward toward Basel, and it leads you, safely as a compass, from end to end of the Black Forest.

"Now to be properly enjoyed," says Mr. Stevenson, who is very learned, in such matters, "a walking tour should be gone upon alone."

Good advice enough for a friendless bachelor or one who has married a virago: but I should say, if you have a wife, take her with you by all means! The Germans do—and make them carry the heaviest knapsacks! We, however, are Americans—I had almost added "thank God," but that I should not wish to wound those kindly meaning if somewhat socially unenlightened people. And while I am on this topic, I might as well add, in their further justification, that the Germans invented the Höhenweg, and have organized a society to maintain and improve it as well. More than twenty thousand people in Würtemberg and Baden pay annual dues to the Schwarzwald Verein, and I should be afraid to say how many of them walk over it annually. Enough, at any rate, to suggest that sole leather should be dear in Germany.

It ought not to be imagined from the mention of a "Verein" that the Höhenweg belongs to a club. It is rather the other way around, and the public-spirited citizens of this portion of the complicated empire spend their money for the benefit of all or any. For any man or woman—or child, for that matter—so long as his or her or its deportment be such as to avoid entanglement in the wide web of German law, is free to wander at will along this mountain promenade.

Nor, although you may, at times, and particularly when it rains, walk a long day without seeing a single fellow pilgrim, is there necessity of much preparation for the journey. A stout heart, stouter boots, and an appetite for the picturesque is almost all that any one needs beyond the usual accompaniment of clothes.

Money, in small quantities, at least, is useful; although single gentlemen, with a turn for adventure, may pretty closely follow the famous example of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, who had "never read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him."

There are log huts in which one may sleep, if he so desires; bread and cheese and sausages are cheap, nutritious, and can be carried from some base of supply; and the water offered by the many springs and brooks is as fine a beverage as any in the world.

Of course, the more luxuriously inclined traveller will take care to end his days at the inns, which are numerous and surprisingly good. Supper, a bottle of fair wine, an excellent bed and, occasionally, that comfort rare in Germany, a bath, can be had.

I well remember our first stopping place, Forbach by name, dropped in the bottom of the deep and beautiful Murgthal, near by the rushing river. There was a glass enclosed "Speise Saal" overlooking this; and after an undoubted bath in the regulation zinc tub (that is where all the old American tubs have gone), we had supper, washed down by a bottle of Badischer wine.

There was a garden also, deserted and shut from the road by a high hedge, where we smoked afterward, and watched the

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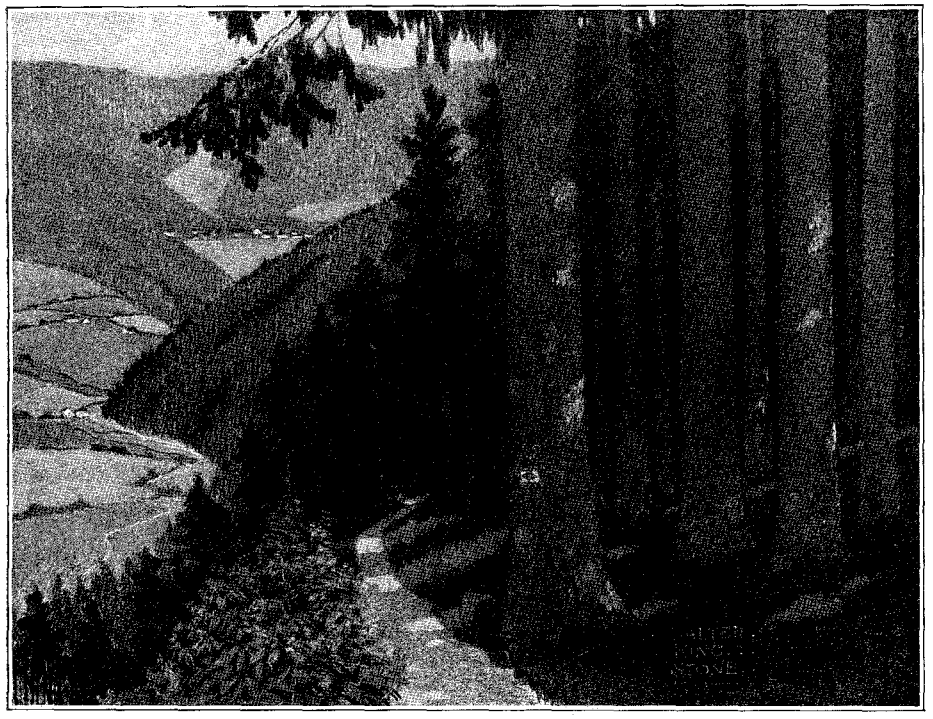

And follow the Sign of the Road.—Page 144.
Looking back toward Titisee.

moon climb off the hills into the eastern sky. How sweet those pipes were, and how softly the river roared beneath the old stone bridge—and then the pure delight of being rid of our packs! I remember that I did not want to go in at all, and my instinct was justified, for, when we did retire, it was to toss sleeplessly all night between weariness and pain of overworked muscles, till the teamsters began, about four o'clock, to waken their horses and every one else with the cracking of their long whips.

First nights are apt to be disappointing anywhere, and the Black Forest, which is free from so many other odious rules, lies subject to this one. But then it gives impetus to the second day's start! You are so glad to be up and away, climbing out of the deep Murgthal to the beckoning heights and the hills beyond, without ever a regret at leaving to overweight your pack. The mention of packs reminds me that I have said very little about this article of cardinal importance. It, however, speaks for itself, especially toward the end of a long day's march, when there appears the delicate question whether this indispensable accompaniment really grows heavier each hour at an arithmetical or at a geometrical ratio. But then, on the other hand, the pack is so accommodating as to contents, and you can always squeeze in just a little more than you expected. And it forms such an excellent pillow whenever you stop to rest! You may simply lean easily upon it, given a proper declivity of background, without even removing your arms from the straps; or—and this I affirm to be far the best practice—you may remove it altogether from your body and lie supine, with your head supported tenderly upon it at exactly the right angle to give you the nicest outlook between the interlacing trees, toward the wide dome of heaven. Nor, although it is full, in all probability, of such pointed objects as pipe stems, board bound books, and tin tobacco canisters, does it ever offer an acute corner or an inhospitable edge to the back of your weary neck. If there is anywhere a soft spot in the whole mass—and this must be supposed, or where is your change of—pardon me—undergarments—it is presented to the cervical portion of your spinal

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column, with a cosey hollow above, into which your occiput sinks with a deep sense of personal gratitude. And having attained this happy orientation of the body, the mind correspondingly settles into a condition of serene beatitude, and the hours fly on joyful wing.

After all, there appears no reason for you to rise and proceed; so long as you keep your watch in your pocket and refrain your eyes from the lengthening shadows, you can be at rest. The bed of moss is all that could be desired, the sun still warm, even in your woodland caravanserai, and, if Mummelsee is still a long three hours away, Sand lies just beyond the western ridge.

Your mind will make no decision; it is in too large a humor for such fine distinctions, and you toss a coin, "heads Mummelsee, tails Sand." The head appears, and you very properly decide to lie longer and end your day at Sand. For you refuse to be hurried—every fibre of your will is wide and resentfully awake at the mere idea—not even by Fate in the person of a spinning coin. Which point being satisfactorily settled, your mind floats off again into a sort of sunny oblivion, with a dreamy iteration of the comfortable Dutch proverb, "If it does not come to-day, it will come to-morrow."

However, the Badener Höhe must be climbed, like any other obstruction, and, rising at last, you follow the westering sun upward and halt only at the highest point to rest before diving into the shallow depression to the south, where your day's end is waiting. You look down from the gray cylinder of the Badener Thurm upon pine-walled Sand and across the miles of forest beyond it, rising to the Hornisgrinde, which lies huge against the distant sky, like some ancient leviathan turned to stone; and it is like saying good-night to out of doors and going into the house when you enter the fragrant pine woods again and descend thoughtfully along the widening road that leads to the little hotel perched upon the hillside above the Stone of the Bears.

It is a subject for no small wonder and speculation that there has been so little written about the Höhenweg. Guide books, it is true, you will find in plenty and of an excellence; but although every other line and corner of the Schwarzwald has been celebrated in verse and legend, the Höhenweg is as neglected by the literary paragraphers as if it were not at all the most beautiful walk in the world. I can only suppose that this is because all one's poetical feeling rises to its heighth toward the end of a long day of exercise in the open air, while at the same time one's energies are at their lowest ebb, so that the flesh, as usual, is weak at the only moment when the spirit is not only willing but able.

Take, for instance, the view from the bare and marshy summit of the Hornisgrinde. What could furnish a finer inspiration for the pen of a loving son of the Fatherland? You leave Bärenstein and its rushing stream hurrying toward the Rhine and strike southward through a little forest that opens once to disclose the over-frequented hostlery of Hundseck and then closes around you again like the walls of a long, green, fragrant tunnel, inclining upward till you reach Breiten Bronn and begin the real ascent of the mountain. Then the trees melt away into a broad, green lake behind you and you emerge upon a shelving shore, dotted with bushes, and climb slowly, steadily and happily toward the summit. If it is at all a cloudy day—and it is likely to be on the Hornisgrinde, whatever the weather may be below—it easily appears why the guide books call it a "marshy summit." It is one great upland pasture, turquoise and green, of quiet pool and meadow grass. One moment you are bathed in cool mist, gray and impenetrable, as the clouds sweep westward across the barrier, and the next, you catch your breath at the rain-washed beauties below. Northward, the slow decline of the forest toward Bärenstein and Sand, rising in the distance to Badener Höhe with its watch tower, small as a lifted finger against the sky. Eastward, wild, cloud-banked valleys leap recklessly down, and then stretch their length radially into the indefinite distance. To the west lies the great plain, through which civilization and the arts, creeping up out of Italy and spreading through Switzerland and France, finally flowed down and inundated Germany and the Lowlands; the great plain walled by the Vosges and watered by the Rhine, whose muddy waves shine like a silver ribbon through the soft veil of mist. And, southward, your eyes strain their utmost for the promised revelation, the "Alpenblick."

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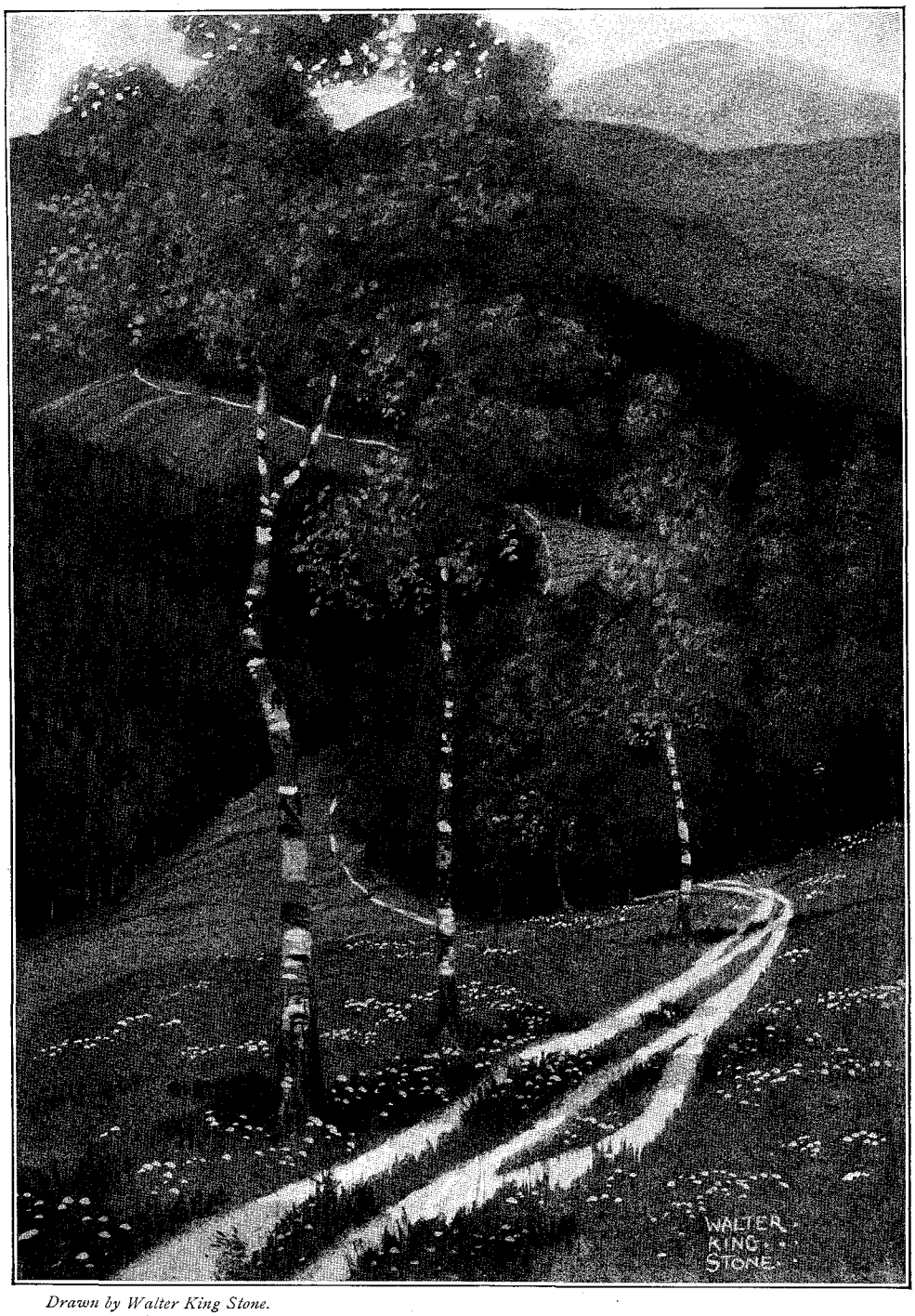

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Or it may ramify, like a sort of dry delta, upon the hillside.—Page 143.

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Everything is so sweet and so cool and so pure in these mountain pastures. It is no wonder that they are called "Herrenwiese" —God's meadows. It seems as if a bath in the stream of the winds and the lake of the clouds must rejuvenate and invigorate the soul as well as the body, for, as you turn unwillingly from the world laid out at your feet, you find yourself in a mood of quiet, high elation, fit for communion with Nature in her most splendid moments.

It is hard to preserve any attitude of elevation, however, either of mind or body, during your descent. For the path that you must follow is rocky and steep and, dipping once more into the twilight of the forest, you sink swiftly to the deep hollow where the sombre waters of the Mummelsee reflect the girdling pines and the evening sky.

There is a legend attached to Mummelsee, and water-fairies can be heard, by properly disposed listeners, singing at the exit of the Seebach. Or, if you meet with a Munich operatic star, he may be persuaded to stand in a boat in mid lake and make the echoes in the rocks accompany his robust tones in "O du mein Schwan." Whoever likes the fairies best should take the corner room nearest to their haunt. Such an one falls asleep amid a murmurous silence that can come only from the hushed fairy voices singing to comfort the waters that are being sent away from home on a far journey. And he will find a view down the misty valley, when he wakes, as freshening as a bath. But there is a tub here, a veritable tub, concealed in the cellar, and with an entrance from the house via the outer world.

Leaving Mummelsee on a misty morning you enter a green underworld of strange dew-bediamonded brilliance, skirt the head of a deep southward-looking valley, and emerge upon a sunny open plateau beyond Eckle and look down upon Wildsee, circled by the dark pines of an untouched forest that stretches away to the blue and distant hills. It is easy, here, to imagine yourself back in the heart of the old Germanic wilderness, in the heroic days when Hagen slew Siegfried with a coward's blow. The morning sun glints upon bright spear tops among the trees and the wind brings snatches of rough war songs shouted by barbarian voices. Your heart swells with the lust of battle and the chase, and if you have German blood in your veins, it calls back through the dark middle ages to that dim and mystic youthday of the world when heroes met at the Ravenna Schlacht. Within the hour you find yourself back in the twentieth century among motor cars drawn up beside the hostelry at Rühestein, where the Höhenweg drops into the common-place and crosses the government macadam before climbing the steep side of the Rothe Schliffkopf. Here you are again in ancient days, and the mounded bulwarks of Steinmäuerle and Roschen-Schanze, built by some hard pressed defenders of old time, must be climbed before the Wegzeichen show you out upon the broad and rising road that brings you, about coffee time, to the somewhat rude and over-populated Alexanderschanze Inn on Kniebis. If the noisy atmosphere of this popular road house ill-pleases ears attuned to softer sounds, take our advice, and a victoria with a single sturdy horse, which, for as many marks, will conduct you a comfortable eight miles along the splendid road that winds like a snake down through great pine woods into the lovely Freiersbach valley, where you will find an unbelievably fat innkeeper, and an astonishingly good meal waiting you at the Freiersbach Bad Hotel. By all means drink a bottle of their excellent Bräu, fresh from München. I wish I felt I might equally recommend the baths and the water, but a close observer will note that the Friar's brook is suspiciously concealed beneath many a pretentious cover whereon are displayed signs of "Bath and Springs" at every hotel in the vale—and Freiersbach Bad Hotel is down stream to most of them. Sunday morning is of all times the best to leave the Valley of Friar's Brook. In the first place the church bell insists upon early rising, and, secondly, you are sure to see all the people worth seeing on their way to answer its call. By twos and threes and fours, singly, and in large family groups, they are early on the way with courteous hat raisings and bows and friendly guttural "guten Tags." The women are bare-armed and bare-necked, with short skirt of red or blue or black, white stockings, blouse and kerchief, bright bodice, laced in front, and wide straw hats with red crowns which contrast well with their dark hair. The little girls are miniatures of their mothers, with black-ribboned

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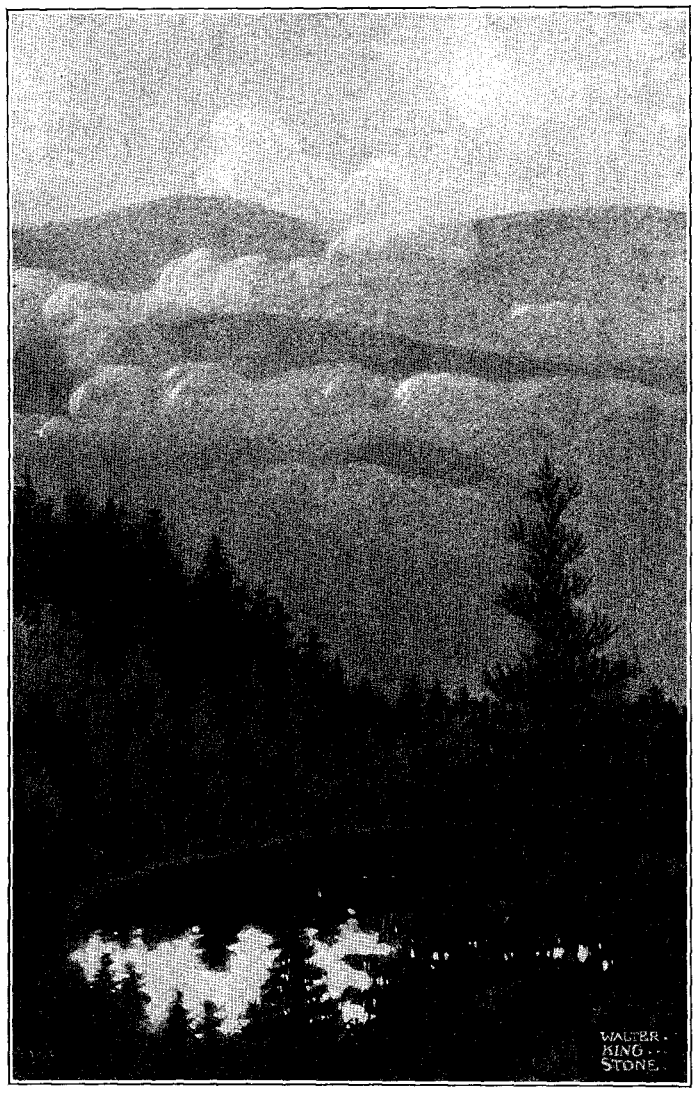

The sombre waters of the Mummelsee reflect the girdling pines.—Page 148.

braids down their backs. Nor are the women alone in their picturesqueness, for the men have added red waistcoats and red facings to their Sunday frock coats, and flat felt hats with wide brims give a proper air of sobriety to their rugged faces.

But you have become so unused to the crowds of the valleys and so enchanted with the loneliness of the hills that it is with a feeling of something like relief that you reach, with the aid of another carriage, the high places again, and rejoin the Höhenweg on the crown of Freiersberg.

This day's march, if you begin it with the guide book at Kniebis's Alexanderschanze Inn, is the longest and loneliest "day" of the Höhenweg—which is thus divided, German fashion, instead of by miles. From whatever point you take up the march, however, this stretch is one of the most beautiful. Even the names that mark it are fascinating to an ear that loves the German sounds.

Breasting the Hundskopf, you rise by degrees to Littwege Höhe through the solemn ranks of red-stemmed pines. Then farther, with ravishing outlooks upon wild hills and gentle valleys, past Herbensattel,

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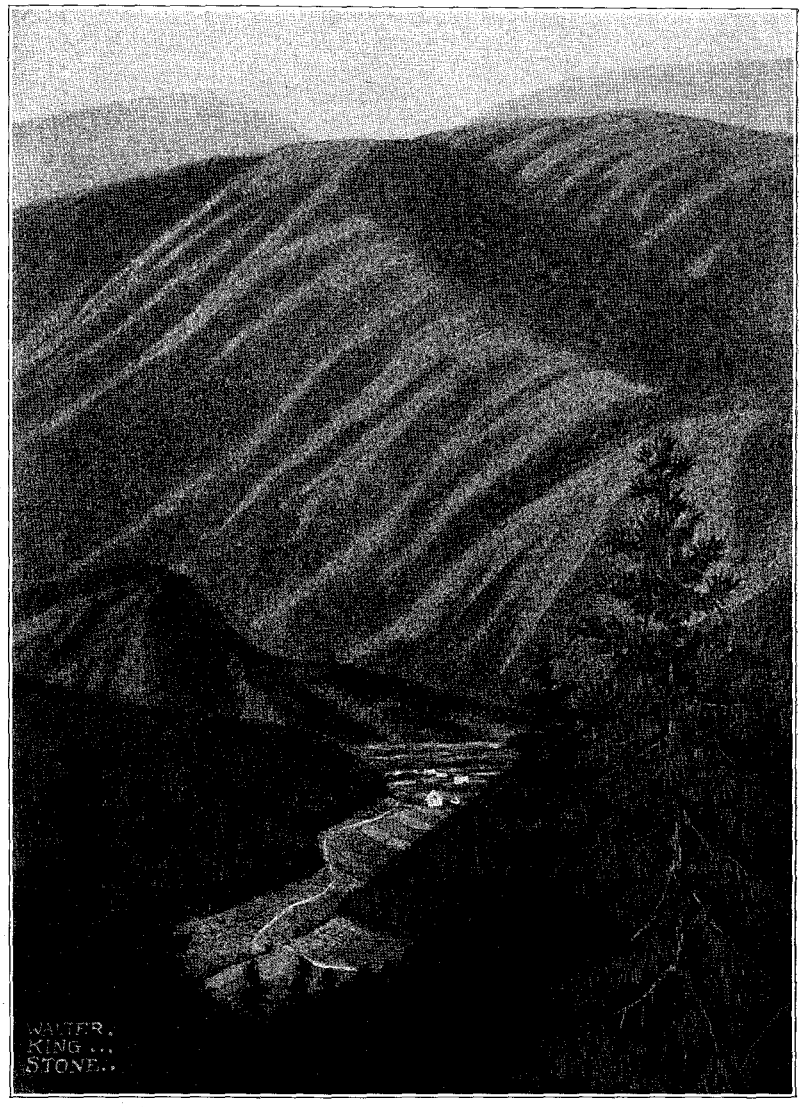

The deep and beautiful Murgthal.—Page 144.
Just before Forbach—Murgthal.

Hahnenkopf and Schnurhaspel to the forest place "Auf die Hark." Then downward to Ladstett and upward again to Kreuzsattel. To my ear that day's description in Mr. Meyer's handy road bible comes as perilously near poetry as a sober, pedestrian German could allow himself to go.

And here, at Kreuzsattel, is a more than ordinarily fine "Quelle." At the skyward edge of a high meadow you come upon a little cupped hollow, full to the brim of liquid crystal, that is constantly renewed and constantly overflowing. Around it the grass is as green as in any fairy tale and, stooping, you may see rising from the bottom of the cup a tiny geyser of sand, whose shining grains float a moment, like feathers in the air, and then settle on every side. It is a fountain within a fountain and, you think, it must have been from some such spring as this that Ponce de Leon, and others from whom he borrowed it, got that pretty idea of the Fountain of Youth. For it seems as if a draught of those

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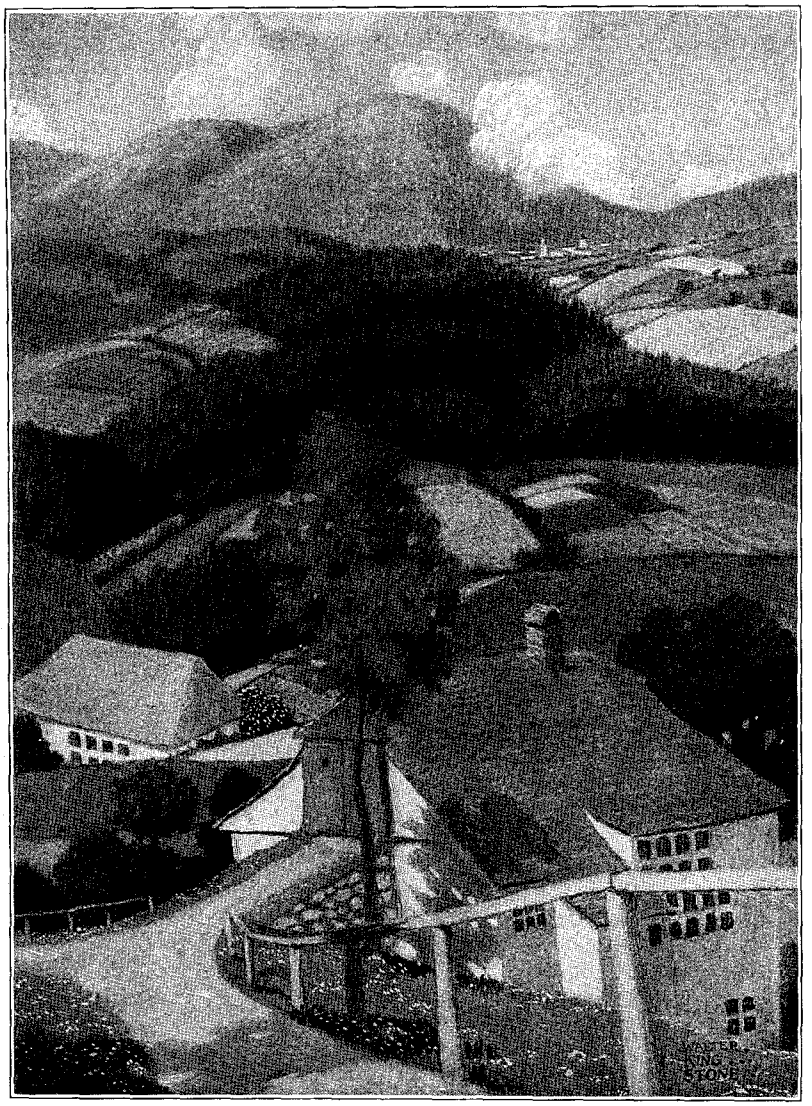

Thurner.
Near Titisee.

cold and crystal waters must satisfy even a thirst for immortality.

And while the mind is feeding on such philosophical dainties, a less considered organ may be comforted with a diet not so ephemeral: excellent sandwiches can be carried with you from the valley of Friar's Brook.

From Kreuzsattel it is a series of ups and downs past Hirzwasen, Burzbühl and Ebenacker to Kreutzbühl. There the real descent begins and carries you steep down past the Overbach, past the Kapellehof, where libations to the scenery can be poured in Bürgersbräu or Badischer Wein, through the Osterbachthal, over many a clear brown water where the lazy trout lie nose up stream, across the rushing Kinzig, to Hausach and the Gasthof zum Hirsch, under the shadow of the little Gothic church with the odd, green-tiled steeple.

Hausach, for some reason, lingers delightfully in the memory. Perhaps it is because of the Fürstenberg thurm, the gray

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relic of a castle demolished some hundred years ago. From its battlements, with the tri-colored banner snapping in the wind above your head and the sun pleasantly warm upon the back of your neck, the Kinzigthal is seen with a bird's eye; and the town of Hausach, which is of very moderate attraction, seen from its midst, lessens to the most enchanting diminutive. Red roofs, white road, green steeple, flashing river, quiet fields, animals and people, seen collectively and at a single glance, produce a proper multiplication of the interest each could evoke separately. Each gains something from its relation to the other units that make up the whole, when the whole is seen: and the very spirals of gray smoke entice the eye to trace them to their issue from the tile-crowned chimneys. And then distance lends to the village an atmosphere of peaceful aloofness from the great world that you did not discover in the shady dining-room of the Gasthaus zum Goldenen Hirsch with automobiles flashing past the window.

The quality that distance lends is, however, an old story, and the tenderness of our recollections for Hausach may have its basis in the contrast that smiling country village offers to Triberg, whither you may repair next morning by the Höhenweg or by train.

We chose the latter and could not regret it when we found how terrible the disillusionment must otherwise have been. For they call Triberg the crown of the Schwarzwald; at least one old, red-faced, asthmatic Teuton, who forced his well-meant company upon us through the length of an interminable afternoon, called it so. We outwalked him at last, thanks to his appetite for beer, and left him gasping and apoplectic upon a steep hillside. Perhaps the lie stuck in his throat.

For Triberg is not the crown of the Schwarzwald. No! nor anything like it. Triberg is a steep street, lined with houses having no claim to age or architectural beauty. It begins at the railroad station and ends below the waterfall at the head of the valley into which Triberg has insinuated itself and which would otherwise have been very beautiful. The waterfall itself is fine enough, or would be, lacking the profane improvements peculiar to the watering-places of middle-class taste; but on the rock's face, near its foot, has been placed a bronze tablet commemorative of a royal visit—an effort at conferring distinction that results in an opposite effect.

One could understand the Kaiser wearing a medal announcing that he had enjoyed the honor of a visit to Triberg: but this sign on the rocks! It is another of the senseless insults well-meaning man loves to offer nature.

From Triberg an auto bus bears you gratefully to Schonach, a hamlet chiefly noteworthy for being the nearest point the sensible Höhenweg comes to Triberg.

With a cheery nod of greeting to the little red diamond on the white rectangle, you slip your arms into your pack, shake the dust of Triberg from your feet and its burden of bourgeoisie from your shoulders, fill your lungs with the pure air of the hills and, taking a last glance at the Wegzeichen, to make sure which way the black "B" directs you, you step off briskly across the rolling upland.

A sandy, unused road leads you through a rather uninteresting country, but the tonic air and the rapid walking keep your blood tingling and your spirit on tiptoe, and you come about lunch time, with an outdoor appetite for the homely fare, to the road house where three ways meet at Martin's Kapelle.

The refreshment a convenient sign proclaims to consist of "Brot, Butter, frische Eier und Schwarzwald geraüchtete Schinken und Speck."

You may eat your ham and eggs, brown bread and delicious butter in the cool wind at long trestle tables under the trees outside; or you may join the "Landsleute" inside the low age-darkened "Nebenzimmer" with its quaint "Kachelofen" and diamond-paned windows, where you will listen to the homely talk of three or four teamsters, with their whips across their knees and dogs between their feet, as they gossip over their bread and cheese and beer.

There is no necessity for speed this afternoon, and a quiet walk such as best suits a thoughtful mind will take you, some hours before sundown, to the foot of the observation tower at the farther side of Brend, where the flank of the mountain curves around and drops steeply off to form the northern wall of a tremendous valley.

I do not know a pleasanter place for an afternoon pipe than this southern slope of

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Brend. Sufficiently removed from the tower, you are safe from intrusion of fellow pedestrians into the quiet house of your thoughts and can wing an imaginary journey across the great aërial gulf that lies between your sunlit couch and the half-hidden summit of cloud-crowned Kandel, already beginning to draw up his evening robe of shadows around his feet. And, so flying, you may drop a glance into the foaming mouth of the Wilde Gutach, emerging from its rugged gorge to swallow the Gütenbach whole and then vomit the confluent waters into the depths of Alt Simon's Wald Thal.

The sombre, pine-clad walls are pleasantly relieved, in their lower part, by the lighter crowns of walnut and the sparkle of beech; and long waterfalls, gathered from the unfailing reservoirs of heaven, leap from Kandel's summit, bar the darkness with a thread of silver, and vanish into the verdant basin beneath.

This is a safe and pleasant journey, where the mind follows the eye and the body lies at rest and, thereby refreshed, you knock the ashes from your fire-scarred briar and descend the gentle slope of the southeastern side to the wide plateau beneath and across its long reach, past the "Gasthaus zum Raben" to the plain, little hotel at Neu Eck, on the post road between Furtwangen and Waldkirch.

At Neu Eck we found the first American name, and I think the only one that we met in any of the Höhenweg guest books. From which I gathered that few Americans can have made the journey between Pforzheim and Basel on foot.

Of course it is unfashionable, at present, to travel slowly, and if your motor has not at least forty horse-power, you are not likely to be classed among the first families of the road. Still, there is a certain quaint charm in going a journey, as our forefathers sometimes had to go them, that more than compensates a somewhat dreamy and unpractical mind for this loss to its fleshly encumbrance.

From Neu Eck the Höhenweg makes an eastward curve and climbs the ridge where lies the somewhat forbiddingly called Kaltenherberg. To the understanding mind this name offers but cold comfort and, if you have left a spark of your childhood's joy in fairy lore, you will take the low road that leads through the Hexenthal. Think of it! "The Witches' Valley." Is there not a romantic tang in the very taste of the word?

Two or three miles of commonplace dirt road, descending from Neu Eck, brings you to the mouth of it. Here the valley narrows and deepens, and the waters that play cross-tag with the path begin to take on a harsher tone as the valley floor drops away beneath them. Now the road, made ages ago by people who did not rightly value the Dark Art, climbs rather precipitately up the side wall and leaves you alone on the foot path, beside the brook. The valley narrows again and huge granite ribs thrust themselves out between the groups of sombre pines and you recognize the dry bones of Earth's carcass, among which witches may appropriately dwell. The wind whines in the tree tops, and cries gustily around corners, and perhaps a storm cloud throws the place into almost evening darkness, and in the white dance of the foaming waters you have the very picture of a witches' celebration. Or the walls are dappled with sunlight, the witches vanish with the storm, and singing fairies float on the glittering foam. Here and there a hut peeps out from some sheltered nook and a wrinkled face, doubtless that of a witch, appears for an instant at the door—and a shy child, perhaps a captive, vanishes suddenly from the window. Presently the trees disappear, the bare, rocky walls close threateningly upon you from either side, and you follow the hurrying stream around a sharp bend into a *cul de sac*. Another breathless turn carries you through a great, gaping crevice in the rock wall where there is hardly room for the path and the brook squeezed side by side, close together. This is the Hexenloch, made years ago by a witch who was run to bay by some dangerously enthusiastic early Christians, in the bag's end. It is said that, being hard pressed and having forgotten or mislaid or dropped her Pegasian broomstick, and the walls being uncomfortably steep for climbing, she split the rocks with some magic words and escaped into the open country beyond.

Of course that happened a long while ago, and nobody now remembers exactly what she said nor what happened afterward, but, certainly, there are no living trees around the spot and very few flowers grow there this day.

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There is a certain charm in variety that does not fail and that is most keenly appreciated by young people. Now, none but young people find themselves upon the Höhenweg. Not because old people cannot walk there, but because they cannot walk there and be old! For age is the failing of sensation, just as death, so far as we know, is the utter cessation of it. And here, upon the Höhenweg, or even near it, there is a new sensation greeting you at every turn.

So, from the gloomy and uneasy valley of the witches, you are suddenly introduced into the most peaceful and loveliest of household shrines, the nursery of the pine babies. And not the nursery only, but the kindergarten and the school-room as well.

The littlest fellows are so small that you may not notice them at first, and only observe that the rows, in which they are set, take a general greenish-brown tone from the myriad dots of verdance, thickset among the waves of dark mold.

In the kindergarten the youngsters are set farther, and in the school-room still farther, apart, lest they do one another a mischief. Beyond, in the pine barracks, the trees stand straight and regular as soldiers and salute you with a friendly waving of their plumy tops.

During the progress of a short walk, you may observe and philosophize upon the whole Seven Ages of pines, and they are physically far more beautiful than the corresponding periods of Man's life. But the thrifty Germans are distinct utilitarians in this cult, and you are looking, perhaps quite ignorantly, upon the perfect application of a well-known principle—the conservation of energy.

For the miles of forest represent a huge reservoir, and help to store the very power which transforms their trunks into commercial products at the little saw-mills in the valley.

It is a sort of beneficent circle for the Lords of the forest, and many a Thaler drops into their pockets from the falling pines.

You are led to wonder which are of greater value in the ultimate scheme of things: the men who create the forests or the forests that make the men.

And while you are philosophizing, another turn in the road brings you plump upon the noisy activity of the board-makers, and philosophy flies, as usual, in the face of stern reality.

The scream and roar of the machinery are harsh, and the sight of such slaughter bids you hurry on, with just a glance into the speckled water to make sure that the sawdust hasn't driven the trout away from this stream at any rate.

Trout must be deaf! or at least impervious to unbeautiful noises. You almost wish that you were similarly affected and, stopping your ears against the whirring hum, you follow the road around another convenient angle and march forward into the green silence of the forest.

There is a quality in this silence that it is difficult to name and impossible to describe. It is not breathless nor deathlike, and it is never lonely. It is rather a living silence—calm and full of comfort—that quiets the mind like sleep and refreshes every sense. It is soft as the touch of a living hand. It falls upon the heart like distant music and wraps you, soul and body, in peace. Strengthened as by a silent prayer, you wander on in a sort of reverent contentment.

Then sounds begin to waken in the distance and the imagination rouses.

A cock crows in a lonely farmstead far below, and the clarion tone rings faint across the valley like the note of an elfin horn. A child's voice floats out from some hidden thicket and birds call from the dark branches. The wind comes and wakens harp tones in the Æolian trees, and you begin to whistle a bit yourself by way of company.

These may be your last hours upon the Höhenweg, if you have an engagement that must be kept next day in another kingdom. Your pace slackens and a whole flock of pestiferous thoughts and memories of the outer work-a-day world comes swarming into your mind. The sunlight pales, the road hardens under your feet, and the wayside flowers look faded and second-hand.

But you are too soaked in the spirit of the road to be long cast down, and with a flourish of your stick and a shrug of your shoulders, you shake Black Care from your knapsack and, like the cheerful Benvenuto, after his encounter with the highwaymen, "continue onward, singing."

The road trends steeply upward between green slopes, and breasting the rise, you

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presently achieve the hill-top and, a few yards farther on, at Schöneck, you receive the reward of your spiritual bravery.

Here the road bends sharply to the east and, at the corner, you look into three-quarters of the beautiful world around you. The ridge curves northward to Kandel, past which you have walked in the early hours of the day, and, swinging southward, your gaze travels over the countless billows of the hills, a green and motionless inland sea. Dim in the background of the picture, beyond the purple gash of the Höllenthal, the distant Feldberg rises into the pale and brilliant sky. White cloud ships sail lazily about and throw cool shadows on the hills. The fresh wind brings the mingled fragrance of pine and clover and flutters the leaves of your notebook invitingly, and, if you are pictorially or graphically inclined, you will vainly try to imprison the spirit of the place in sketch or rhyme.

But it is the spirit of freedom, the Spirit of the Road, that inhabits here, and too elusive to be caught and held for more than a moment.

It swells the heart and thrills the mind. The ears are filled with its song and the nostrils sweet with the scent of it.

But hardly a moment will it stay—as quick and sweet as the dream that comes between sleeping and waking—it gives you one divine insufflation and then leaves you—gasping in the thick air of reality.

THE VISION-DAYS

By Arthur Davison Ficke

We dwelt within a house of pearl
In those old days of wondering joy—
You were the golden wide-eyed girl,
I was the silent lonely boy.

To what far country have they passed,
Those things we dreamed, so sweet and strange—
Far sea-caught morns that might not last,
Fresh winds of dawning, doomed to change?

I wove your tresses with the wind
And filled your eyes with sunrise gleam.
A voiceless longing made me blind
(For children dream as poets dream). . . .

Often I wish to stand once more,
Not yet made wise, beside that sea
Whose silver waters wash no shore,
But islanded with phantasy—

Where all the air was living gold
Out to the far horizon's haze,
Toward which the vision-ships of old
Bore off our fading vision-days.

I think you sometimes now must go
In secret to that distant place
Where still they bloom—to-day their glow
Was tender in your lifted face.

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THE LADY OF THE LIFT

By E. W. Hornung

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

IT was the Man from Winchester who gave her that name: the Man who was Swiss godfather and godmother to half the hotel. Whiskers and the Suffragite, the Meenister and the Limit, were a few more of his baptismal efforts; but it is only fair to state that he called us these things behind our respective backs, whereas we called him Man to his impudent little laughing face. The one exception to a redeeming rule was the Lady of the Lift, who delighted in her *nom d'hôtel* and made much of its inventor. The Man was in fact a sufficiently healthy and hearty specimen of the young barbarian; but though doubtless a very small molecule at Winchester, where he had but finished his first term, it must be confessed that there was a good deal of him at the Alpine haunt to which his people had brought him for the Christmas holidays.

It was one of those spots to which half one's friends flock nowadays in the latter part of December, to return with the complexions of Choctaws all too early in the New Year. A group of gay hotels, with as many balconies as a pagoda, and an unpopular annex in the background, had broken out upon a plateau among the dazzling peaks. Snow of an almost incandescent purity and brilliance rose in huge uncouth chunks against a tropically blue sky; the softened shapes of mountains lay buried underneath; and snow clung in great gouts to the fir-trees, that bristled upon the lower slopes like darts from the blue. You had to freeze for hours on a sledge, skimming dizzy ledges, climbing all the time, to reach this fairy fastness from the nearest railway. But it was worth the freezing, even before the journey's end, if you made it by moonlight, as just before Christmas one did. And the hotels when you reached them (if only they really had reserved those rooms) were quite wonderfully managed and equipped: surely there are volumes in the fact that there was a lift in even one of them, a lift with a crimson velvet seat, where a poor lady could sit and watch the fun at nights, of it but not in it, and so not in the way at all, though accessible to chivalry not otherwise engaged.

The poor lady! That was her life in the hotel; and everybody was sorry for her except herself. It seemed such a sad case. The exact trouble was unknown—she never spoke of herself—but its outward sign was a crutch. And her face was so young, and her hair so gray! But younger than her face was the whole spirit of the Lady of the Lift: her humor, her courage, her breezy outlook on life, her keen interest in everybody and everything. And the cruel part of it was that nature had cast her in athletic mould, that in fact she had excelled at those very sports which she was now constrained to watch at a distance from the bedroom balcony where she took her modicum of open air.

Madame Faivre she was called to her face; and her English was just a little broken. But who she had been formerly, who or what her husband, or any other detail of her sad life, nobody knew or even pretended to know, with the possible exception of old Whiskers, and he was both vague in his ideas and chary of expressing them.

Old Whiskers, so dubbed by young Winchester on account of a somewhat feline or Teutonic moustache, was an Alpine veteran who climbed in summer and curled in winter. He was understood to improve the equinoxes in some scholastic capacity at Oxford. The personality of Madame Faivre quite worried Whiskers for a day or two after his arrival; he could have sworn that he had met her somewhere, and so he told her with the easy modest sociability which made him another favorite himself.

"It was before I gave up skating," said Whiskers. "I can't help feeling that we've skated together, somewhere or other."

"It must have been many years ago," said madame. "I also have given it up quite

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"My waltzing days are over," said he, with a cunning sigh.—Page 158.

young. I have had a weak ankle. I have to thank that ankle also for this crutch."

Whiskers felt embarrassed. He was in fact the first to be informed that the lady's infirmity was originally due to an accident; but he kept the information to himself, and discussed Madame Faivre no more with his hotel acquaintances. He felt he had already committed a minor breach of tact and taste; he made amends with many little deferential attentions; but still the vague memory, the elusive association, would cause him a certain amount of mental exasperation whenever they met, as a riddle of no consequence that yet refused to be given up.

Then an old skating friend turned up, and was turned away, without so much as seeing the rooms he had engaged seven weeks before; but he did insist on having his lunch, and parenthetically he solved the mystery for Whiskers at a glance.

"Remember her! Why, of course I remember her; don't you?" And he whispered the maiden name for which Whiskers had racked his brain in vain.

But Whiskers was getting to the age at which memory begins to fail; he was not immediately the wiser.

"I seem to remember the name at Davos one year," he said. "Or was it St. Moritz?"

"Davos. I should think you did remember it!"

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason you used to skate with her every day; you were about the best pair there."

"So I told her!" cried Whiskers.

"You don't mean to say she denied it?"

"Certainly; no recollection whatever, so she said."

The old skating friend came up to Whiskers's good ear. They were waiting in the hall for lunch, and the lady as usual was waiting in the lift, had indeed gone up and down in it more than once rather than relinquish her favorite seat. But now she hung at anchor a few inches above the level of the hall, exchanging the sprightliest and kindest glances with all the hungry, bright red faces, just in from sun and snow.

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"Of course you know why she denies it?" whispered the old skating friend.

"I suppose she's forgotten me too."

"Not she!"

"How long is it ago?"

"Seven or eight years, I suppose."

"That's it, then; we've both aged."

"She has, if you like!" said the skating friend. "She looks twenty years older—might be another woman altogether—but she isn't, by Jove! Don't look, but she's got her eye on us now."

She had, though she was rallying her young Man at the same time, and he her with perfectly unintelligible Winchester repartee. Whiskers begged his friend to refresh a treacherous memory.

"Well," began the other, "it was such a terrific scandal at the time . . ."

Whiskers did remember the whole thing. It made him grave. His friend, about to be turned back through the snow, vowing an Englishman's vengeance in the *Times*, and really only distracted from his grievance by seeing and hearing about the Lady of the Lift, now took a mordant satisfaction in pouring vitriolic comments on the forgotten scandal into the good ear that Whiskers was lending him perforce. That ripe gray scholar listened grudgingly; more than once he begged for a lower whisper; and it was through him that the pair stayed behind in the hall when all the rest had trooped off to luncheon.

"It's a good many years ago," the old boy said. "She must have married and settled down since then, and had a hard time of it at that, I'm afraid; it's most awfully bad luck our crossing her path like this. She shall never know I spotted her. Women should always have another chance. And this one has been smashed up into the bargain: an accident, I gather: probably one of those infernal motors. I must look after her a bit more. Remember her? Do *you* remember her rocking turns and three-change-threes?"

Old Whiskers was as good as his word; at least he was as good to the poor lady as she would allow him to be. Now he remembered her better every time he saw her, and marvelled more and more at the change which a few short years had wrought in her. At sixty he himself looked to all intents and purposes as good a man as he had been at fifty-three; the salt had gained upon the pepper in his hair and moustache; his mirror advised him of no graver change. Yet here was a fine athletic girl transformed into a decrepit elderly lady in little more than a lustrum. Nemesis had handled her very roughly; her present case was sufficient punishment for any past, even for that which seemed incredible when one looked upon the bright young smile under the beautiful silver hair. Old Whiskers was not sure but that it was an improvement, that hair!

It was about all he saw of Madame Faivre for a day or two; she held her nightly court in the lift when the young people were dancing in the hall, but the next time her elderly admirer approached she seized the lever herself and shot straight into the upper stories. He was waiting for the lift, however, if not for her, when she came floating down again with a book, and by means of an adroit compliment he got her to take him up again for his pipe. Nor did he immediately desert the lift in favor of younger blood on their return to the hall level.

"My waltzing days are over," said he, with a cunning sigh, as they looked out over the dancers, he loading his pipe particle by particle with pauses in between.

"So are mine," said she, falling into the trap set for her sympathy.

He looked at her with a kindling eye.

"Ever waltz on the ice, Madame?"

"Very badly, half a century ago!"

He laughed politely. "Ah! that's dancing," he said; "it makes all this sort of thing look silly."

The pipe got itself slowly, very slowly, loaded while he bragged about his own skating without asking any more questions about hers; until just as he was going, match in hand.

"Ever try a rocking turn?" he said.

"Never," she smiled, confidently.

"Or a three-change-three?"

"No."

"No more have I," he said, "for about a century by your reckoning, and I suppose I never shall again."

It was all very wanton, and at first he could not think why he had done it; but a little intellectual probing transfixed the reason in due time. It was not the romance which the knowing Man detected with such glee, and reported with strange

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Making play with a pack of cards.—Page 160.

epithets to his particular friends. Whiskers was not that kind of old fool; neither was he a crabbed bachelor with "no use for" the average woman. He could talk to her, on the contrary, with extreme cleverness and vivacity if she had any brains at all, with a hard sparkle in the worst of cases. He would even reason with the Suffragite. He liked talking to Madame Faivre; he would have loved madame to talk to him. He might have helped her. He heard himself sympathizing, advising, bracing her with advice. There was no woman in his life who had any need of his advice or sympathy. He had broad ideas, a generous judgment of all but intellectual shortcomings; he would have been glad to show himself in those colors, for they were his true ones, though he had seldom had a chance of running them up on the high seas of life.

That was all; it was a fairly frequent thought, never an obsession. Whiskers was out to enjoy himself, and he did that daily and hourly on the rink. He had given up skating, as he said, but he had taken to curling, and he loved the game; it appealed to his intellect and humor; he would caper like a boy, would "soop up" like a good Galloway Scot. His daily foe was the Meenister; the Meenister cur-r-r-r-led. Watching them in twinkling skates and grubby sweater, the volatile figure of the small Wykehamist might be seen a mile off; it was worth skating that way to note his impudent little nose creased up in delight at dialogue and antics alike; luckily the little devil wasn't there on the dreadful day when the Meenister used a much worse word!

The one to spread that scandal was the Limit, a swarthy plutocrat blessed with the most olive of olive-branches, whom the Man nevertheless described as "a hectic crowd." The Limit wore rings on his fingers and diamonds in the rings. The Limit had the most extensive wardrobe in the hotel, and Mrs. Limit glittered all over like a jeweller's window at *table-d'hôte*. These statements seem due to a natural talent for nomenclature which was usually apposite and often inoffensive.

The whole party, despite a capacity for internecine strife latent in several of the tithe who have now been mentioned, got on admirably together until the second week

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in January, when the weather played them false. It had been ideal up to then: hard blue skies, hard black frosts, and no more snow. Everybody slid everywhere on a *luge*, or dragged it cheerfully up the hill; bob-sleighs were in favor, but the place had not risen to the perilous luxury of an ice-run for true tobogganing. There was dancing every evening in all the hotels; there was even a combined fancy-dress ball, at which the Man—but enough of that valued contributor to the general gaiety. The thing was a success. The Lady of the Lift, who never left it all night, provided the only memorable instance of plain clothes; she made no change from the black crepon skirt which she wore day and night, with now one upper garment, now another; to-night it was merely the jet bodice of most nights, and yet Mrs. Limit in all her diamonds was often a lonely figure, but there was always a bevy about the lift.

That night the snow began. The next day it never stopped. The rink was covered, swept, covered deeper than ever, and finally deserted by disconsolate meenisters, scholars, and skating tag-rag. Because the London papers had never been so keenly desired, the afternoon sledge never came up with them; luckily there was a telephone to allay anxiety; luckily, indeed, for every reason. It was already the one remaining line of communication with the outer world. The mountain road was practically obliterated by the snow. The very contour of the mountains seemed more generous, less angular. The snow fell straight and thick as rain from a windless sky, in tiny flakes. It stuck everywhere, followed the minutest shape of everything, bent the slenderest twig under a coating three times its own thickness. It turned the telephone wires into thick white ropes that you lost against the roof from which they sprouted, but followed for miles against the darkling pines. The Limits played bridge, the Man was sadly spoiling for Winchester, the admirable Whiskers set about organizing an afternoon entertainment, and the Lady of the Lift told fortunes there for a local charity.

She was the life and soul of the place while things were at their worst, the witch who drew her children round her like the Pied Piper, only without piping, by just being herself and making play with a pack of cards and her own simple ready wit. Her hands, it was noted in this connection, were as smooth as her face; and the cruelty of the affliction that so aged her was more than ever emphasized by the splendid spirits which she not only maintained herself but infused into many of the most dejected sportsmen of both sexes.

But she grew paler under the strain; she had her very meals in the lift, despite draughts and cold; and after luncheon on the second day they found her there fast asleep.

"Why persevere in this extraordinary eccentricity?" asked old Whiskers in quite a fatherly fashion. "To sit in a chilly lift by the hour together! Where *can* the fun come in?"

"I do it not for fun," she said.

"Then why do you do it?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"You used to say it was to see what was going on."

"It was true."

"But nothing has been going on to-day, except your own most philanthropic sideshow."

"I know."

"Then why conduct it here? Why not transfer your court to a warm room?"

She smiled faintly.

"Could you keep it to yourself if I told you?"

"I won't give you away, Madame!" he exclaimed with some cordiality.

"It's because—by remaining in the lift—I—I have only *one* walk—to and from my room!"

He was horrified; she saw that he was, and signalled to the lift-boy.

"I will take your advice," she said, "and go to my room perhaps for the rest of the afternoon, if it has also finished to snow. Thank you very much for all your kindness." And up she went out of his ken, smiling down upon his blank upturned face.

It really had "finished to snow"—for the time being. That was why poor old Whiskers had come to have the Lady of the Lift to himself even for five minutes. The young people had all trooped out to see what could be done. It was just thawing. The Man shot a snowball with deadly aim at a young Limit, who ran off yelping to papa over his cigar and cognac in

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As he squeezed the snow from his beard.—Page 162.

their private sitting-room. The missile had travelled like a cricket-ball till it went asunder on the nape of little Limit's neck, which it ran down like a waterfall.

The snow was declared to be "absolutely plumb" by the expert author of this dastardly attack; but the sky was black with more snow that might begin falling any minute. If an attack was to be made upon any or all of the other hotels, or a pitched battle fought with them in the open ("an' what for no?" cries the worthy Meenister), there's no time to be lost in manufacturing a *casus belli* (as Whiskers puts it), but a bloodthirsty challenge must be despatched at once. Budding Winchester takes it on his skis; he is not a Man any longer, but a boy of boys, his face flushed and his eyes shining for the fray. It comes on in incredibly few minutes. All are eager after it. A combat of the true Homeric type is soon raging in the snow; the aggressors become the defenders before they know where they are, or rather why they are back upon their hotel terrace. It is because the smaller hotels have converged upon them from three points of the compass. Hurrah! Three cheers for the Beau Site and Winchester! *A bas* Kurhaus—Belvedere—all the rotten lot!

Grand how the young boy hurls taunt and insult with his explosive cricket-balls; grander still to see "the old birds," "the old pets," "the stone-age gang," as he has called them behind their backs, shying, shouting, ducking, dodging with the best. Old Whiskers has not loosened some muscles so freely since cricket gave him up.

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The Suffragite is naturally to the front, and "Votes for Women!" becomes the bad boy's cry. He may say what he likes to anybody now. He has wiped out all his sins by bringing about this glorious battle, by his own heroic bearing in the van.

"Good shot, Daddy!"

"Look out, Mummy!"

That's the little dog both times; they will make something of him at Winchester yet. This is his show, remember! "I began it," he may boast all his days; for the least likely, the meekest, the quietest, the most stay-at-home-by-the-fire, all were in it before the end. O that Meenister! There were those who vowed they heard him railing to himself against "yon deevil," a prominent opponent, as he squeezed the snow from his beard. Even the unworthy Limit gathered great handfuls on his sitting-room balcony, where he and his were impregnably ensconced, and hurled them down like rocks upon the foe. . . .

And the whole thing has nothing whatever to do with the Lady of the Lift!

But the immediate sequel had.

In the first place they were asked not to make more noise than they could help, when they came in tramping and shouting, and some of the invaders with them for a drink. Madame Faivre had taken to her bed. She only begged not to be disturbed. But the good *maître d'hôtel* would have taken upon himself to telephone down for a doctor; but there, what could you expect in such cold weather? The telephone had broken down. No; it was no use trying the other hotels; his was the main wire, of which they were mere extensions. The whole humming, glittering plateau was cut off from the world. As well cross the mountains on skis, and drop down into Innsbrück, as risk an avalanche on the precipitous pass down to the railway miles below; for the first exploit infinite knowledge and experience of the country would be requisite, for the second an infinity of good luck.

The entire crowd were in the fine big hall or lounge, their tanned and burnt faces glowing like lamps in the dusk, their voices hushed with one consent. It was sad to see the lift standing empty. None entered it, though many must have wished to sit down aloof, and more to be spirited upstairs. There was a consensus of vague feeling about it, and a well-known voice could be heard piping quite respectfully: "Poor old girl! She had her *agony duck* on all the morning!" Those who want to know what he meant had better apply to his *alma mater*.

Suddenly a bombshell burst on the assembly.

"Herr Breitstein! Herr Breitstein!" It was the Limit flying down the stairs. "We've been robbed, sir, robbed of everything in your confounded hotel, confound you!"

"'Sh! 'sh! 'sh!" went Herr Breitstein, as sharply as the sound allowed. "There's a lady ill upstairs."

"Confound the lady!"

"Shame! Shame!" And a treble voice: "Didn't I tell you he was the Limit?"

"Well, she's probably been robbed as well," said the Limit, finding himself an unpopular figure on the stairs. "I advise everybody with valuables to go and see to them; we've lost all ours, and they were worth something, as you know."

This took three or four ladies upstairs apace, including the Winchester mamma.

A mechanic appeared with a little bag while they were gone, and began talking German to mine host.

"Herr Je!" cries the good man, excitedly. "Do you know what he tell me, shentlemen? Our telephone wires have been cut, mit some sharbp imblement, on ziss side of ze inzulador outside ze top bad-room vindow!"

Imagine the twin wires, thickened into ropes of snow, vanishing and reappearing against snow and trees for miles and miles, looking like live rails back to the world, yet being dead all the time!

The three or four anxious ladies were back upon the stairs behind the Limit before useful comment had emerged from the general consternation. They also had each lost something—a watch—a bracelet—a garnet necklace—whatever of any value they had left behind them in their rooms.

"But my little lot are worth about fifteen 'undred quid," cried the Limit, loudly.

Nobody bid against him; but the good landlord again very properly checked the vociferous tone employed, repeating his reason on poor Madame Faivre's behalf. The name struck the lift-boy, struck a spark of memory that lit him up like a

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

They turned on him like one man.—Page 164.

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lamp. He struggled toward Herr Breitstein with roseate cheeks, and had his ears boxed for his pains the moment he ceased gabbling.

"Do you know what *he* tell me, ziss wretched poy? He zee a voman come out of ze room of Madame Faivre—fine young voman—ze tief, shentlemen, ze tief if she haf not also murdered madame!"

Up they rushed in a breathless bevy. There was no answer to their knocks, their hammering, their united shouts. The mechanic was called up to pick the lock; mine host was not going to send good money after bad blood. But no blood had been shed; no madame was there; but her crutch was, and her crepon skirt, and the jet bodice among others . . .

It was the Suffragite who put the whole case beyond doubt. She disappeared suddenly, was back in a minute, and broke in breathless:

"I know what else has gone—my skis—and she always told me they were the best in the hotel!"

There was a shocked pause, hardly broken by a really carefully whispered: "Votes for Women!" It was poor Whiskers who spoke the first word aloud.

"Good God!" said he. "And I'd quite forgotten she was as good on skis as on skates!"

They turned on him like one man.

"Did you know her before?"

"Where did you know her?"

"What do you know about her?"

"I met her once at Davos years ago."

"Davos!" cried mine host. "Zey had such a case zere in 'ninety-nine, shoost such a case, shentlemen!"

"Oh, did they?" says Whiskers without a blush; and that was all he ever did say on the subject.

But the Man from Winchester is fairly entitled to the last word; it took him some time to think it out, and his hearers come to see his point.

"On the whole," said he, "I wasn't so far wrong, was I, when I called her the lady of the *lift?*"

"On the whole," said he, "I wasn't so far wrong."

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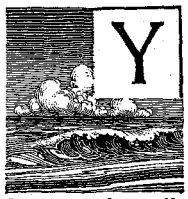
THE DEBT

By Edith Wharton

I



OU remember—it's not so long ago—the talk there was about Dredge's "Arrival of the Fittest"? The talk has subsided, but the book of course remains: stands up, in fact, as the tallest thing of its kind since—well, I'd almost said since "The Origin of Species."

I'm not wrong, at any rate, in calling it the most important contribution yet made to the development of the Darwinian theory, or rather to the solution of the awkward problem about which that theory has had to make such a circuit. Dredge's hypothesis will be contested, may one day be disproved; but at least it has swept out of the way all previous conjectures, including of course Lanfear's magnificent attempt; and for our generation of scientific investigators it will serve as the first safe bridge across a murderous black whirlpool.

It's all very interesting—there are few things more stirring to the imagination than that sudden projection of the new hypothesis, light as a cobweb and strong as steel, across the intellectual abyss; but, for an idle observer of human motives, the other, the personal, side of Dredge's case is even more interesting and arresting.

Personal side? You didn't know there was one? Pictured him simply as a thinking machine, a highly specialized instrument of precision, the result of a long series of "adaptations," as his own jargon would put it? Well, I don't wonder—if you've met him. He does give the impression of being something out of his own laboratory: a delicate scientific instrument that reveals wonders to the initiated, and is absolutely useless in an ordinary hand.

In his youth it was just the other way. I knew him twenty years ago, as an awkward lout whom young Archie Lanfear had picked up at college, and brought home for a visit. I happened to be staying at the Lanfears' when the boys arrived, and I shall never forget Dredge's first appearance on the scene. You know the Lanfears always lived very simply. That summer they had gone to Buzzard's Bay, in order that Professor Lanfear might be near the Biological Station at Wood's Holl, and they were picnicking in a kind of sketchy bungalow without any attempt at elegance. But Galen Dredge couldn't have been more awe-struck if he'd been suddenly plunged into a Fifth Avenue ball-room. He nearly knocked his shock head against the low doorway, and in dodging this peril trod heavily on Mabel Lanfear's foot, and became hopelessly entangled in her mother's draperies—though how he managed it I never knew, for Mrs. Lanfear's dowdy muslins ran to no excess of train.

When the Professor himself came in it was ten times worse, and I saw then that Dredge's emotion was a tribute to the great man's proximity. That made the boy interesting, and I began to watch. Archie, always enthusiastic but vague, had said: "Oh, he's a tremendous chap—you'll see—" but I hadn't expected to see quite so clearly. Lanfear's vision, of course, was sharper than mine; and the next morning he had carried Dredge off to the Biological Station. And that was the way it began.

Dredge is the son of a Baptist minister. He comes from East Lethe, New York State, and was working his way through college—waiting at White Mountain hotels in summer—when Archie Lanfear ran across him. There were eight children in the family, and the mother was an invalid. Dredge never had a penny from his father after he was fourteen; but his mother wanted him to be a scholar, and "kept at him," as he put it, in the hope of his going back to "teach school" at East Lethe. He developed slowly, as the scientific mind generally does, and was still adrift about

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himself and his tendencies when Archie took him down to Buzzard's Bay. But he had read Lanfear's "Utility and Variation," and had always been a patient and curious observer of nature. And his first meeting with Lanfear explained him to himself. It didn't, however, enable him to explain himself to others, and for a long time he remained, to all but Lanfear, an object of incredulity and conjecture.

"*Why* my husband wants him about—" poor Mrs. Lanfear, the kindest of women, privately lamented to her friends; for Dredge, at that time—they kept him all summer at the bungalow—had one of the most encumbering personalities you can imagine. He was as inexpressive as he is to-day, and yet oddly obtrusive: one of those uncomfortable presences whose silence is an interruption.

The poor Lanfears almost died of him that summer, and the pity of it was that he never suspected it, but continued to lavish on them a floundering devotion as uncomfortable as the endearments of a dripping dog—all out of gratitude for the Professor's kindness! He was full, in those days, of raw enthusiasms, which he forced on any one who would listen when his first shyness had worn off. You can't picture him spouting sentimental poetry, can you? Yet I've seen him petrify a whole group of Mrs. Lanfear's callers by suddenly discharging on them, in the strident drawl of Western New York, "Barbara Frietchie" or "The Queen of the May." His taste in literature was uniformly bad, but very definite, and far more assertive than his views on biological questions. In his scientific judgments he showed, even then, a remarkable temperance, a precocious openness to the opposite view; but in literature he was a furious propagandist, aggressive, disputatious, and extremely sensitive to adverse opinion.

Lanfear, of course, had been struck from the first by his gift of accurate observation, and by the fact that his eagerness to learn was offset by his reluctance to conclude. I remember Lanfear's telling me that he had never known a lad of Dredge's age who gave such promise of uniting an aptitude for general ideas with the plodding patience of the accumulator of facts. Of course when Lanfear talked like that of a young biologist his fate was sealed. There could be no question of Dredge's going back to "teach school" at East Lethe. He must take a course in biology at Columbia, spend his vacations at the Wood's Holl laboratory, and then, if possible, go to Germany for a year or two.

All this meant his virtual adoption by the Lanfears. Most of Lanfear's fortune went in helping young students to a start, and he devoted his heaviest subsidies to Dredge.

"Dredge will be my biggest dividend—you'll see!" he used to say, in the chrysalis days when poor Galen was known to the world of science only as a perpetual slouching presence in Mrs. Lanfear's drawing-room. And Dredge, it must be said, took his obligations simply, with that kind of personal dignity, and quiet sense of his own worth, which in such cases saves the beneficiary from abjectness. He seemed to trust himself as fully as Lanfear trusted him.

The comic part of it was that his only idea of making what is known as "a return" was to devote himself to the Professor's family. When I hear pretty women lamenting that they can't coax Professor Dredge out of his laboratory I remember Mabel Lanfear's cry to me: "If Galen would only keep away!" When Mabel fell on the ice and broke her leg, Galen walked seven miles in a blizzard to get a surgeon; but if he did her this service one day in the year, he bored her by being in the way for the other three hundred and sixty-four. One would have imagined at that time that he thought his perpetual presence the greatest gift he could bestow; for, except on the occasion of his fetching the surgeon, I don't remember his taking any other way of expressing his gratitude.

In love with Mabel? Not a bit! But the queer thing was that he *did* have a passion in those days—a blind, hopeless passion for Mrs. Lanfear! Yes: I know what I'm saying. I mean Mrs. Lanfear, the Professor's wife, poor Mrs. Lanfear, with her tight hair and her loose figure, her blameless brow and earnest eye-glasses, and her perpetual attitude of mild misapprehension. I can see Dredge cowering, long and many-jointed, in a diminutive drawing-room chair, one square-toed shoe coiled round an exposed ankle, his knees clasped in a knot of red knuckles, and his spectacles perpetually seeking Mrs. Lanfear's eye-glasses. I never knew if the poor lady was aware of the sentiment she inspired, but her

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children observed it, and it provoked them to irreverent mirth. Galen was the predestined butt of Mabel and Archie; and secure in their mother's virtuous obtuseness, and in her worshipper's timidity, they allowed themselves a latitude of banter that sometimes turned their audience cold. Dredge meanwhile was going on obstinately with his work. Now and then he had queer fits of idleness, when he lapsed into a state of sulky inertia from which even Lanfear's admonitions could not rouse him. Once, just before an examination, he suddenly went off to the Maine woods for two weeks, came back, and failed to pass. I don't know if his benefactor ever lost hope; but at times his confidence must have been sorely strained. The queer part of it was that when Dredge emerged from these eclipses he seemed keener and more active than ever. His slowly growing intelligence probably needed its periodical pauses of assimilation; and Lanfear was marvellously patient.

At last Dredge finished his course and went to Germany; and when he came back he was a new man—was, in fact, the Dredge we all know. He seemed to have shed his blundering, encumbering personality, and come to life as a disembodied intelligence. His fidelity to the Lanfears was unchanged; but he showed it negatively, by his discretions and abstentions. I have an idea that Mabel was less disposed to deride him, might even have been induced to softer sentiments; but I doubt if Dredge even noticed the change. As for his ex-goddess, he seemed to regard her as a motherly household divinity, the guardian genius of the darning needle; but on Professor Lanfear he looked with a deepening reverence. If the rest of the family had diminished in his eyes, its head had grown even greater.

II

From that day Dredge's progress continued steadily. If not always perceptible to the untrained eye, in Lanfear's sight it never deviated, and the great man began to associate Dredge with his work, and to lean on him more and more. Lanfear's health was already failing, and in my confidential talks with him I saw how he counted on Galen Dredge to continue and amplify his doctrine. If he did not describe the young man as his predestined Huxley, it was because any such comparison between himself and his great predecessors would have been repugnant to his taste; but he evidently felt that it would be Dredge's rôle to reveal him to posterity. And the young man seemed at that time to take the same view of his calling. When he was not busy about Lanfear's work he was recording their conversations with the diligence of a biographer and the accuracy of a naturalist. Any attempt to question or minimize Lanfear's theories roused in his disciple the only flashes of wrath I have ever seen a scientific discussion provoke in him. In defending his master he became almost as intemperate as in the early period of his literary passions.

Such filial dedication must have been all the more precious to Lanfear because, about that time, it became evident that Archie would never carry on his father's work. He had begun brilliantly, you may remember, by a little paper on *Limulus Polyphemus* that attracted a good deal of notice when it appeared in the *Central Blatt*; but gradually his zoological ardour yielded to an absorbing passion for the violin, which was followed by a sudden plunge into physics. At present, after a side-glance at the drama, I understand he's devoting what is left of his father's money to archæological explorations in Asia Minor.

"Archie's got a delightful little mind," Lanfear used to say to me, rather wistfully, "but it's just a highly polished surface held up to the show as it passes. Dredge's mind takes in only a bit at a time, but the bit stays, and other bits are joined to it, in a hard mosaic of fact, of which imagination weaves the pattern. I saw just how it would be years ago, when my boy used to take my meaning in a flash, and answer me with clever objections, while Galen disappeared into one of his fathomless silences, and then came to the surface like a dripping retriever, a long way beyond Archie's objections, and with an answer to them in his mouth."

It was about this time that the crowning satisfaction of Lanfear's career came to him: I mean, of course, John Weyman's gift to Columbia of the Lanfear Laboratory, and the founding, in connection with it, of a chair of Experimental Evolution. Weyman had always taken an interest in Lanfear's work, but no one had supposed

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that his interest would express itself so magnificently. The honour came to Lanfear at a time when he was fighting an accumulation of troubles: failing health, the money difficulties resulting from his irrepressible generosity, his disappointment about Archie's career, and perhaps also the persistent attacks of the new school of German zoologists.

"If I hadn't Galen I should feel the game was up," he said to me once, in a fit of half-real, half-mocking despondency. "But he'll do what I haven't time to do myself, and what my boy can't do for me."

That meant that he would answer the critics, and triumphantly reaffirm Lanfear's theory, which had been rudely shaken, but not displaced.

"A scientific hypothesis lasts till there's something else to put in its place. People who want to get across a river will use the old bridge till the new one's built. And I don't see any one who's particularly anxious, in this case, to take a contract for the new one," Lanfear ended; and I remember answering with a laugh: "Not while Horatius Dredge holds the other."

It was generally known that Lanfear had not long to live, and the Laboratory was hardly opened before the question of his successor in the chair of Experimental Evolution began to be a matter of public discussion. It was conceded that whoever followed him ought to be a man of achieved reputation, some one carrying, as the French say, a considerable "baggage." At the same time, even Lanfear's critics felt that he should be succeeded by a man who held his views and would continue his teaching. This was not in itself a difficulty, for German criticism had so far been mainly negative, and there were plenty of good men who, while they questioned the permanent validity of Lanfear's conclusions, were yet ready to accept them for their provisional usefulness. And then there was the added inducement of the Laboratory! The Columbia Professor of Experimental Evolution has at his disposal the most complete instrument of biological research that modern ingenuity has yet produced; and it's not only in theology or politics *que Paris vaut bien une messe!* There was no trouble about finding a candidate; but the whole thing turned on Lanfear's decision, since it was tacitly understood that, by Weyman's wish, he was to select his successor. And what a cry there was when he selected Galen Dredge!

Not in the scientific world, though. The specialists were beginning to know about Dredge. His remarkable paper on Sexual Dimorphism had been translated into several languages, and a furious polemic had broken out over it. When a young fellow can get the big men fighting over him his future is pretty well assured. But Dredge was only thirty-four, and some people seemed to feel that there was a kind of deflected nepotism in Lanfear's choice.

"If he could choose Dredge he might as well have chosen his own son," I've heard it said; and the irony was that Archie—will you believe it?—actually thought so himself! But Lanfear had Weyman behind him, and when the end came the Faculty at once appointed Galen Dredge to the chair of Experimental Evolution.

For the first two years things went quietly, along accustomed lines. Dredge simply continued the course which Lanfear's death had interrupted. He lectured well even then, with a persuasive simplicity surprising in the slow, inarticulate creature one knew him for. But haven't you noticed that certain personalities reveal themselves only in the more impersonal relations of life? It's as if they woke only to collective contacts, and the single consciousness were an unmeaning fragment to them.

If there was anything to criticize in that first part of the course, it was the avoidance of general ideas, of those brilliant rockets of conjecture that Lanfear's students were used to seeing him fling across the darkness. I remember once saying this to Archie, who, having recovered from his absurd disappointment, had returned to his old allegiance to Dredge.

"Oh, that's Galen all over. He doesn't want to jump into the ring till he has a big swishing knock-down argument in his fist. He'll wait twenty years if he has to. That's his strength: he's never afraid to wait."

I thought this shrewd of Archie, as well as generous; and I saw the wisdom of Dredge's course. As Lanfear himself had said, his theory was safe enough till somebody found a more attractive one; and before that day Dredge would probably have accumulated sufficient proof to crystallize the fluid hypothesis.

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III

THE third winter I was off collecting in Central America, and didn't get back till Dredge's course had been going for a couple of months. The very day I turned up in town Archie Lanfear descended on me with a summons from his mother. I was wanted at once at a family council.

I found the Lanfear ladies in a state of incoherent distress, which Archie's own indignation hardly made more intelligible. But gradually I put together their fragmentary charges, and learned that Dredge's lectures were turning into an organized assault on his master's doctrine.

"It amounts to just this," Archie said, controlling his women with the masterful gesture of the weak man. "Galen has simply turned round and betrayed my father."

"Just for a handful of silver he left us," Mabel sobbed in parenthesis, while Mrs. Lanfear tearfully cited Hamlet.

Archie silenced them again. "The ugly part of it is that he must have had this up his sleeve for years. He must have known when he was asked to succeed my father what use he meant to make of his opportunity. What he's doing isn't the result of a hasty conclusion: it means years of work and preparation."

Archie broke off to explain himself. He had returned from Europe the week before, and had learned on arriving that Dredge's lectures were stirring the world of science as nothing had stirred it since Lanfear's "Utility and Variation." And the incredible outrage was that they owed their sensational effect to the fact of being an attempted refutation of Lanfear's great work.

I own that I was staggered: the case looked ugly, as Archie said. And there was a veil of reticence, of secrecy, about Dredge, that always kept his conduct in a half-light of uncertainty. Of some men one would have said off-hand: "It's impossible!" But one couldn't affirm it of him.

Archie hadn't seen him as yet; and Mrs. Lanfear had sent for me because she wished me to be present at the interview between the two men. The Lanfear ladies had a touching belief in Archie's violence: they thought him as terrible as a natural force. My own idea was that if there were any broken bones they wouldn't be Dredge's; but I was too curious as to the outcome not to be glad to offer my services as moderator.

First, however, I wanted to hear one of the lectures; and I went the next afternoon. The hall was jammed, and I saw, as soon as Dredge appeared, what increased security and ease the interest of his public had given him. He had been clear the year before, now he was also eloquent. The lecture was a remarkable effort: you'll find the gist of it in Chapter VII of "The Arrival of the Fittest." Archie sat at my side in a white rage; he was too clever not to measure the extent of the disaster. And I was almost as indignant as he when we went to see Dredge the next day.

I saw at a glance that the latter suspected nothing; and it was characteristic of him that he began by questioning me about my finds, and only afterward turned to reproach Archie for having been back a week without notifying him.

"You know I'm up to my neck in this job. Why in the world didn't you hunt me up before this?"

The question was exasperating, and I could understand Archie's stammer of wrath.

"Hunt you up? Hunt you up? What the deuce are you made of, to ask me such a question instead of wondering why I'm here now?"

Dredge bent his slow calm scrutiny on his friend's quivering face; then he turned to me.

"What's the matter?" he said simply.

"The matter?" shrieked Archie, his clenched fist hovering excitedly above the desk by which he stood; but Dredge, with unwonted quickness, caught the fist as it descended.

"Careful—I've got a *Kallima* in that jar there." He pushed a chair forward, and added quietly: "Sit down."

Archie, ignoring the gesture, towered pale and avenging in his place; and Dredge, after a moment, took the chair himself.

"The matter?" Archie reiterated with rising passion. "Are you so lost to all sense of decency and honour that you can put that question in good faith? Don't you really *know* what's the matter?"

Dredge smiled slowly. "There are so few things one *really knows*."

"Oh, damn your scientific hair-splitting! Don't you know you're insulting my father's memory?"

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Dredge stared again, turning his spectacles thoughtfully from one of us to the other.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then you'd better sit down. If you don't see at once it'll take some time to make you."

Archie burst into an ironic laugh.

"I rather think it will!" he conceded.

"Sit down, Archie," I said, setting the example; and he obeyed, with a gesture that made his consent a protest.

Dredge seemed to notice nothing beyond the fact that his visitors were seated. He reached for his pipe, and filled it with the care which the habit of delicate manipulations gave to all the motions of his long, knotty hands.

"It's about the lectures?" he said.

Archie's answer was a deep scornful breath.

"You've only been back a week, so you've only heard one, I suppose?"

"It was not necessary to hear even that one. You must know the talk they're making. If notoriety is what you're after——"

"Well, I'm not sorry to make a noise," said Dredge, putting a match to his pipe.

Archie bounded in his chair. "There's no easier way of doing it than to attack a man who can't answer you!"

Dredge raised a sobering hand. "Hold on. Perhaps you and I don't mean the same thing. Tell me first what's in your mind."

The request steadied Archie, who turned on Dredge a countenance really eloquent with filial indignation.

"It's an odd question for you to ask; it makes me wonder what's in yours. Not much thought of my father, at any rate, or you couldn't stand in his place and use the chance he's given you to push yourself at his expense."

Dredge received this in silence, puffing slowly at his pipe.

"Is that the way it strikes you?" he asked at length.

"God! It's the way it would strike most men."

He turned to me. "You too?"

"I can see how Archie feels," I said.

"That I'm attacking his father's memory to glorify myself?"

"Well, not precisely: I think what he really feels is that, if your convictions didn't permit you to continue his father's teaching, you might perhaps have done better to sever your connection with the Lanfear lectureship."

"Then you and he regard the Lanfear lectureship as having been founded to perpetuate a dogma, not to try and get at the truth?"

"Certainly not," Archie broke in. "But there's a question of taste, of delicacy, involved in the case that can't be decided on abstract principles. We know as well as you that my father meant the laboratory and the lectureship to serve the ends of science, at whatever cost to his own special convictions; what we feel—and you don't seem to—is that you're the last man to put them to that use; and I don't want to remind you why."

A slight redness rose through Dredge's sallow skin. "You needn't," he said. "It's because he pulled me out of my hole, woke me up, made me, shoved me off from the shore. Because he saved me ten or twenty years of muddled effort, and put me where I am at an age when my best working years are still ahead of me. Every one knows that's what your father did for me, but I'm the only person who knows the time and trouble that it took."

It was well said, and I glanced quickly at Archie, who was never closed to generous emotions.

"Well, then——?" he said, flushing also.

"Well, then," Dredge continued, his voice deepening and losing its nasal edge, "I had to pay him back, didn't I?"

The sudden drop flung Archie back on his prepared attitude of irony. "It would be the natural inference—with most men."

"Just so. And I'm not so very different. I knew your father wanted a successor—some one who'd try and tie up the loose ends. And I took the lectureship with that object."

"And you're using it to tear the whole fabric to pieces!"

Dredge paused to re-light his pipe. "Looks that way," he conceded. "This year anyhow."

"*This year*——?" Archie gasped at him.

"Yes. When I took up the job I saw it just as your father left it. Or rather, I didn't see any other way of going on with it. The change came gradually, as I worked."

"Gradually? So that you had time to look round you, to know where you were, to see you were fatally committed to undoing the work he had done?"

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"Oh, yes—I had time," Dredge conceded.

"And yet you kept the chair and went on with the course?"

Dredge refilled his pipe, and then turned in his seat so that he looked squarely at Archie.

"What would your father have done in my place?" he asked.

"In your place——?"

"Yes: supposing he'd found out the things I've found out in the last year or two. You'll see what they are, and how much they count, if you'll run over the report of the lectures. If your father'd been alive he might have come across the same facts just as easily."

There was a silence which Archie at last broke by saying: "But he didn't, and you did. There's the difference."

"The difference? What difference? Would your father have suppressed the facts if he'd found them? It's *you* who insult his memory by implying it! And if I'd brought them to him, would he have used his hold over me to get me to suppress them?"

"Certainly not. But can't you see it's his death that makes the difference? He's not here to defend his case."

Dredge laughed, but not unkindly. "My dear Archie, your father wasn't one of the kind who bother to defend their case. Men like him are the masters, not the servants, of their theories. They respect an idea only as long as it's of use to them; when it's usefulness ends they chuck it out. And that's what your father would have done."

Archie reddened. "Don't you assume a good deal in taking it for granted that he would have had to in this particular case?"

Dredge reflected. "Yes: I was going too far. Each of us can only answer for himself. But to my mind your father's theory is refuted."

"And you don't hesitate to be the man to do it?"

"Should I have been of any use if I had? And did your father ever ask anything of me but to be of as much use as I could?"

It was Archie's turn to reflect. "No. That was what he always wanted, of course."

"That's the way I've always felt. The first day he took me away from East Lethe I knew the debt I was piling up against him, and I never had any doubt as to how I'd pay it, or how he'd want it paid. He didn't pick me out and train me for any object but to carry on the light. Do you suppose he'd have wanted me to snuff it out because it happened to light up a fact he didn't fancy? I'm using *his* oil to feed my torch with: yes, but it isn't really his torch or mine, or his oil or mine: they belong to each of us till we drop and hand them on."

Archie turned a sobered glance on him. "I see your point. But if the job had to be done I don't see that you need have done it from his chair."

"There's where we differ. If I did it at all I had to do it in the best way, and with all the authority his backing gave me. If I owe your father anything, I owe him that. It would have made him sick to see the job badly done. And don't you see that the way to honour him, and show what he's done for science, was to spare no advantage in my attack on him—that I'm proving the strength of his position by the desperateness of my assault?" Dredge paused and squared his lounging shoulders. "After all," he added, "he's not down yet, and if I leave him standing I guess it'll be some time before anybody else cares to tackle him."

There was a silence between the two men; then Dredge continued in a lighter tone: "There's one thing, though, that we're both in danger of forgetting: and that is how little, in the long run, it all counts either way." He smiled a little at Archie's outraged gesture. "The most we can any of us do—even by such a magnificent effort as your father's—is to turn the great marching army a hair's breadth nearer what seems to us the right direction; if one of us drops out, here and there, the loss of headway's hardly perceptible. And that's what I'm coming to now."

He rose from his seat, and walked across to the hearth; then, cautiously resting his shoulder-blades against the mantel-shelf jammed with miscellaneous specimens, he bent his musing spectacles on Archie.

"Your father would have understood why I've done, what I'm doing; but that's no reason why the rest of you should. And I rather think it's the rest of you who've suffered most from me. He always knew what I was *there for*, and that must have been some comfort even when I was most in the way; but I was just an ordinary nuisance to you and your mother and

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Mabel. You were all too kind to let me see it at the time, but I've seen it since, and it makes me feel that, after all, the settling of this matter lies with you. If it hurts you to have me go on with my examination of your father's theory, I'm ready to drop the lectures to-morrow, and trust to the Lanfear Laboratory to breed up a young chap who'll knock us both out in time. You've only got to say the word."

There was a pause while Dredge turned and laid his extinguished pipe carefully between a jar of embryo sea-urchins and a colony of regenerating planarians.

Then Archie rose and held out his hand.

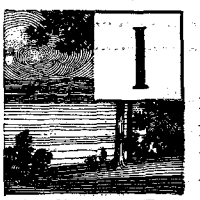
"No," he said simply; "go on."

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE

By Mary Cholmondeley

Author of "Red Pottage"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



I HAVE always believed that the exact moment when the devil entered into Barrett was four forty-five P. M. on a certain June afternoon, when he and I were standing at Parker's door in the court at ——'s. He says himself that he was as pure as snow till that instant, and that if the *entente cordiale* between himself and that very interesting and stimulating personality had not been established he is convinced he would either have died young of excessive virtue, or have become a missionary. I don't know about that. I only know the consequences of the *entente* aged me. But then Barrett says I was born middle aged like Maitland himself the hero of this romance, if so it can be called. Barrett calls it a romance. I call it—I don't know what to call it, but it covers me with shame whenever I think of it.

Barrett says shame is a very wholesome discipline, a great eye-opener and brain stretcher and one he has unfortunately never had the benefit of, so he feels it a duty to act so as to make the experience probable in the near future.

On this particular afternoon we had both just bicycled back together from lunching with Parker's aunt at Ely, and she had given me a great bunch of yellow roses for Parker and a melon, and we were to drop them at Parker's. And here we were at Parker's, and apparently he was out or asleep, and not to be waked by Barrett's best cat call. And as we stood at his door, Barrett clutching the melon, I found the roses were not in my hand. Where on earth had I put them down? At Maitland's door, perhaps, where we had run up expecting to find him, or at Bradley's, where we had stopped a moment. Neither of us could remember.

I was just going back for them when whom should we see coming sailing across the court in cap and gown but old Maitland in his best attitude, chin up, book in hand, signet ring showing.

Parker's aunt used to chaff us for calling him old, and said we thought every one of forty-five was tottering on the brink of the tomb. And so they mostly are, I think, if they are Dons. I have heard other men who have gone down say that you leave them tottering, and you come back ten years later and there they are, still tottering.

Barrett said Maitland did everything as if his portrait was being taken doing it, and that his effect on others was never absent from his mind. I don't know about that, but certainly in his talk he was always trying to impress on us his own aspect of himself.

If it was a fine morning and he wished to be thought to be enjoying it, he would rub his hands and say there was not a happier creature on God's earth than himself. He pined to be thought unconventional, and after drawing our attention to some microscopic delinquency, he would regret that there had been no fairy godmother at hand

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at his christening to endow him with a proper deference for social conventions. If he gave a small donation to any college scheme the success of which was not absolutely assured, he would shake his head and say: "I know very well that all you youngsters laugh in your sleeve at the way I lead forlorn hopes, but it is a matter of temperament. I can't help it."

The personal reminiscences with which his conversation was liberally strewed were ingeniously calculated to place him in a picturesque light. Parker's aunt says that stout men are more in need of a picturesque light than thin ones. Maitland certainly was stout and short, with a thick face and no neck, and a perfectly round head set on his shoulders like an ill-balanced orange, or William Tell's apple. We should never have noticed what he looked like if it had not been for his illusion that he was irresistible to the opposite sex: at least, he was always adroitly letting drop things which showed if you put two and two together—and he never made the sum very difficult—what ravages he inadvertently made in feminine bosoms, how careful he was, how careful he had learnt to be not to raise expectations. He was always pathetically anxious to impress on us that he had given a good deal of pain. But whether it was really an hallucination on his part that he was hopelessly adored by women, or whether the hallucination consisted in the belief that he had succeeded in convincing his little college world of his powers of fascination, I cannot tell you. I don't pretend to know everything like Barrett.

Parker's aunt told Parker in confidence who told Barrett and me in confidence that she had once, on his own suggestion, asked Maitland to tea, but had never repeated the invitation though he told her repeatedly that he frequently passed her door on the way to the cathedral, because he had hinted to mutual friends that a devoted friendship was, alas! all he felt able to give in that quarter, but was not what was desired by that charming lady.

And now here was Maitland advancing toward us with one of Parker's aunt's yellow roses in his button-hole.

We both instantly realized what had happened. I had left the roses at his door by mistake. How gratified she would be when she heard of it.

I giggled.

"Don't say a word about them," hissed Barrett, her fervent admirer, as Maitland came up to us.

"Won't you both come in to tea," he said genially. "Parker's out."

We left Parker's melon on his doorstep to chaperon itself and turned back with him. And sure enough, on his table was the bunch of roses.

"Glorious, aren't they?" said Maitland, waving his signet ring toward them.

I do believe he had asked us in because of them. He loved cheap effects.

We both looked at them in silence.

"The odd thing is that they were left here without a line or a card or anything while I was out."

"Then you don't know who sent them," said Barrett casting a warning glance at me.

"Well, yes and no. I don't actually know for certain but I think I can guess. I fancy I know my own faults as well as most men, and I flatter myself I am not a coxcomb, but still——"

I giggled again. I should be disappointed in Parker who was on very easy terms with his aunt if he did not score off her before she was much older.

"You are not, I hope, expecting me or even poor Jones (Jones is me) to be so credulous as to believe a man sent them," said Barrett severely. When Maitland was in what Barrett called his "conquering hero mood" he did not resent these impertinences, at least not from Barrett. "If you are, I must remind you that there are limits as to what even little things like us can swallow."

"Barrett, you are incorrigible. *Cherchez la femme*," said Maitland with evident gratification, counting spoonfuls of tea into the tea-pot. He often said he liked keeping in touch with the young life of the University. "One, two, three, and one for the pot. Just so! I don't set up to be a lady-killer, but——"

"Oh! oh!" from Barrett.

"I'm a confirmed old bachelor, a grumpy surly recluse wedded to my pipe, but for all that I have eyes in my head. I know a pretty woman from a plain one, I hope, even though I don't personally want to "domesticate the recording angel."*

"She'll land you yet unless you look

*I thought the recording angel funny at the time until Barrett told me afterward that it was cribbed from Rhoda Broughton.

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out," said Barrett with decision. "I foresee that I shall be supporting your faltering footsteps to the altar in a month's time. She'll want a month to get her clothes. Is the day fixed yet?"

"What nonsense you talk. I never met such a sentimentalist as you, Barrett. I assure you I don't even know her name. But it has not been possible for me to help observing that a lady—a very exquisite young lady has done me the honor to attend all my lectures, and to listen with the most rapt attention to my poor words. And last time, only yesterday, I noted the fact, ahem! that she wore a rose, a yellow rose, presumably plucked from the same tree as these."

There were, I suppose, in our near vicinity, about a hundred and fifty yellow rose-trees in bloom at that moment. Barrett must have known that. Nevertheless, he nodded his head and said gravely:

"That proves it."

On looking over these pages he affirms that this and not earlier was the precise moment when the devil entered into him, supplying, as he says, a long felt though unrealized want.

"I seldom look at my audience when I am lecturing," continued Maitland. "I am too much engrossed with my subject. But I could not help noticing her absorbed attention, so different from that of most women. Why they come to lectures I don't know."

"I think I have seen the person you mean," said Barrett in a perfectly level voice. "I don't know who she is, but I saw her waiting under an archway after chapel last Sunday evening. I noticed her because of her extreme good looks. She was evidently watching for some one. When the congregation had all passed out she turned away."

"I should have liked to thank her," said Maitland regretfully. "It seems so churlish, so boorish not to say a word. You have no idea who she was?"

"None," said Barrett.

Shortly afterward we took our leave, but not until Maitland had been reminded by the lady's appearance of a certain charming woman of whom he had seen a good deal at one time in years gone by, who, womanlike, had been unable to understand the claims which the intellectual life make on a man, and who had, in consequence, believed him cold and quarrelled with him to his great regret, because it was impossible for him to dance attendance on her as she expected, and as he would gladly have done had he been a man of leisure. Having warned us young tyros against the danger of frankness in all dealings with women, and how often it had got him into hot water with the sex, he bade us good evening.

As we came out we saw across the court that the melon had been taken in, so judged that Parker had returned. He had. We were so tickled by the way Maitland had accounted for the roses that we quite forgot to score off him about them, and actually told him what Maitland supposed

Barrett then suggested that we should at once form a committee to deliberate on the situation. Parker and I did not quite see why a committee was necessary to laugh at old Maitland, but we agreed.

"Did you really see the woman he means, or were you only pulling Maitland's leg?" I asked.

"I saw her all right," retorted Barrett. "Don't you remember, Parker, how I nudged you when she passed."

Parker nodded.

"She was such a picture that I asked who she was, and found she was a high school mistress, the niece of old Cooper, the vet. She is just going to be married to a schoolmaster, and go out to Canada with him. I don't mind owning I was rather smitten myself, or I should not have taken the trouble."

"She has left Cambridge," said Parker slowly. "When I got out of the train half an hour ago she was getting in. Cooper was seeing her off."

"Oh, don't—don't tell poor old Maitland," I broke in. "Let him go on holding out his chest and thinking she sent him the roses. It won't matter to her, if she is off to Canada, and never coming back any more. And it will do him such a lot of good."

"I don't mean to tell him—immediately," said Barrett ominously. "I think with you he ought to have his romance. Now I know she is safely gone forever, though I don't mind owning it gives me a twinge to think she is throwing herself away on a schoolmaster: but as she really can't come back and raise a dust, gentlemen, I lay a proposal before the committee, that the lady who sent the roses should follow them up with a little note."

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The committee agreed unanimously and we decided, at least Barrett decided, that he should compose the letter, and Parker, who was rather good at a feigned handwriting, should copy it out.

Parker and I wanted Barrett to make the letter rather warm, and saying something complimentary about Maitland's appearance, but Barrett would not hear of it. I did not see where the fun came in if it was just an ordinary note but Barrett was adamant. He said he had an eye on the future.

He put his head in his hands, and thought a lot and then scribbled no end, and then tore it up, and finally produced the stupidest little commonplace letter you ever saw with simply nothing in it, saying how much she had profited by his lectures and rot of that kind. I was dreadfully disappointed, for I had always thought Barrett as clever as he could stick. He said it was an awful grind for him to be commonplace even for a moment, and that by rights I ought to have composed the letter, but that it was no more use expecting anything subtle from me than a Limerick from an archbishop.

He proceeded to read it aloud.

"But how is he to know it is the person who sent him the roses?" said Parker, "and how is he to answer if she does not give him an address? Hang it all. He ought to be able to answer. Give the poor devil a chance."

"He shall be given every chance," said Barrett. "But don't you two prize idiots see that we can't give a real name and address because he would certainly go there?"

"Not a bit of it. He's as lazy as a pig. He never goes anywhere. He says he hasn't time. He's been seccotined into his arm-chair for the last ten years."

"I tell you he would go on all fours from here to Ely if he thought there was the chance of a woman looking at him when he got there."

"Then how is he to answer?" said Parker, who always had to have everything explained to him.

"I am just coming to that. I don't say anything in the note about the roses, you observe. I am far too maidenly. But I just add one tiny postscript: "*If you do not regard this little note as an unwarrantable intrusion, please wear one of my roses on Sunday morning at chapel, even if it is faded, as a sign that you have forgiven my presumption in writing these few lines.*"

"That's not bad," said Parker suddenly.

"Now," said Barrett, tossing the sheet over to him, "you copy that out in a fist that you can stick to, because it will be the first of a long correspondence."

"We've not settled her name yet," I suggested.

"Maud," said Barrett with decision. "What else could it be?"

The letter was written on an unstamped sheet of paper, was carefully directed—not quite correctly. Barrett insisted on that, and posted it himself.

The following Sunday we were all in our places early, and sure enough, Maitland, who came in more like a conquering hero than ever, was wearing a faded yellow rose in his button-hole. He touched it in an absent manner once or twice during the service, and sat with his profile sedulously turned toward the congregation. He was not quite so bad profile because it did not show the bulging of his cheeks. As he came out he looked about him furtively, almost shyly. He evidently feared she was not there. Barrett and I joined him, and engaged him in conversation (though we had some difficulty in dragging him from the chapel) in the course of which he mentioned that he had intended to go to his sister at Newmarket for Sunday, but a press of work had obliged him to give up his visit at the last moment.

Poor Maitland! When he left us that morning, and Barrett and I looked at each other, I felt a qualm of pity for him. I knew how ruthless Barrett was, and that he was doomed.

But if I realized Barrett's ruthlessness, I had not realized his cunning. His next move was masterly though I did not think so at the time. He was as cautious and calculating as if his life depended on it. He got some note paper with a little silver M. on a blue lozenge on it and wrote another note. He was going to Farnham for a few days to stay with his eldest brother who was quartered there. And in this note Maud—Maitland's Maud as we now called her—diffidently ventured to ask for elucidation on one or two points of the lectures which had proved too abstruse for her feminine intellect. She showed considerable intelligence for a woman, and real

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knowledge of the lectures—I did that part—and suggested that as her letters, if addressed to her, were apt to go to her maiden aunt of the same name with whom she was staying, and who was a very old-fashioned person, totally opposed to the higher education of women—that if he was so good as to find time to answer her questions it would be best to direct to her at the Post Office, Farnham, under her initials M. M., where she could easily send for them.

I betted a pound to a penny that Maitland would not rise to this bait, and Barrett took it. I told him you could see the hook through the worm. Parker was uneasy, even when Barrett had explained to him that it was impossible for us to get into trouble in the matter.

"You always say that," said Parker, with harrowing experiences in the background of his mind.

"Well, I say it again. I know your powers of obtruding yourself on the notice of the authorities, but how do even you propose to wedge yourself into a scrape on this occasion? With all your gifts in that line you simply can't do it."

Parker ruminated.

"Ought we to——"

"Ought we to what?"

"To pull his leg to such an extent? Isn't it taking rather a—rather a—er responsibility?"

"Responsibility sits as lightly on me as dew upon the rose," said Barrett. "You copy out that."

Parker copied it out and Barrett went off to Farnham. A few days later he reappeared. I was smoking in Parker's room when he came in.

He sat down under the lamp, drew a fat letter from his waistcoat pocket, and read it aloud to us. It was Maitland's answer.

It really was a ghastly letter, the kind of literary preachy rot which you read in a book, which I never thought people really wrote, not even people like Maitland who seem to live in a world of shams. It was improving and patronizing and treacly, and full of information, partly about the lectures, but mostly about himself. He came out in a very majestic light you may be sure of that. And at the end he begged her not to hesitate to write to him again if he could be of the least use to her, that busy as he undoubtedly was, his college work never seemed in his eyes as important as real human needs.

"He's cribbed that out of a book," interrupted Parker. "Newby the tutor in 'Belchamber,' who is a most awful prig, says those very words."

"Prigs all say the same things," said Barrett airily. "If Maitland read 'Belchamber', he would think Newby was a caricature of him. He'd *never* believe that he was plagiarizing Newby. The cream of the letter is still to come," and he went on reading.

Maitland patted the higher education of women on the head, and half hinted at a meeting, and then withdrew it again, saying that some of the difficulties in her mind, which he recognized to be one of a high order, might be more easily eliminated verbally, and that he should be at Farnham during the vacation, but that he feared his stay would be brief, and his time was hopelessly bespoken beforehand, etc., etc.

"He might be an Adonis," said Parker. "He'll be coy and virginal next."

"He'll be a lot of things before long," said Barrett grimly. "Get out your inkpot, Parker. I'm going to have another shy at him."

"You're *not* going to suggest a meeting! For goodness' sake, Barrett, be careful. You will be saying Jones must dress up as a woman next."

"Well, if he does, I won't," I said. "I simply won't."

I had taken a good many parts in University plays.

"The sight of Jones as a female would make any man's gorge rise," said Barrett contemptuously. "I know I had to shut my eyes when I made love to him at the footlights last year. I never knew two such victims of hysteria as you and Jones. Suggest a meeting! Maud suggest a meeting! What do you know of women. I tell you two moral lepers unfit to tie the shoestring of a pure woman like Maud that it takes a Galahad like me to deal with a situation of this kind. What you've got to remember is that I'm not trying to entangle him."

Cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the committee.

"I mean Maud isn't. I am, but that's another thing. You two wretched, whited sepulchres haven't got hold of the true inwardness of Maud's character. Your gross, assignating minds don't apprehend her. Maud is just one of those golden-haired,

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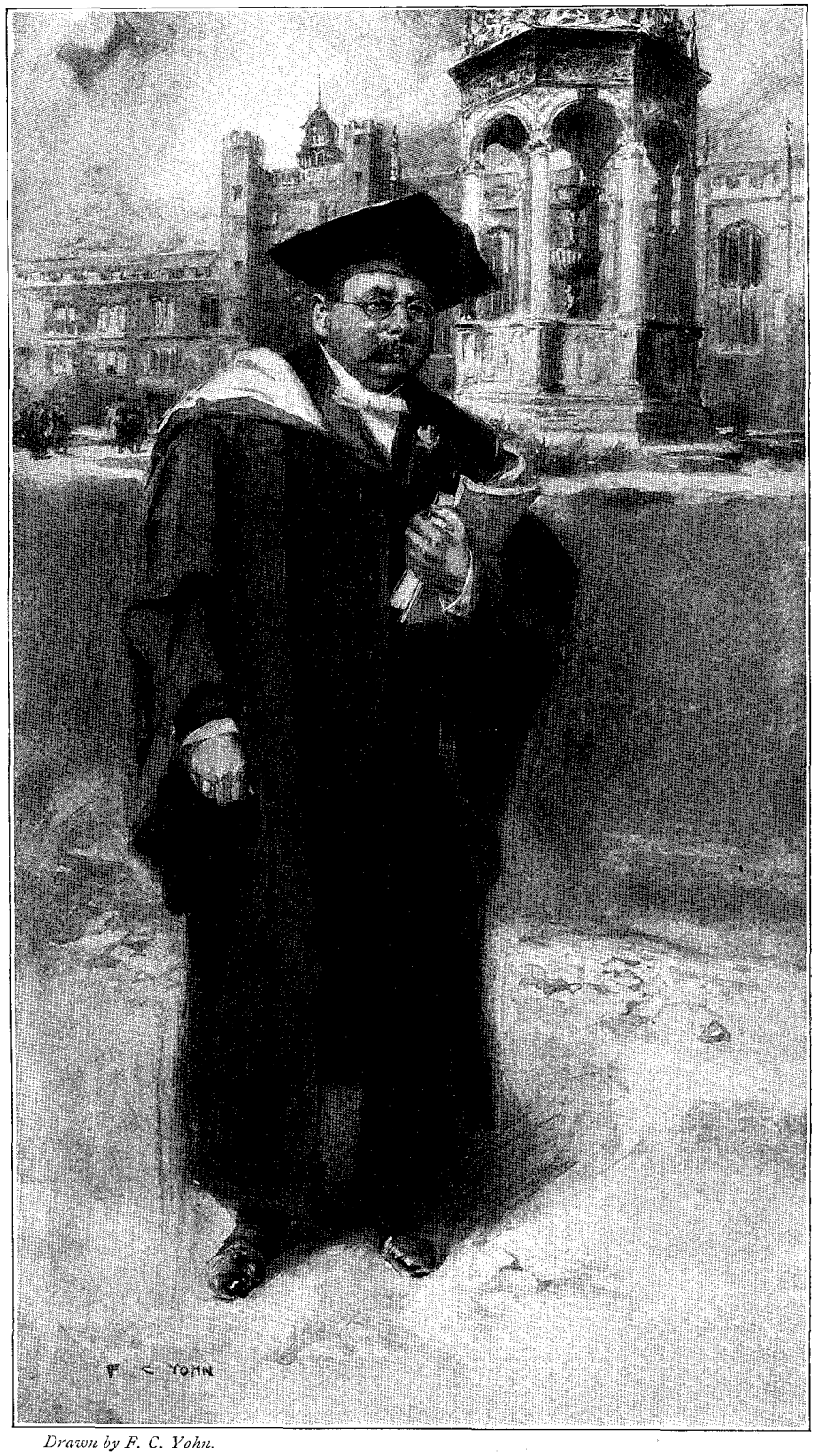

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Maitland.

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white-handed angels who go through life girthing up a man's ideals; who exist only in the imagination of elderly men like Maitland, who has never seen a woman in his life, and who does not know that unless they are imbeciles they draw the line at drivel like that letter. Bless her! *She's* not going to suggest a meeting. He'll do that and enjoy doing it. Can't you see Maitland in his new rôle of ruthless pursuer—the relentless male? No more easy conquests for him, sitting in his college chair mowing them all down like a Maxim as far as—Ely. He's got to *work* this time. I tell you two miserable poltroons that this is going to make a man of Maitland. He's been an old woman long enough."

"All I can say is," said Parker, ignoring the allusion to Ely, "that if the Almighty hasn't a sense of humor you will find yourself in a tight place some day, Barrett."

My pen fails me to record the diabolical manner in which Barrett played with his victim. It would have been like a cat and mouse if you can imagine the mouse throwing his chest out and fancying himself all the time. He inveigled Maitland into going to Farnham, and accounted somehow for Maud's non-appearance at the interview coyly deprecated by Maud, and consequently hotly demanded by Maitland. He actually made him shave off his moustache. Parker and I lost heavily on that. We each bet a fiver that Barrett would never get it off. It was a beastly moustache which would have made any decent woman ill to look at. It did not turn up at the ends like Barrett's elder brother's, but grew over his mouth like hart's-tongue hanging over a well. You could see his teeth through it. Horrible it was. But you can't help how your hair grows, so I'm not blaming Maitland, and it was better gone. But we never thought Barrett would have done it. I must own my opinion of him rose.

And he kept it up all through the long vacation with a pertinacity I should never have given him credit for. He took an artistic pride in it, and the letters were first-rate. I did not think so at first, I thought them rather washy until I saw how they took. Barrett said what Maitland needed was a milk and water diet. He seemed to know exactly the kind of letter that would fetch a timid old bachelor. But it was not all "beer and skittles" for Barrett. He sorely wanted to make Maud stand up to him once or twice, and put her foot through his mild platitudes. He wrote one or two capital letters in a kind of rage but he always groaned and tore them up afterward.

"If Maud has any character whatever," he sometimes said, "if she shows the least sign of seeing him except as he shows himself to her, if she has any interest in life beyond his lectures, he will feel she is not suited to him, and he will give his bridle-reins—I mean his waterproof spats—a shake, and adieu forevermore."

Barrett soon got Maitland into deep water, long past the bathing machine of adieu forevermore, as he called it. When he was too cock-o-hoop, we reminded him that, after all, he was only one of a committee, and that he had been immensely helped by the young woman herself. She really looked such a saint, and as innocent as a pigeon's egg.

But Barrett stuck to it that her appearance ought, on the contrary, to have warned Maitland off, and that he was an infernal ass to think such an exquisite creature as that would give a second thought to a stout old bachelor of forty-five, looking exactly like a cod that had lain too long on the slab. I could not see that Maitland was so very like a cod, but there was a vindictiveness about Barrett's description of him that I really think must have been caused by his romantic admiration of Parker's aunt, and his disgust at the slight that he felt had been put upon her. She married again the following year Barrett's elder brother's Colonel.

He hustled Maitland about till he got almost thin. He snap-shotted him waiting for his Maud at Charing Cross Station. And he did not make her write half as often as you would think. But he somehow egged Maitland on until, by the middle of the vacation, he got into such a state that Barrett had to send Maud into a rest cure for her health, so as to get a little rest himself.

When we met at Cambridge in October he had collected such a lot of material, such priceless letters, and several good photographs of Maitland's back that he said he thought we were almost in a position to discover to him exactly how he stood.

He threw down his last letters, and as Parker and I read them, any lurking pity

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we felt for him at having fallen into Barrett's clutches, evaporated.

They showed Maitland at his worst. It was obvious that he was tepidly in love with Maud, or rather that he was anxious she should be in love with him. He said voluntarily all the things that torture ought not to have been able to wring out of him. He told her the story of the woman who had quarrelled with him because he did not dance attendance on her, and several other incidents which meant if they meant anything, that there was something in his personality hidden from his own searching self-examination which was deadly to the peace of mind of the opposite sex. He was very humble about it. He did not understand it, but there it was. He said that he had from boyhood lived an austere, intellectual life, which he humbly hoped had not been without effect on the tone of the college, that he had never met so far any one whom he could love——

"That's colossal," said Parker suddenly, striking the letter. "'Never met any one he could love.' He'll never better that."

But Maitland went one better. He said he still hoped that some day, etc., etc.: that he now saw with great self-condemnation that if his life had been altruistic in some ways, it had been egotistic in others, as in preferring his own independence to the mutual services of love; that he must confess to his shame that he had received more than his share of love, and that he had not given out enough.

"He's determined she shall know how irresistible he is," said Barrett. "I had no idea these early Victorian methods of self-advertisement were still in vogue even among the most elderly Dons."

"Hang it all!" blurted out Parker, reddening. "The matter has gone beyond a joke. We haven't any right to see his mind without its clothes on. You always say the nude is beautiful. But really—Maitland undraped—viewed through a key-hole, sets my teeth on edge."

"Undraped! you prude," said Barrett. "What are you talking about? Maitland is clothed up to his eyes in his own illusions. He's padded out all round with them back and front to such an extent that you can't see the least vestige of the human form divine. Personally, I don't think he has one. I don't believe he is a man at all, but just a globular mass of conceit and unpublished matter swathed in a college gown. The thing that touches me is the way he postures before her. Malvolio and his garters isn't in it with Maitland. Good Lord! Supposing she was a real live woman! What a mercy for him that it's only us, that it's all strictly *en famille*. I always have said that it's better to keep women out of love affairs."

"How did you answer this?" said Parker, pushing the last letter from him in disgust.

"I let him see at last—a little."

"That it was all a joke?"

"No. That I—that Maud, I mean—cared. She did not say much. She never does. She mostly sticks to flowers and sunsets, but she gave a little hint of it, and threw in at the same time that she was very much out of health and going abroad."

"That'll put him off. He'll back out. He would hate to have a delicate wife. He might have to look after her, instead of her waiting hand and foot on him."

"We shall see," said Barrett. "Her last letter was posted at Dover."

"Well mind! It's got to be the last," said Parker decisively. "I had not realized you had been playing the devil to such an extent as this. I had a sort of idea that you were only one of a committee. And what a frightful lot of trouble you must have taken. I suppose Maud was always moving about so that he could never nail her."

"Always, just where I was going, too, by a curious coincidence. And her old aunt is a regular tartar; I don't suppose there ever was such a typical female guardian outside a penny novelette. But she is turning out a trump now about taking Maud abroad, I will say that for her. They remain at Dover a week. There will be time for him to answer. I've arranged for it. I knew you two would wish me to feel myself quite untrammelled, and indeed, I wished it myself. Then we'll hand him the whole series, and see how he takes it; and tell him we've shown it to a few of his most intimate friends first and your aunt, Parker—she'll nearly die of it—and that they are all of opinion that it's the best thing he has done since his paper on Bacchylides."

Neither of us answered. In spite of myself I was sorry for Maitland.

A few days later Barrett came to my

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rooms. We knocked on the floor for Parker, and he came up.

Then he put down a letter on the table and we read it in silence.

It was just what we expected, an enigmatic, self-protecting effusion. Maitland was hedging. He had evidently been put off by Maud's illness, and talked a great deal about friendship being the crown of life, and how she must think of nothing but the care of her health, etc., etc.: and he on his side, must not be selfish and trouble her with too many letters, etc.

"Brute," said Parker.

"There's another," said Barrett.

"You don't mean to say you wrote again. There's not been time."

"No. *He* wrote again. He doesn't seem to have been perfectly satisfied with the chivalry of the letter you've just read. He's always great on chivalry, you know. And it certainly would be hard to make that last letter dovetail in with his previous utterances on a man's instinct to guard and protect the opposite sex."

Barrett threw down a bulky letter and—may God forgive us—Parker and I read it together under the lamp.

"I can't go on," said Parker after a few minutes.

"You must," said Barrett savagely.

We read it through from the first word to the last, and as we read Parker's face became as grave as Barrett's.

It is an awful thing when a poseur ceases to pose, when an egoist becomes a human being. But this is what had befallen Maitland. The thing had happened which one would have thought could not possibly happen. He had fallen in love.

I can't put in the whole of his letter here. Indeed, I don't remember it very clearly. But I shall not forget the gist of it while I live.

After he had despatched his other letter he told her the scales of egotism had suddenly dropped from his eyes, and he had realized that he loved for the first time, and that he could not face life without her, and that the thought that he might lose her, had possibly already lost her by his own fault, was unendurable to him. For in the new light in which now all was bathed he realized the meanness of his previous letter, of his whole intercourse with her: that he had never for a moment been truthful with her: that he had attitudinized before her in order to impress her: that he had always taken the ground that he was difficult to please, and that many women had paid court to him, but that it was all chimerical. No woman had ever cared for him except his mother, and a little nursery governess when he was a lad. During the last twenty years he had made faint, half-hearted attempts to ingratiate himself with attractive women: and when the attempts failed, as they always had failed, he had had the meanness to revenge himself by implying that his withdrawal had been caused by their wish to give him more than the friendship he craved. He had said over and over again that he valued his independence too much to marry, but it was not true. He did not value it a bit. He had been pining

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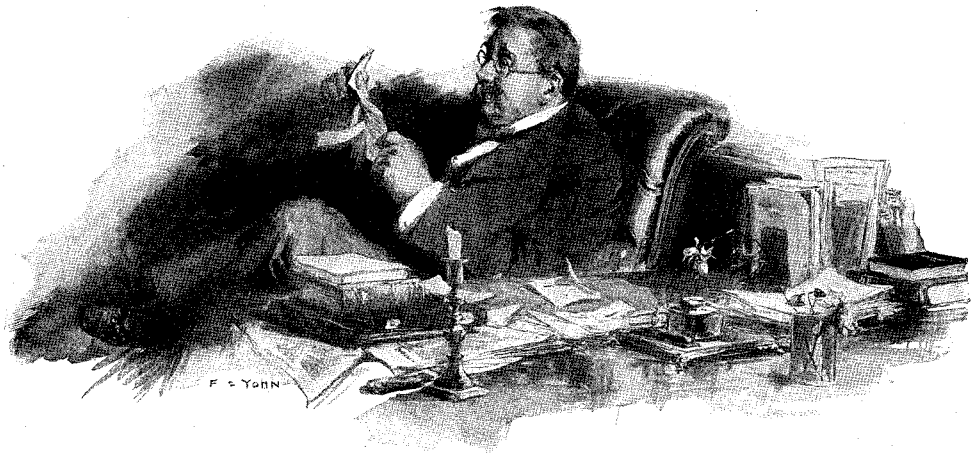

to get married for years and years. He saw now that to say that kind of thing was only to say in other words that he had never lived. He had not. He had only talked about living. He abased himself before her with a kind of passion. He told her that he did not see how any woman, and she least of all, could bring herself to care for a man of his age and appearance, even if he had been simple and humble and sincere, much less one who had taken trouble to show himself so ignoble, so petty, so self-engrossed, so arrogant. But the fact remained that he loved her; she had unconsciously taught him to abhor himself and he only loved her the more, he worshipped her, well or ill, kind or unkind, whether she could return it or not.

We stared at each other in a ghastly silence. I expected some ribald remark from Barrett, but he made none.

"What's to be done?" said Parker at last.

"There's one thing that can't be done," said Barrett, and I was astonished to see him so changed, "and that is to show the thing up. It's not to be thought of."

We both nodded.

"I said it would make a man of him, but I never in my wildest moments thought it really would," continued Barrett. "It's my fault. You two fellows said I should go too far."

We assured him that we were all three equally guilty.

"The point is, what's to be done?" repeated Parker.

"I've thought it over," said Barrett, putting the letter carefully in his pocket, "and I've come to the conclusion it *must* go on. I have not the heart to undeceive him. And I don't suppose you two will want to be more down on him than I am."

"If it goes on he'll find out," I groaned.

"He mustn't be allowed to find out," said Barrett. "He simply mustn't. I've got to insure that. I dragged the poor devil in, and I've got to get him out."

"How will you do it?"

"Kill her. There's nothing for it but that. Fortunately she was ill in the vacation. He's uneasy about her health now. I put her in a rest cure, if you remember, when he became too pertinacious, and I was yachting."

"He'll feel her death," said Parker. "It's hard luck on him."

"Suggest something better then," snapped Barrett.

But though we thought over the matter until late into the night we could think of nothing better. Barrett, who seemed to have mislaid all his impudent self-confidence, departed at last saying he would see to it.

"Who would have thought it." said Parker to me as I followed him to lock him out. "And so Maitland is a live man, after all." We stood and looked across the court to Maitland's windows who was still burning the midnight oil.

"You don't think he'll ever get wind of this," I said.

"You may trust Barrett," he replied. "Good night."

Barrett proved trustworthy. He and

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Parker laid their heads together, and it was finally decided that Maud's aunt should write Maitland a letter from Paris describing her sudden death and how she had enjoined on her aunt to break it to Maitland, and to send him the little ring she always wore. After much cogitation they decided that Maud should send him a death-bed message in which she was to own that she loved him. Barrett thought it would comfort him immensely if she had loved him at first sight, so he put it in. And though he was frightfully short of money, he went up to London and got a very nice little ring with a forget-me-not in turquoises on it, for the same amount he had won off us about Maitland's moustache. I think he was glad as it was blood money in a way (if you can call a moustache blood) that it should go back to Maitland.

The old aunt's letter was a masterpiece.

"Maud."

At any other time Barrett's artistic sense would have revelled in it, but he was out of spirits, and only carried the matter through by a kind of doggedness. The letter was prim and stilted but humane, and the writer was obviously a little hurt by the late discovery that her dear niece had concealed anything from her. She returned all the letters which she said her niece had evidently treasured, and said that she was returning heart-broken to her house in Pimlico the

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same day, and would, of course, see him if he wished it, but she supposed that one so busy as Maitland would hardly be able to spare the time. The letter was obviously written under the supposition that the address in Pimlico was familiar to him. It was signed in full. *Yours faithfully, Maud Markham.*

Barrett got a friend whom he could rely on to post the packet on his way through Paris.

I don't know how Maitland took the news. I don't know what he can have thought of his grisly letters when he saw them again. But I do know that he knocked up and had to go away.

There is one thing I admire about Barrett. He did not pretend he did not feel Maitland's illness, though I believe it was only gout. He did not pretend he was not ashamed of himself. He never would allow that we were equally guilty. And when Maitland came back rather thinner and graver, we all noticed that he treated him with respect. And he never jeered at him again. Maitland regained his old self-complacency in time and was dreadfully mysterious and Maitlandish about the whole affair. I have seen Barrett wince when he made vague allusions to the responsibility of being the object of a great passion, and the discipline of suffering. But he *had* suffered in a way. He really had. And when the Bursar's wife died Maitland was genuinely kind. He shot off lots of platitudes, of course; but on previous occasions when he had said he had been stirred to the depths he only meant to the depth of a comfortable arm-chair. Now it was platitudes and actions mixed. He actually heaved himself out of his arm chair and exerted himself on behalf of the poor, dreary little bounder, took him walks, and sat with him in an evening—his sacred evenings. To think of Maitland putting himself out for any one! It seemed a miracle.

After a time it was obvious that the incident had added a new dignity and happiness to his life. He settled down so to speak, into being an old bachelor, and grew a beard, and did not worry about women any more. He felt he had had his romance.

I don't know how it was, but we all three felt a kind of lurking respect for him after what had happened. You would have thought that what we knew must have killed such a feeling, especially as it wasn't there before. But it didn't. On the contrary. And Maitland felt the change, and simply froze on to us three. He liked us all, but Barrett best.

"MEN AS TREES WALKING"

By John Finley

If I may not have my sight
Give me, then, a little light,
Such as comes at early dawn,
Or as waits when day has gone—

Just enough that men may seem
As the trees, of which I dream,
On the mountains, far away
From these streets where I must stay;

So amid the multitudes
I shall walk in verdant woods;
If I may not have my sight
Grant me, Lord, a little light.

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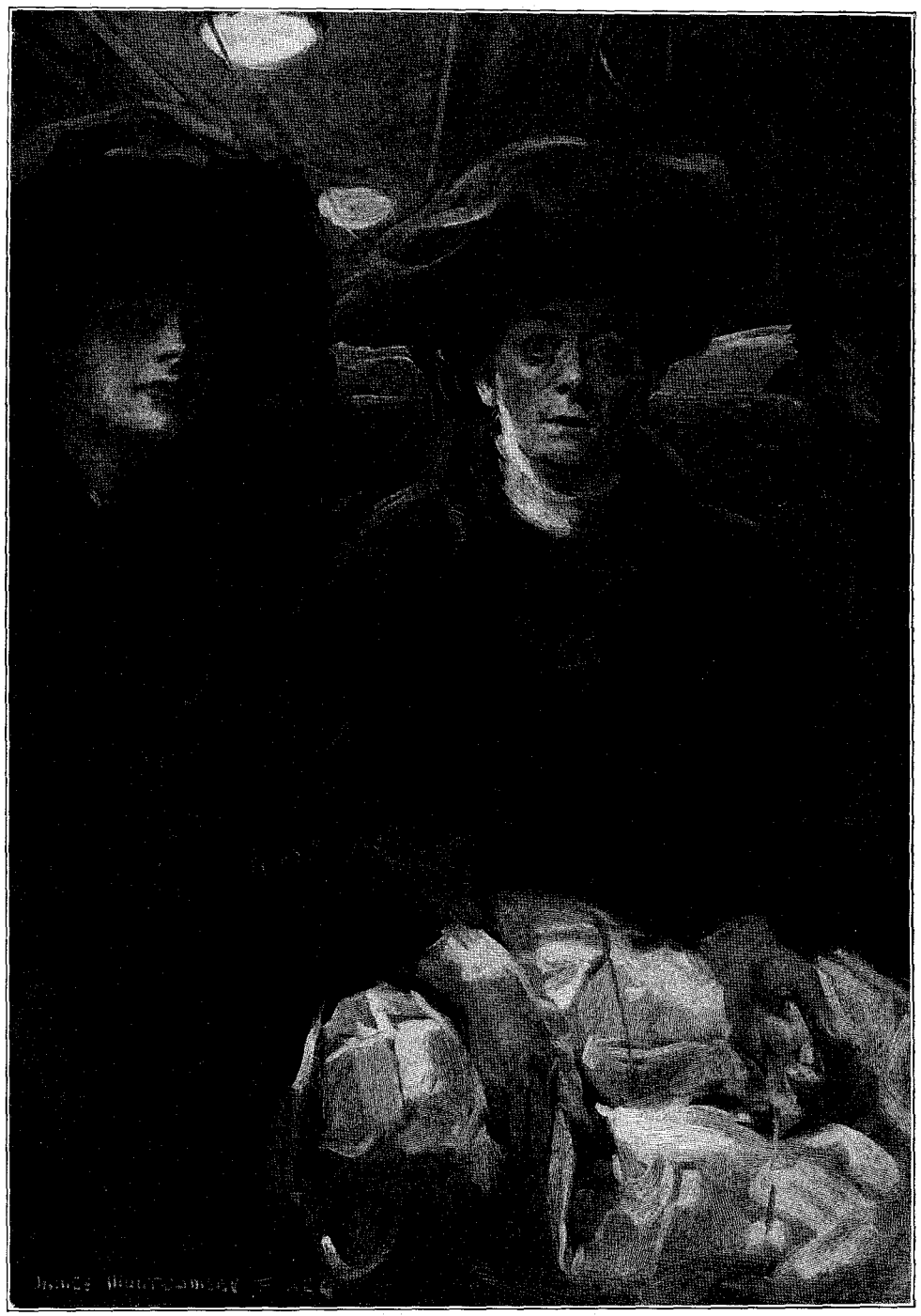

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

'Tis sure as the light of day.—Page 190.

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THE MESSENGER

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"FORTY-SECOND STREET! Grand Central Station!"

Edith MacDonald, startled from her heavy thoughts, sprang to her feet, and stood bewildered, then hurried from the subway train, in the wake of the pushing crowd. Her long crape-bound cloak tripped and hampered her; the crape veil smothered on her mouth and eddied dizzily before her eyes. The guard put out a brusque, kindly hand and steadied her to the platform. Edith did not notice him. She stood stupidly under the blazing lights, her small cold hands fumbling with her cloak. Then, suddenly remembering, she turned and fled awkwardly up the long iron stairs. She ran with clumsy, uneven steps, like a blind woman. Her slender body wavered: every movement was graceless and unpoised. She was a straight, exquisite young thing, lissom as a dryad; but since she had put on this shrouding black, it was as if she had put on weakness and awkwardness with its dragging folds.

She reached the top stair, breathless and trembling. She sped on in her frantic haste, bought her ticket, then dashed for the north-bound train. "*Hurry, hurry, hurry!*" She heard her numbed lips muttering it over and over, a dreary, senseless chant. "*Hurry, hurry, hurry!*" As if it could matter now whether she lagged or hastened, whether she crept or ran!

She had always hurried so, for Tom. All that one golden year, they had gone racing, hand in hand, two rapturous children. But she need not hurry to reach Tom, now. Tom would not go without her. Tom—would wait!

The car was crowded and hot; yet Edith drew her wrappings close around her, for she shivered with mortal cold. She stared through the broad window. Gray, ice-locked river; gray, leafless woods; an ash-gray sky. It was always like this. For there was no color left in the world, nowadays. No rose in the east, no gold in the west; no light at all upon the weary land. . . .

One or two people were glancing at her, curiously. A sick fear assailed her. She shrank back, cowering into her deep sheathing furs. By this time, her household would have missed her, surely. And they would be distressed and anxious. They were so devoted, so tender, so maddening—her poor family! Through all these months, they had never once left her alone, not even for an hour. She had never been outside her house, save in her own brougham, with either her mother or the steadfast family nurse at her side. How desperately they had all toiled to soothe her, to divert her! She chuckled helplessly at the thought of their adoring, witless efforts to console. The pitiful comicality of it! That they should dare to try to comfort her! That they could dream they could divert her mind from thinking of him, of Tom!

She wrenched herself erect. The laughter in her eyes yielded to a dull, miserable stare. The old pitiless Question, the unrelenting challenge which from the first hour had hounded her and tortured her, spoke now in her deepest thought. Her mouth repeated it; her very heart beat it out, in quivering, anguished pulses.

"No. This isn't the end. It can't be. Somewhere, he is alive. He's waiting for me. I must believe that. I must, I must! But—if only he had believed, too! If he had once told me that he had faith in the farther Life—that he *was sure!* If he had only given me that trust, to cling to . . . If he'd just said one word. . . . I can't hold up any longer, unless I know. I'll drown."

The train jarred to a stop. She crept to the ground, then stood looking blankly at the little station, set deep in its frame of winter woods. One or two carriages stood near the platform. She turned from them and started away, up the icy road. She knew the way well.

And as she stumbled on, over the frozen ground, her lips moved still, whispering, over and over, her piteous litany.

"If only he had told me! If only we'd

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talked it over, just once! I could hold fast, I know I could—if just I knew that he had believed!"

They had been married barely twelve months, Tom and she. In their tumultuous happiness, they had never given thought to any other life, save to this overflowing, enchanting rapture of to-day. They knew no misgivings, they felt no doubts. To them, there was no terror of cloudless noon. All their royal fortunes, their splendid joys, were theirs by divine right, the inexhaustible heritage of their kingdom of youth. And now that Tom was gone, struck away from her in one breath by horrible accident, Edith stood like one alone on a deserted world.

She faced her sorrow with a noble patience. She came of a brave race. But that implacable Question of bereavement rang through her brain by night, burnt on her searching eyes by day. If he had only once spoken! If he had only once assured her of his hope, his faith, then she could hold fast, even through this black tempest. Her own faith, a prettily childish, outgrown tinsel creed, gave her no help. Piteously she realized that, of herself alone, she could not believe. She could cling to that hope, only with Tom's grasp to help her hold.

An hour later, she stumbled back, down the lonely road to the station. Her beautiful face was colorless and impassive, drained of all expression. But her eyes baffled. They held rage, as well as agony. It had all been as she had known, inexorably, that it would be. The sight of that long mound, wrapped in frost-burnt grass, had only mocked at her. Its taunting silence infuriated. It gave not one word, not one clue. Insolently it drove her back, beaten and cowed, to her own sick round of thought. Smarting, furious, unutterably bereft, she blundered back, aboard the train.

Again the car was crowded. She shared a seat with another woman, a tired, shabby creature, loaded with bundles. Edith did not look her way. Side by side, the two made one of the unending contrasts of every day; Edith, swathed in her sumptuous furs and crape, her vivid young beauty hardly dimmed by its shadow; the other, a gaunt Irishwoman of middle years, dressed in forlorn, skimpy black, her thin face worn and marred by work and child-bearing. She was a commonplace figure enough. But her lips were kind. And once or twice she glanced at Edith, and a vague light lifted in her faded eyes.

Halfway into town, the train was stopped by a trifling breakdown. There would be an hour's delay, the conductor explained, impatiently. The two women hardly noticed. They sat, indifferent, in the midst of the fretting crowd. It grew twilight; Edith shivered in the gathering chill. Her cloak had dropped from her shoulders, but she made no move to draw it back.

Presently the elder woman turned to her. She hesitated; then she drew the cloak up round the slender shoulders, and fastened it with gentle, awkward hands. Edith looked up. Their eyes met, with a slow understanding gaze.

"I know," said the elder woman, under her breath. Her knotted hand lay tenderly on Edith's black sleeve. "You lamb! I know. It's meself that's lost all, all. First, 'twas me old mother, the sweetest soul alive. An' then me children, me own wee ones. An' then"—she halted, with a hard breath—"an' then—Himself. An' 'twas then I thought all the world was gone from me. For, oh, he'd been the good man to me!" Her wan mouth quivered. "But now, I've learned. An' I can't grieve him, like I did those first days. For"—her gaunt face took on a strange radiance, mysterious, ineffable—"*for he's the good man to me, yet.* Now, even though we two are apart. Now, and always. Though I'd niver have knowed it, mayhap, if 'twasn't the doctor had told me."

Edith heard her, in listless silence.

"The doctor it was, who brought me the word from him," she went on, softly, after a while. "May blessings be on him an' on his, forever, for the blessing that he gave! An' yet 'tis little need he has of prayers from the likes o' me. For now he's gone Beyant, too, they tell me. Though I can't believe it, at all. For he was that alive, every inch of him! Ah, the tall, fine, merry lad he was, with his straight back, an' his grand red head, and the laugh in the black kind eyes of him! He was grand folks, too, for his people was all rich, an' fine, and he'd married him a rich girl, too, an' a beauty, they say. But none of those things made no differ in him. He was always the same. Just as friendly an' easy as if he'd been one of ourselves. An' sure, he was one of us. For we wint to him with

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iverything. Priest, an' father, an' doctor, he was, all to once. An' now he's gone. . . . Wid his black laughin' eyes, an' his square chin, an' the good red head of him!"

"What doctor are you talking about? What was his name?"

Edith MacDonald roused and turned on her suddenly. Her hands clenched, cold. She stared at the other woman through a flickering mist.

"Why, young Doctor MacDonald, sure. Doctor Thomas MacDonald. An' he lived on Gramercy Park, in that big splendid stone house, with the marble porches, an' wistary vines all over it——"

Edith's lips set in an ashen line.

"I knew him, too," she said, at length. Her voice rang in her ears, faint and far away.

"Well, did ye, now!" The woman looked back at her, with kind, uncomprehending eyes. "Ah, an' wasn't he the dear lad, then! Sure, do ye remember that red head of his, ma'am, 'Carrot-top,' he'd call it? An' the lean, long jaw, an' the man's sober, kind eyes of him, wid the boy's laugh a-shinin' through?"

Did she remember?

"An' the strong hand he had, an' the wise brain to rule it. How'd we come to know him? Why, 'twas from long years back; from the times when he was a-hangin' to the tail-board of the ambylance, a young snip, just servin' his time at Bellevue. He was on our beat, down through Greenwich Village, 'tis. That summer, they was workin' on the tunnel; maybe twenty times a day, the ambylance would go dingin' through, to fetch some poor felly who'd been knocked out wid the heat. Well, one day my wee Katy was crossin' the street, an' down come the wagon, ding-dong. Whether the horse struck her, or whether she just tumbled down careless, I never rightly knowed. But down she went, straight under the horse's feet. I wasn't twenty foot off; I give one spring, an' snatched her up in me arms before she'd more nor hit the pavement, she screechin' fire an' murder, an' every other kid on the block yellin' fit to kill. Not one scratch there was on her darlin' bones, thanks be. But Doctor MacDonald, he lep' off the tail-board, an' come tearin' back, whiter than his white coat.

"'Easy, sir,' I says. For he breathed like he'd run a mile, an' the very soul was scared out of his eyes. ''Tis not hurted she is, no more nor the scare. Whist, Katy, don't be so wild.'

"'Thank the Lord!' says he, moppin' his forehead. An' the grin began to come back in his eyes. 'I've seen two miracles this day: an Irish mother with the rare blessing of common-sense; and an injy-rubber child. Come along, Smith.' An' he hops on the step, an' he's off, with a wave of that red head.

"It's maybe fifty times he's passed us by that summer, on a hurry call. But he's never forgot to wave to us, as gay as you please.

"Ah! That was the black year for us, intirely. First, me brother Larry was brought home, near killed in that box factory fire. By God's mercy, 'twas Doctor MacDonald that we thought to send for. An' he came, flyin'. An' he worked over Larry, hour after hour, an' he brought the boy through alive. No other man livin' could ha' done it. 'Twas like he carrid him back in his arms, from the very gates of death.

"An' the same it was, a month after, when the dipathery came. He couldn't save me little Paitrick, nor me poor sister's baby, Eileen. But he saved my Katy for us, that we had the one child left, to feed our starved hearts on. 'Twas niver his medicines that done the work. 'Twas the power of the man, himself. He'd come any time we wanted him, night or day. He'd do for my little Katy like she was a prince's child. I mind one night we sent for him, at midnight it was. 'Twas not a month after he was marrid. He'd gone to a great ball, an' he came splittin' down in his motor, all in his fine evenin' clothes, for there was no time to lose. Katy, she'd been like she was sinkin'. But she waked up for his voice. An' she smiled, an' put up her little hot hands, to stroke his grand shiny shirt-front. 'Pretty, pretty,' she says, in her little choked voice. He turned an' grinned up at me, he nodded that red head. The laugh was dancin' in the black eyes of him, but his jaw set like a rock. 'Sure, if she's that set on pretty clothes, she'll come round, all right,' says he. An' come round she did. But not even he could save our little Paitrick. An' the next year, when Himself was took away——"

Her low voice faltered to silence. Edith glanced up again. Through the dark car window, she caught the reflection of their faces, side by side. Curiously she realized that they two, she and this worn, middle-

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aged woman, looked alike. They might have been an elder and a younger sister. Sisters in sorrow, they were. The same anguish had scarred both the lovely young face and the weary older one. Both stared out upon their world with the hungry asking eyes of bereavement, searching eternally, uncomforted.

"Ah, then, not even Doctor MacDonald could help. He was like he's tied, hand and foot. An' it cut him to the heart. He stayed by me an' fought the night through, he an' the big surgeon he'd brought, an' the nurses. But 'twas no use at all. . . .

"Afterwards . . . I don't well remember. I went fumblin' around at me work, clumsy-like; I couldn't half sense things. I was like one struck blind an' dumb. An' I couldn't breathe right. 'Twas like somethin' smothered me. 'Twasn't that I grieved Himself so. No, for I hadn't the sense to know what had hit me, I just knowed the life was gone out of me, that was all. An' all those months, I kept clutchin' out in the dark, for to find Himself. I *had* to get hold of him, somehow. I kept his hat hangin' on its peg, an' his pipe laid on the mantel, where me eyes could see them, every minute, as I wint round at me work. I'd go to bed nights wid his old coat, wid the good pipe smell in it, rolled under my head, hopin' maybe I could dream. . . . But not one thought nor easing would come of it, all. Never one glimpse of Himself. Never one touch of his big kind hand, to comfort me. An' after a while, I knew I couldn't stand it no longer. I'd struggled me best. Now the time had come, I must have help. Or else sink.

"'Twas strange, too. For the year gone, I'd buried me old mother, an' it seemed then like a piece of me was buried with her. An' then I'd lost me boy, me baby; an' that was crueller still. But when I lost Himself, my own man, who'd always been that good to me, who'd been that big an' kind an' strong that I could always hold fast to him, no matter what came to me—then seemed like I'd just let go. Tis the same always, I suppose. Mary, pity us! We women are all like that."

Edith nodded, vaguely. Again she looked deep into the other's face, and found, as in a tragic mirror, her own face shadowed there.

"Along March, there come a gray cold day, when I couldn't bear it no longer. I'd been to the priest, yes. But even Father Kelley himself couldn't help me. For, sure, hadn't he knowed Himself? Didn't he know well, just what I'd lost? An' for all he longed to comfort me, the best he could do was, to set there wid his hands twisted, hard, an' tell me the rewards of Heaven. What did I want wid the rewards of Heaven? I wanted Himself. I wanted the grip of his great rough hand, an' the noise of his laugh, an' the stomp of his foot when he'd come up the stairs. Somewhere, Himself was alive. I was hangin' to that, like a drownin' thing. But—oh, my God! The hour'd come when *I had to know!*

"Maybe you'll think strange of me, ma'am. But I was that wild, I'd have clutched at anything. As I came blundherin' down the street, I passed Madame Clytemnestra's, the medium's. An' for all I knew 'twas foolishness, an' worse, I couldn't hold me feet from carryin' me in.

"I tried to tell Madame Clytemnestra. But the words, they stuck in me throat. An' she sat there, in her red-an'-gilt clothes, lookin' at me; an' for all they say she's such a divil of a talker, she hadn't no word to say. But she gave me a little purple bag, an' said maybe it would help. 'Maybe,' says she, thinkin' like. An' she went wid me down the steps, for they was sleeted, an' she wouldn't take no money.

"I crawled home, somehow. I remember how the figures on the oilcloth danced an' swam as I climbed the stairs. 'Twas like I was climbin' them for the last time.

"I sat there by the windy, wid the purple bag in one hand, an' Father Kelley's thracks in the other, a long time. After a while, the Bellevue wagon wint lippin' by. I glimpsed Doctor MacDonald's red head through the door, an' saw him wave his hand to me wee Katy, who was playin' on the curb. An' I had a queer thought of envy for the sick one, whoever it might be, that he'd be carin' for.

"After long hours, I heard wee Katy runnin' upstairs, an' a heavy step followin' after. An' one minute I looked at that purple bag: an' the wall went red and dark before me eyes. Then me heart sank again. For the door opened, an' in walked Doctor MacDonald.

"For a while, he didn't say nothin'. He sat wid wee Katy on his knee, an' fed her pop-corn. An' I could feel him lookin'

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round the room, at Himself's old hat an' coat on the peg, an' his pipe on the shelf, pitiful-like. An' after a while, he looked down at the purple bag in me hands; an' the pity in his eyes was like he'd spoke it, out loud. Then he began to talk.

"'He was a pretty good sort, Mrs. McCarthy,' he says. 'I've knocked around a good bit, an' I'm something of a judge. You had a man to be proud of. You don't know how many good turns he's done for folks, one time an' another. Sometimes I wonder if anybody thinks to tell you of them.'

"'Tell me any you know,' says I. For I was hungry for the sound of Himself's name. So he went on, very slow, wid his eyes on the floor, an' his hand pattin' wee Katy's head.

"'First time I ever saw McCarthy was when the 'longshoremen's strike was on. He was teamin' for the Colony Fruit people, an' what with their stuff bein' perishable, and the strikers hectoring him, and the thermometer climbing around ninety-six, down on those broilin' wharves, why McCarthy's job wasn't a cinch. But no matter what turned up, McCarthy stayed peaceable as a spring lamb. You couldn't rattle him, to save you. You couldn't make him mad, either. Only once, in all those weeks, did anybody see him fire up. But that time—Jove, but that was the lovely sight!

"'Early one Monday morning, Shayne, the Colony people's strike-breaker, had brought down an Italian gang, and set them to work unloading a fruit schooner, right under the pickets' eyes. It was a fool's trick, for the pickets were all Kerry men, and spoiling for a fight; and the Italians weren't on the ground ten minutes before the fun began. It was a peppery young Neapolitan, Pietro somebody, who opened the ball. The pickets kept daring the crowd, and slinging names, but the gang paid no attention, till this Pietro caught one name he wouldn't stand for. He picked up a good ripe melon, and fired it into the crowd. It was a good shot; maybe half a dozen strikers got a juicy swat. Ridiculous as it was, that was all the crowd wanted. They lit in on the Italians like a falling house. Pietro got his share, and more. Between the heat, and its being Monday morning, the boys had a beautiful grouch on, and they didn't realize they were going so far. By the time McCarthy spied the fracas, and came galloping his team down the pier, the life was pretty much slammed out of that poor little loon, Pietro. He grabbed Pietro out of the shindy, dumped him behind a pile of freight and then sailed in. It must have gone against the grain, to side with the dagoes against his own mates, but he did it, all right. He held Flannigan, the leader, up by the collar, while he expressed his sentiments, and in two minutes that blarney tongue of his, half petting, half whiplash, had the men all calmed down, and shamefaced and grinning like a pack of licked school-boys. Somebody had sent in a hurry call, but by the time we got there, it was all over but the shouting. McCarthy had 'em eating out of his hand. He'd saved the company's consignment, he'd saved the boys a mess in court and a black eye for the union, he'd saved Pietro's life—for the kid pulled through all right, though he was badly thrashed. And for McCarthy, it was all in the day's work. When the inspector and I started in to praise him, he thought we were guying him. That was McCarthy, straight through. He was a good sort, he was.'

"'He never told me one livin' word of all that, at all,' says I. ''Twas Himself all over, to side wid the under dog.'

"'That was always his way,' says the doctor, wid a nod. 'You knew what he did for Garrity, the time his ribs was broke when the derrick fell?'

"'For Garrity?' says I. 'Sure, Himself never turned his hand for Garrity, nor any of his kin. For Himself could never abide him. Townies they were, in the old country, but they were the black haters here. Himself paid his share in the Brotherhood for Garrity's bills at the hospital, but that's all ever he did, for a Garrity, mind.'

"'Was it, now?' says the doctor, an' the grin lightin' his eyes again. 'So I thought, myself. So I'd think to-day, if I hadn't caught McCarthy red-handed. He come slinkin' to me with seventeen dollars and sixty sents, and asked me, would I send it in a money order to Garrity's old father, back in Ballyoran. Mumbled something about its being a little hand-out from the boys, only they didn't want their names put in. I was just low-minded enough to suspect him, that minute. And at eleven o'clock that very night, I chased down to

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Pier 19 on an emergency call; and, driving back, we passed McCarthy with his team, loaded to the gunwale. I didn't say one word; but the next day I traced it up. Bless you, here was McCarthy, doing four hours extra teaming by night, and puttin' the money to Garrity's account at the Dime Savings, so it would be lying there ready to give Garrity a leg up when he came out of the hospital. He had his tracks well covered; Garrity never learned, I'll wager. But I charged him with it, straight out, and whaled him for not letting me help. First, he tried to lie out of it. Then he looked like he'd been stealing sheep. And he swore me, not to tell the boys. "They'd have the laugh on me for twinty years to come," says he. "For Garrity an' me has been inimies, tried an' true. An' Garrity, if he gits wind of it, he'll niver forgive me. But sure 'tis bad enough that the poor pig-headed gossoon should lay there an' suffer, widout that he an' the kids must face the winter empty-handed. An' mind ye hold yer tongue!" he blusters after me, fierce an' hangdog at once. And he slammed away, lashing his team like he's a riot call. That was McCarthy, all right. The best lad ever, he was.'

"I'd listened, greedy-like, to every word.

"'I'd never heard one breath of them doings, neither,' says I. An' somehow, for the first time in all those weeks, I felt the weight ease on me breast. 'Himself was that close-mouthed! But, sure, 'tis good to know of it, now.'

"'Yes,' said the doctor, thinkin'-like. 'Yes. It is good to know these things. And—and maybe, he himself wants you to know them, now. So—perhaps that is why I'm telling you of them.'

"He turned and looked at me, straight. An' it was like a light came into the room.

"'You mean,'—I says, 'you mean that you believe—do They know? Can we ever find Them, again?'

"He leaned over, pitiful-like, an' took the foolish purple bag from my hands.

"'Yes,' he says, very low. 'We'll find Them, again. Be sure of that. But—not these ways. I'm mighty clumsy about putting it into words for you. But—but I don't just believe. I *know*. Why, it's certain as daylight. What else are all these things I'm telling you, about McCarthy, but messages from him, to make ye sure? And why else should ye keep on lovin' him? Unless it is that the love between ye two is a bond, so strong that not even Death can break it?

"'No, I don't know how to put it into words for you. I only wish I could. But to me it's like this. All these good memories that you have of him, go to make this bond, that unites you two, still. Every kind, decent thing he's done is a link in that chain. An' every bit of news of him, like this I've told you to-day, is like a word across the night, from him to you. He is not lost to you. He is not dead. I don't just believe what I say. I *know*.'

"And he was right. For, in these months, I've watched, and thought, and learned to understand. As my need comes, I'll remember them, all. The little kind, good things he did for folks; the gentleness of him; the friendly ways—when I mind them 'tis like the grip of his big warm hand in the dark. An' it's that that keeps the life in me, ma'am." Her sombre eyes lighted with sudden fire. Across her faded, work-marred face there flowed again that white, mysterious radiance: the radiance of a love triumphant, immortal. "Now I have those things to hold fast to, I can be sure. He's not dead, my man. The hour 'ill come when I'll find him, once again. 'Tis sure as the light of day. An' till then, I can hold fast to these things, that keep him alive to me. He sent me that promise, straight through the doctor's word. An' 'tis the truth, forever, just as the doctor said. 'Tis a small cord, an' a frail one, maybe. But it will hold. For 'tis the eternal tie between us an' our beloved dead."

The train drew slowly to a stand-still. Edith stood up: for a moment, her hand grasped the other woman's hard fingers: then she turned, and went swiftly from the train.

She walked through the long dusky station, erect, transfigured. The folding black yet clouded round her white calm face. But her mouth curved once more in its old lovely happiness, and her eyes were sweet with peace. Across that far, unfathomed Night, her pleading voice had carried. And, in the words of this, their humble messenger, the answer had come back to her, a cry all ringing golden with assurance. A promise, and a covenant; a certainty with wings.

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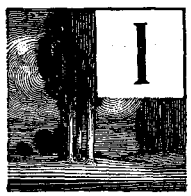
A VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

By E. S. Nadal



I DESIRE to give a sketch of a little slave-holding community which I knew as a boy. This was to be found in the Alleghany Mountains in Virginia. It was a peculiar community, unlike other parts of the South and particularly old Virginia. In race the people were Scotch Irish; in religion they were Presbyterians; their occupations were mainly pastoral. The region was an isolated one. At the time of which I am speaking there was not a railroad within a hundred miles. The roads were rough and bad, so that people used carriages very little. The common way of getting about for men and even for women was on horseback. The women rode to church on horseback. But the people of the country, notwithstanding their isolation and their primitive habits, lived in great comfort and even with a considerable degree of refinement. The better or richer sort lived, either on their farms or in the village, in the two-story double brick houses, with a hall through the middle, which are to be seen throughout that country.

The neighborhood, at the time of which I am now speaking, say, 1855 to 1860, was considerably less than a century old. It was settled about the time of the Revolution and up to near the beginning of the present century had been at war with the Indians. The first settlers were Scotch-Irish Presbyterian farmers, who in the century that followed the Battle of the Boyne had been driven from Ireland by British ingratitude and persecution. They came to the usual life of the American frontier. For protection against the Shawnees, they lived at first in fortified places. As the Indians withdrew, they scattered throughout the country. The log cabin succeeded the fort, and the frame house succeeded the log cabin. At a very early period they built a stone church, singularly spacious and handsome, in part with the labor of their own hands. The community prospered rapidly. They raised good horses and cattle and got good prices for them. This country, Greenbrier County, as it is called, being a blue-grass country, had in former days a reputation for the breeding of good stock similar to that which the blue grass region of Kentucky now has. In 1811 a young married couple started on their wedding journey on horseback. The horse which the lady rode was valued at $800, a great sum for that time and place. That their stock could bring such prices shows how well the people must have thriven. They built the comely brick houses of which I have spoken. Then the honeysuckle vines grew at the porches, and the humming-birds came and quivered before them. Within the pianos began to jingle to such pieces as the "Bird Waltz" and the "Downfall of Paris." The fashions were brought from Philadelphia. Under the new secure conditions, affectation and vanity began also to flourish. Pride, too, came in, and the descendants of the pious peasants, who, two or three generations before, had been content by their labor and courage to obtain bread from the soil and immunity from the tomahawk of the savage, now began to entertain mythical suggestions of a genteel ancestry. Social gradations and distinctions began to be recognized. A court house was built. A few white stones gathered in the village churchyard. As day by day the sun sprang with youthful strength into the morning heavens, he saw expand beneath his beams the joys, the virtues, the follies, and the refinements of a civilized society.

Such undoubtedly had been the history of the little community. But one who saw it as I did got no notion of this change and progress. It seemed always to have been just what it was then. The quiet of the place was profound. At noon perhaps the only figure within sight would be a woman in a sun-bonnet crossing the blazing street on a visit to a neighbor. But this repose was not dilapidated and shabby, as I imagine that of certain parts of the South to have been, but was, as I remember it, happy and golden. The people worked hard enough for comfort and competence, al-

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though not as people work at the North. There was not much mental activity of any sort among them. They had but few books, but they were good. They read—that is, if they read at all—the *Spectator* and Scott and the standard English authors. The poet most in favor with these Presbyterian young ladies was the libertine and sceptic, Byron. It may be that Mrs. Felicia Hemans had also a few readers.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of this village by describing some of its individual members and social customs. The doctor was an interesting and characteristic person. He was an old Virginian; and from my knowledge of him I can well understand that the people of the Valley and of the West were different from the people east of the Blue Ridge, for he was unlike the thrifty and prosaic people of Greenbrier. He was a graduate of William and Mary College and had studied law. In company with two friends he had started westward on horseback to seek his fortune, as was the custom of those days. They stopped over Sunday in the village, and went to the Presbyterian church, and there this young gentleman saw a countenance which decided his career. From this accidental church-going came a life passed among the valleys of Greenbrier. The family of the young lady who was the possessor of the countenance just referred to made rather hard conditions. It seems there were more lawyers than were needed in the connection, but it was thought there was room for a physician. With old Virginian facility these conditions were accepted, and the young man went back to college and studied medicine. It may be remarked that in those days the preparation for a profession was not so serious a matter as at present. It thus happened that a man intended by nature for politics and the forum spent his days pacing along the mountain roads, his saddle-bags filled with little phials containing calomel and jalap, by means of which I do not doubt that he visited upon the inhabitants of that region the grudge he never ceased to bear against the Scotch-Irish guile that had robbed him of his proper career. The doctor had to the full an old Virginian's contempt of people west of the Blue Ridge, but he was nevertheless popular throughout that country. Tall, erect, sarcastic, irascible, frank, indolent, and generous, he had qualities to win men's affection. He was the clever man of the neighborhood. If a speech was to be made, he was called upon to make it. It was only upon occasions of this kind that he could be said to live. It was he who made the speech at the Fourth of July celebration. This anniversary was celebrated in a grove upon the top of an adjacent hill, a kind of arboreal Acropolis or natural temple, in which were held at long intervals the village festivals and civic assemblies. This grove, unlike more Northern woodlands, was clear of undergrowth, the tall columns standing in the midst of a clean, green floor. The Sunday Schools on that day came in a body to the wood and composed the audience, the grown people looking on. It was a pretty sight, quite like a scene in the Opera, to see the little procession of children of five years old and upward in their best Sunday clothes, carrying banners with such customary devices as a cross, or a lamb, or a shepherd with a crook, march in under the vast oaks, while the overhanging mountains looked on. Seats for the children were made by laying planks over stakes driven into the ground. A long, rude table, laid with a white cloth and plates and glasses, and having on either side benches also made from plank, waited during the morning ceremonies. A platform was extemporized for the orator, which also gave seats to two or three ministers and a few of the great men. The Declaration of Independence was read. The American flag was exhibited; they thought of no other in those days. The orator was the doctor. This was the one occasion of the year when he could free his mind. He mounted the platform and made a political speech. For two full hours he harangued those little girls in white dresses and pink sashes on the crimes of the Whig party and the mysterious villanies of the Know-nothings, while the dryads lurking in the recesses of the forest were astonished by such unwonted dissonances as the "Wilmot Proviso," the "Missouri Compromise" and the "Resolutions of Nullification." On the platform behind the speaker were the leading men. The Presbyterian clergyman had at that time been some fifty years at the stone church below, so that his ministry must have been almost contemporaneous with the occupation of the country. He had married

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pretty much the entire population, had christened their children, and buried their fathers. He could remember some of the first inhabitants of the region, and must have known personally the occupants of the oldest and wildest of the churchyard hillocks. He was a stately and handsome old man, of great authority with the people. He sat with his hands crossed upon his cane, and looked upon the violence of the orator with a perplexed and slightly fatigued air, but at the same time with an expression of dignified patience and a mild majesty like that of the mountain opposite, whose head had just caught the sun. The Methodist minister, a much younger man, of a very argumentative disposition and a strong Know-nothing, cast his eyes up among the branches of the trees, and by pantomime and by-play of one sort or another, conveyed to the audience his superior dissent from the views of the orator.

It might be thought that this long speech would have been hard upon the children. But my recollection is that it was not. It happened that the orator had a great gift for making faces. These grimaces of his were the wonder of the neighborhood and a source of comment throughout that country, where jokes were comparatively few. They were looked on as distinctions, in some way connected with the orator's mental superiorities. His own boys, who were my cousins, gave themselves a great deal of swagger on account of them. In company with some of the other boys, we used to get possession of seats upon the front bench, where we were under the nose of the speaker; and as grimace succeeded grimace, each more hideous than its predecessor, we would nudge each other with pretended derision, but in reality with secret pride; for was it not our father and uncle whose contortions of countenance thus fascinated the infant gaze of Greenbrier County?

The part which this gentleman took in the war may be worth mentioning, as it illustrates the action of many thousands of Southern men. At this time I doubt if he had ever thought of secession as a thing possible in his day. I shall presently try to explain how this transition came to the minds of men of the border states. It is true, however, that he was during the war a very thorough and effective rebel. For the first time in his career he seemed to have found a task to his liking. Just previous to the outbreak of the war, he had been paralyzed and had been compelled to give up his practice. He was unable to move from his chair. But he went into the work of raising the country with the greatest ardor. He got possession of the village paper, filled it with inflammatory articles, and scattered the little firebrand throughout the adjacent country. He had himself carried in his chair to the steps of the Court House, from which he would deliver passionate harangues to the people, who were very fond and proud of him. The country soon became a debatable ground between the two armies. But he was not on this account the less energetic. The Federal Provost-Marshal made many attempts to quiet him, but to no purpose. On one occasion this officer came with an orderly or two to his house and threatened to kill him in case he gave further trouble. This menace greatly surprised the doctor. "Kill me," he said, "why, my good friend, look at me. I am not able to get out of this chair and never shall be. I can't move hand or foot. I am fed with a spoon. What do you suppose I care for life. If you wish to kill me, you are at liberty to shoot away as quick as you like." The Provost-Marshal gave him up and went away.

This gentleman was, as I knew him, an erect and vigorous man. I remember well the old gray pacer upon which he moved among those peaceful valleys, his mind, I doubt not, often occupied with thoughts of his disappointed ambitions. He was a connection of my own and a great friend of my childhood. As he will never have an opportunity to appear before so distinguished an audience as the present one, I think I ought to say that I believe he really was a clever man.

The community I have been describing was, notwithstanding its many points of dissimilarity to the rest of the South, thoroughly Southern. Like the South, it was hospitable. The houses of the people, particularly those in the country, were often filled with parties of young people. The community was, in its own way, like the South in general, aristocratic. Mistaken notions have been held in regard to the aristocratic condition of Southern society. One of these is that the planters lived with

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a degree of state and luxury. This I imagine to be a mistake. This way of living existed in a few localities, but was not general. Manners as a rule were simple. But it is not to be supposed that, because Southern society had not the refinement of living which has been ascribed to it, it was not therefore aristocratic. All that is necessary to make a society aristocratic is that certain of its members shall be recognized by their neighbors to be superior to certain others. This was true of the South. It was true of the Greenbrier people. I think that even the little boys with whom I played had a feeling that certain of their number were on the score of birth distinctly superior to certain others. Yet our manners and customs were not very distinguished. We all went bare-footed. No boy under fifteen, from May till the winter set in, wore shoes and stockings. The dress of the boys consisted of a shirt, perhaps a jacket, possibly a single suspender, a pair of trousers in a state of integrity more or less complete, and a straw hat, usually torn at the brim. They got scarcely any learning and went very little to school. Their time was mostly passed sitting on the steps of the village stores or in hunting the ground-squirrel, a little animal resembling a chipmunk. The boys laid aside social distinctions when in pursuit of this quarry. The hunt took place in the grove upon an adjoining hill which has been described and was participated in by all the boys of the village from six to twelve years of age. The sport began while the morning was yet fresh and the shadows long. After a breakfast of coffee, ham, corn pone, and hot salt-rising—the easy-going people allowed the children to eat anything—they sallied forth to the wood. The little darkies came too. Every boy was accompanied by a cur of some description, which, with his tail curled over his back, stepped about full of the day's occupations. The larger boys issued their loud commands, and the lesser boys ran hither and thither with a great sense of the importance of the occasion. The hunt continued throughout the morning hours. The sylvan scene was vocal with the excitement of the pursuit. Commerce slept in the little mart at the foot of the hill and Justice dozed in the quiet Court House; but the wood above rang with the shouts of the youthful hunters, and every urchin and pickaninny and village cur and mongrel joined the cry and added to the tumult. The sport was, however, not altogether confined to the boys. There was, I remember, one little Amazon, a girl of perhaps eight summers, who, in sun-bonnet and with flying curls, sped along among the foremost of the pursuers, and whom I can fancy exclaiming like an infant Hippolyta:

> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
> When in a wood of Crete, they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

I have said that the doctor did not imagine five years before the war that secession would be possible in his day. I am sure that at this time nobody spoke or thought of secession. That was true, not only of this region, but of all Virginia up to the outbreak of the war. At the time Virginia went out of the Union, I doubt if one man in a hundred was really in favor of secession.

The incidents I am here describing took place during a summer I passed in this country in 1854. I was again in this country, and in other parts of Virginia, in 1857 and 1858. The interval I had passed in the West and I returned to Virginia an ardent opponent of slavery. I had thus good opportunities of knowing what the people were thinking, better, I dare say, than if I had been older. People would put up with talk from a boy of fourteen, which they would not have permitted from a grown man, and would discuss subjects with him they would not ordinarily have discussed with a person of a different way of thinking.

Any one living in the South at that time and disliking slavery was in an unusual situation. I don't think I knew in Virginia more than two or three persons who were opposed to slavery, and they never expressed their views. One of these was my father. He was ready to make sacrifices for his opinions. A very poor man, he freed some slaves that had come to us after the death of a relation, thinking it wrong to own slaves. But he scarcely ever spoke of the subject and was careful to impress upon me the necessity of holding my tongue. Of course, I knew what his feelings were, but I can at this moment recall only one instance of his referring to them. We were riding single file along a bridle path on the

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top of the Alleghanies, the green floor of the Valley of Virginia, dotted here and there with farms and villages, spread out some thousands of feet beneath us, when we met an old negro riding a mule and going in the opposite direction. He bowed his head very low as he passed us and said, with great humbleness, "Sarvant, Sah." My father said: "Did you notice that? You write 'Your obedient servant' at the end of a letter, but that is merely a form of civility; but that a man should say it, really meaning it, how dreadful that is!" But I doubt if my father would have said even this, if we had not been at such a distance from the world, with the haunts of men so far beneath our feet.

If there was a community which should have been inaccessible to secession it was this. In external things it had little in common with the South. Of course, it raised no cotton or sugar or even tobacco. It had very little agriculture of any kind. Owing to its great altitude—the village is 2,300 feet above the sea—the thermometer will, on winter nights, sometimes fall to 25 below zero. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were very nearly akin to Puritans. In the stone church was preached a Calvinism as uncompromising as that to be heard in any white temple among the hills of New Hampshire. Slavery, elsewhere the one vigorous and aggressive institution of the South, existed in an exceedingly mild form here. The richer people did not have more than twenty-five or thirty slaves. These slaves were treated with kindness, as I can well remember. The old Virginians looked down upon the stock-breeders and drovers of the mountains, but there was one point at which the mountaineers considered themselves superior to the old Virginians; they were more humane masters. Cruelty to slaves was an offence treated with grave social reprobation. I remember that a man was dismissed from the Methodist church for beating a slave. A slave was rarely sold. In my own connection, I believe it happened in but a single case. About 1840, a man who had committed a number of crimes was sold South. For a quarter of a century afterward this incident was still talked of as something very remarkable. Such were the points of difference between this region and the rest of the South. Yet notwithstanding all these points of dissimilarity to the South, when secession came, this country seceded too.

Of course the ultimate reason of secession was that there was "an irrepressible conflict" between the two systems of slave labor and free labor. As Lincoln said, "The country must either be all free or all slave," or, as Calhoun said twenty years earlier, the Southern people could not long continue to live side by side with the Northern people under the same government if the Northern people believed the institution in which their existence was bound up to be wicked. The rationale of the irrepressible conflict idea was as follows: The North said that slavery was wrong; the South replied at first mildly but apologetically. The North expressed itself more strongly; the South expressed itself more angrily. The two public sentiments kept reacting upon and intensifying each other, with the certainty that in the end war or separation, or both, must result. Such was the ultimate and fundamental cause of secession. But I should like to say something of the manner in which secession came, to describe the mental characteristics of the Southern people, as I knew them, just previous to the war.

From my recollection of the South in those days my belief is that the chief mental characteristic of the South was that it had lost the power of discussion and discrimination. The more conservative people were unable to say, "no" to the propositions of the more extreme people. I remember one afternoon in the House of Representatives in the winter of '59–'60—the atmosphere, of course, highly charged with excitement—hearing the late J. L. M. Curry, a very fine orator, exclaim with ringing voice: "We at the South are not in the habit of distinguishing between the various shades of opposition to our institutions." They had in truth lost the power to distinguish and to discriminate. Regarding the slavery question itself, it was inevitable that it must soon reach a point at which it was impossible to discuss it. The chief reason of this impossibility was that it would not do that slavery should be talked of in the presence of slaves. The slaves would overhear. Not that the Southern people consciously feared the slaves. During my years of residence at the South I do not remember to have heard the mention of the phrase "servile insurrection" or of

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any equivalent expression. It was too dreadful a contingency to be taken into consideration at all, to be talked about or even thought of. But nevertheless they could not bear that the negro should become in the most remote way a party to the controversy.

Another reason of the impossibility of discussion was the bitter pride with which the Southern people resented the accusations of the opponents of slavery. If they could have discussed it, they might have got rid of it. Mr. George Merriam has lately asked, why the South could not have abolished slavery, as the South American Republics did. I don't know anything about South America, but were there any Fanueil Halls or Exeter Halls there? Anglo-Saxon human nature being such as it is, could the Southern people have been expected, under the fire of accusations from their critics, to set about and adhere to some orderly plan of emancipation? If they had been a community of sages, perhaps yes, but not otherwise.

The same inability of discussion which the South had shown regarding slavery, it still exhibited when secession was proposed. For many years Southern pro-slavery opinion had been advancing from point to point. It had always been easy to move in this direction. But it was hard to oppose a step in advance, because opposition necessitated discussion, and discussion was impossible. So when secession was at last proposed, it was as difficult to resist this final step as it had been to resist any of the previous ones. A most striking and important feature of the situation, by the way, was that the individual became very much afraid of the mass. Everybody was afraid of what everybody else was thinking. The temptation of each man was to adopt the most violent language and to favor the most extreme measures, in order to convince his neighbors that he thought as they did. Thus the more extreme position always attracted the people away from the less extreme one. I may mention the case of Mr. Lamar. Mr. Lamar did not want secession. He went to the Mississippi convention, hoping there would be no secession, and at any rate, intending, if the State did secede, to favor a clause providing that the ordinance should take effect only after nine States had seceded. The result was that the convention seceded outright and made Mr. Lamar draw up the ordinance of secession. This is exactly an illustration of what I am saying. The man who wished to make secession contingent upon the action of nine States could oppose no effective resistance to the man who wished to secede outright. Secession once started, community after community and individual after individual went down like a row of bricks that had been set falling. I say, therefore, that my recollection is that the South seceded because there was nobody who could say "no."

Regarding the wide-spread fear to which I have just alluded, I fancy that this has been characteristic of many popular movements in history. It was no doubt so in France during the French Revolution. The people who, all over France, bought little toy guillotines for their children were probably not more cruel than the generality of human beings, but fear compelled them to be in the movement.

The desire of the individual to express sentiments of the mass, I may here say, is still to be observed in the South. The feeling of the Southern whites against the negro, particularly among those with whom the negro is in competition, is, of course, only too real. But you will nevertheless often notice that the Southern people, in expressing unfriendly sentiments regarding the negro, are expressing less their own views than what they believe to be those of the rest of the community.

This individual and social fear was associated with a blind arrogance and rashness which is, I believe, likely to be found among slave-holding populations, and which was also a contributing cause of secession. Of this arrogance I have lately come across a curious example. In a life of James M. Mason, Confederate envoy in London during the Civil War, it is related that the English friends of the Confederacy wished to obtain from the Confederate Government a declaration that, in case of Confederate success, no attempt would be made to open the African slave trade. One would have thought that such a declaration would be made as a matter of course. On the contrary, the Confederate Government vigorously objected to doing this. They said that the Confederate Constitution contained a provision against the African slave trade, which the United States Constitution did not contain. But the Englishmen insisted:

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"Why then not make the declaration?" There could have been but one reason for such hesitation, which was that there was in the Gulf states a party, which the Confederate Government could not afford to offend—the Confederacy being professedly a rope of sand, it could afford to offend nobody—a party that wished to reopen the slave trade. There was a party in those States that really believed it was possible to carry on such traffic in the face of the opposition, not only on the North, but of the whole civilized world, and to do this across great stretches of sea, patrolled by the navies of the most powerful nations.

Another characteristic of the beginnings of secession was a marked tone of levity. This levity was noticeable during the winter of '60–'61 all over the country, in the North as well as in the South. It was very natural that this should affect the men of the border states. The Union to which they had been devotedly attached was at an end. What hope could a Virginian, who preferred the Union, find in a civil war of doubtful result, which was waged against the social organization to which he belonged? It was owing to this hopelessness that he accepted with reckless levity the action of the South.

I think I have said enough to show why my uncle, who in 1854 and in 1857 was a strong Union man, should have been in 1861 an ardent secessionist.

It was not till a good many years after the war that I saw this old home of mine again. In the ante-bellum days it took two days of staging from the nearest railway station to reach the place. I had always thought of it as accessible only after many miles of valley and mountain road had been traversed. But since then the railroad has applied its rule of thumb to these prepossessions of the fancy and has demonstrated that it is not so far away after all. I was surprised one morning to find myself sitting upon a certain rose-embowered porch, reading the New York paper of the day previous. The railroad has left the village, which was fifty years ago the metropolis of that entire region, six miles to the South. This distance I was driven in a stage along a mountain road, bordered by the tall, clean boles of lofty oak and hickory, and catching now and again glimpses of the Greenbrier River shining amid the profuse shrubbery of that part of the world. I may be speaking with the pride of a native, but the scenery seems to me the most beautiful I know. Its character is that of a mountain Kentucky. You see the classic woodlands of Kentucky and you find blue-grass growing on the tops of mountains 3,500 feet high. It is the blue-grass which gives the country its deep coloring. Agricultural and pastoral fertility is to my mind an element of beauty that this country has. The mountain scenery of New England and New York has its own sterner beauty, but not that. The characteristics of New England mountain scenery are replaced in Pennsylvania on the Susquehanna by a smiling vernal freshness; and this is again succeeded among the West Virginian mountains by strength of hue, which I have scarcely ever seen equalled. You see everywhere a dense, substantial verdure. A profound bloom of summer imbues and impregnates the entire landscape.

The village had changed much. I did not see the golden quiet and repose of the former age. The town seemed to be undergoing a slow recovery from a long period of decay. The Presbyterian church was the same clean and serious structure I remembered, a remarkably substantial and handsome building to have dated from 1790. I found this inscription rudely sketched upon one of the stones of the edifice: "This building was erected by some of the first inhabitants of this region to commemorate their faith in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ." An acre of white stones surrounds the church. From the pews from which the village doctor and the young lady of Greenbrier first looked at each other, you may now see through the windows their tombstones, side by side with a taller one, upon which the bereaved pair lament in accents of sharp grief the loss of an only daughter. The graves in the churchyard seemed to have suffered from the dilapidation to which the town had succumbed. The older graves are very wild and are overrun with masses of blue-grass and tangled wild roses and strawberry vines, which wave amid the sanctity and the quiet of the place. I spent an hour or two of the only morning I had to pass in the village, under the lambent blue of the June sky, putting aside the rank grasses and spelling out my kinship to the occupants of the sod. A burial ground

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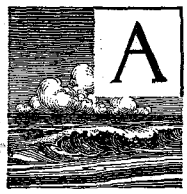
for the slaves, within the same enclosure, but separate from that of the whites, seemed in this last scene of the mortal career to invoke the forbearance of Heaven upon the prejudices of men. I climbed also to the top of a round and lofty hill overlooking the village, the crest of which had been taken during the war as a burial place for soldiers on either side who fell here. This spot, containing perhaps a dozen graves surrounded by a stone wall, is visited by the people on summer evenings; here has been laid some Confederate who perished at a distance from his home or some Northern boy who fell by the roadside. Lifted high above the village, it stands now in the midst of the silence and the verdure which reign throughout that country, a monument of forgotten strife in what we may hope to be a land of peace.

A LIST TO STARBOARD

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

I



A SHORT, square, chunk of a man walked into a shipping office on the East Side, and inquired for the Manager of the Line. He had kindly blue eyes, a stub nose, and a mouth that shut to like a rat-trap, and stayed shut. Under his chin hung a pair of half-moon whiskers which framed his weather-beaten face as a spike collar frames a dog's.

"You don't want to send this vessel to sea again," blurted out the chunk. "She ought to go to the dry dock. Her boats haven't had a brushful of paint for a year; her boilers are caked clear to her top flues, and her pumps won't take care of her bilge water. Charter something else and lay her up."

The Manager turned in his revolving chair and faced him. He was the opposite of the Captain in weight, length and thickness—a slim, well-groomed, puffy-cheeked man of sixty with a pair of uncertain, badly aimed eyes and a voice like the purr of a cat.

"Oh, my dear Captain, you surely don't mean what you say. She is perfectly seaworthy and sound. Just look at her inspection—" and he passed him the certificate.

"No!—I don't want to see it! I know 'em by heart: it's a lie, whatever it says. Give an inspector twenty dollars and he's stone blind."

The Manager laughed softly. He had handled too many rebellious captains in his time; they all had a protest of some kind—it was either the crew, or the grub, or the coal, or the way she was stowed. Then he added softly, more as a joke than anything else:

"Not afraid, are you, Captain?"

A crack started from the left-hand corner of the Captain's mouth, crossed a fissure in his face, stopped within half an inch of his stub nose, and died out in a smile of derision.

"What I'm afraid of is neither here nor there. There's cattle aboard—that is, there will be by to-morrow night; and there's a lot of passengers booked, some of 'em women and children. It isn't honest to ship 'em and you know it! As to her boilers, send for the Chief Engineer. He'll tell you. You call it taking risks; I call it murder!"

"And so I understand you refuse to obey the orders of the Board?—and yet she's got to sail on the 16th, if she sinks outside."

"When I refuse to obey the orders of the Board I'll tell the Board, not you. And when I do tell 'em I'll tell 'em something else, and that is that this chartering of worn-out tramps, painting 'em up and putting 'em into the Line, has got to stop, or there'll be trouble."

"But this will be her last trip, Captain. Then we'll overhaul her."

"I've heard that lie for a year. She'll run as long as they can insure her and her cargo. As for the women and children, I

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suppose they don't count—" and he turned on his heel and left the office.

On the way out he met the Chief Engineer:

"Do the best you can, Mike," he said, "orders are we sail on the 16th."

On the fourth day out this conversation took place in the smoking-room between a group of passengers.

"Regular tub, this ship!" growled the Man-Who-Knew-It-All to the Bum Actor. "Screw out of the water every souse she makes; lot of dirty sailors skating over the decks instead of keeping below where they belong; Chief Engineer loafing in the Captain's room every chance he gets—there he goes now—and it's the second time since breakfast. And the Captain is no better! And just look at the accommodations—three stewards and a woman! What's that to look after thirty-five passengers. Half the time I have to wait an hour to get something to eat—such as it is. And my bunk wasn't made up yesterday until plumb night. That bunch in the steerage must be having a hard time."

"We get all we pay for," essayed the Travelling Man. "She ain't rigged for cabin passengers, and the Captain don't want 'em. Didn't want to take me—except our folks had a lot of stuff aboard. Had enough passengers, he said."

"Well, he took the widow and her two kids—" continued the Man-Who-Knew-It-All—"and they were the last to get aboard. Half the time he's playing nurse instead of looking after his ship. Had 'em all on the bridge yesterday."

"He *had* to take 'em. She was put under his charge by his owners—so one of the stewards told me."

"Oh!—*had to*, did he! Yes—I've been there before. No use talking—this line's got to be investigated, and I'm going to do the investigating as soon as I get ashore, and don't you forget it! What's your opinion?"

The Bum Actor made no reply. He had been cold and hungry too many days and nights to find fault with anything. But for the generosity of a few friends he would still be tramping the streets, sleeping where he could. Three meals a day—four, if he wanted them—and a bed in a room all to himself instead of being one in a line of ten, was heaven to him. What the Captain, or the Engineer, or the crew, or anybody else did, was of no moment, so he got back alive. As to the widow's children, he had tried to pick up an acquaintance with them himself—especially the boy—but she had taken them away when she saw how shabby were his clothes.

The Texas Cattle Agent now spoke up. He was a tall, raw-boned man, with a red chin-whisker and red, weather-scorched face, whose clothing looked as if it had been pulled out of shape in the effort to accommodate itself to the spread of his shoulders and round of his thighs. His trousers were tucked in his boots, the straps hanging loose. He generally sat by himself in one corner of the cramped smoking-room, and seldom took part in the conversation. The Bum Actor and he had exchanged confidences the night before, and the Texan therefore felt justified in answering in his friend's stead.

"You're way off, friend," he said to the Man-Who-Knew-It-All. "There ain't nothin' the matter with the Line, nor the ship, nor the Captain. This is my sixth trip aboard of her, and I know! They had a strike among the stevedores the day we sailed, and then, too, we've got a scrub lot of stokers below, and the Captain's got to handle 'em just so. That kind gets ugly when anything happens. I had sixty head of cattle aboard here on my last trip over, and some of 'em got loose in a storm, and there was hell to pay with the crew till things got straightened out. I ain't much on shootin' irons, but they came handy that time. I know, for I helped. Got a couple in my cabin now. Needn't tell me nothin' about the Captain. He's all there when he's wanted, and it don't take him more'n a minute, either, to get busy."

The door of the smoking-room opened and the object of his eulogy strolled in. He was evidently just off the bridge, for the thrash of the spray still glistened on his oilskins and on his gray, half-moon whiskers. That his word was law aboard ship, and that he enforced it in the fewest words possible, was evident in every line of his face and every tone of his voice. If he deserved an overhauling it certainly would not come from any one on board—least of all from Carhart—the Man-Who-Knew-It-All.

Loosening the thong that bound his so'wester to his chin, he slapped it twice across

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a chair back, the water flying in every direction, and then faced the room.

"Mr. Bonner."

"Yes, sir," answered the big-shouldered Texan, rising to his feet.

"I'd like to see you for a minute," and without another word the two men left the room and made their way in silence down the wet deck to where the Chief Engineer stood.

"Mike, this is Mr. Bonner; you remember him, don't you? You can rely on his carrying out any orders you give him. If you need another man let him pick him out—" and he continued on to his cabin.

Once there he closed the door behind him, shutting out the pound and swash of the sea; took from a rack over his bunk a roll of charts, spread one on a table and with his head in his hands studied it carefully. The door opened and the Chief Engineer again stood beside him. The Captain raised his head:

"Will Bonner serve?" he asked.

"Yes, glad to, and he thinks he's got another man. He's what he calls out his way a 'tenderfoot,' he says, but he's game and can be depended on. Have you made up your mind where she'll cross?"—and he bent over the chart.

The Captain picked up a pair of compasses, balanced them for a moment in his fingers, and with the precision of a seamstress threading a needle, dropped the points astride a wavy line known as the steamer track.

The Engineer nodded:

"That will give us about twenty-two hours leeway," he said gravely, "if we make twelve knots."

"Yes, if you make twelve knots: can you do it?"

"I can't say; depends on that gang of shovellers and the way they behave. They're a tough lot—jail birds and tramps, most of 'em. If they get ugly there ain't but one thing left; that, I suppose, you won't object to."

The Captain paused for a moment in deep thought, glanced at the pin-prick in the chart, and said with a certain forceful meaning in his voice:

"No—not if there's no other way."

The Chief Engineer waited, as if for further reply, replaced his cap, and stepped out into the wind. He had got what he came for, and he had got it straight.

With the closing of the door the Captain rolled up the chart, laid it in its place among the others, readjusted the thong of his so'wester, stopped for a moment before a photograph of his wife and child, looked at it long and earnestly and then mounted the stairs to the bridge. With the exception that the line of his mouth had straightened and the knots in his eyebrows tightened, he was, despite the smoking-room critics, the same bluff, determined sea-dog who had defied the Manager the week before.

II

When Bonner, half an hour later, returned to the smoking-room (he, too, had caught the splash of the sea, the spray drenching the rail), the Bum Actor crossed over and took the seat beside him. The Texan was the only passenger who had spoken to him since he came aboard, and he had already begun to feel lonely. This time he started the conversation by brushing the salt spray from the Agent's coat.

"Got wet, didn't you? Too bad! Wait till I wipe it off," and he dragged a week-old handkerchief from his pocket. Then, seeing that the Texan took no notice of the attention, he added, "What did the Captain want?"

The Texan did not reply. He was evidently absorbed in something outside his immediate surroundings, for he continued to sit with bent back, his elbows on his knees, his eyes on the floor.

Again the question was repeated:

"What did the Captain want? Nothing the matter, is there?" Fear had always been his master—fear of poverty mostly—and it was poverty in the worst form to others if he failed to get home. This thought had haunted him night and day.

"Yes and no. Don't worry—it'll all come out right. You seem nervous."

"I am. I've been through a lot and have almost reached the end of my rope. Have you got a wife at home?" The Texan shook his head. "Well, if you had you'd understand better than I can tell you. I have, and a three-year-old boy besides. I'd never have left them if I'd known. I came over under contract for a six months' engagement and we were stranded in Pittsburgh and had hard work getting back to New York. Some of them are there yet. All I want now is to get home—nothing else

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The thrash of the spray still glistened on his oilskins.—Page 199.

will save them. Here's a letter from her I don't mind showing you—you can see for yourself what I am up against. The boy never was strong."

The big Texan read it through carefully, handed it back without comment or word of sympathy, and then, with a glance around him, as if in fear of being overheard, asked:

"Can you keep your nerve in a mix-up?"

"Do you mean a fight?" queried the Actor.

"Maybe."

"I don't like fights—never did." Anything that would imperil his safe return was to be avoided.

"I neither—but sometimes you've got to. Are you handy with a gun?"

"Why?"

"Nothing—I'm only asking."

Carhart, the Man-Who-Knew-It-All, here lounged over from his seat by the table and dropped into a chair beside them, cutting short his reply. The Texan gave a significant look at the Actor, enforcing his silence, and then buried his face in a newspaper a month old.

Carhart spread his legs, tilted his head back on the chair, slanted his stiff-brim hat until it made a thatch for his nose, and began one of his customary growls: to the room—to the drenched port-holes—to the brim of his hat; as a half-asleep dog sometimes does when things have gone wrong with him—or he dreams they have.

"This ship reminds me of another old tramp, the *Persia*," he drawled. "Same scrub crew and same cut of a Captain. Hadn't been for two of the passengers and me, we'd never got anywhere. Had a fire in the lower hold in a lot of turpentine and

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when they put that out we found her cargo had shifted and she was down by the head about six feet. Then the crew made a rush for the boats and left us with only four leaky ones to go a thousand miles. They'd taken 'em all hadn't been for me and another fellow who stood over them with a gun."

The Bum Actor raised his eyes:

"What happened then?" he asked in a nervous voice.

"Oh, we pitched in and righted things and got into port at last. But the Captain was no good; he'd a-left with the crew if we'd let him.

"Is the shifting of a cargo a serious matter?" continued the Actor. "This is my second crossing and I'm not much up on such things."

"Depends on the weather," interpolated a passenger.

"And on how she's stowed," continued Carhart. "I've been mistrusting this ship ain't plumb on her keel. You can tell that from the way she falls off after each wave strikes her. I have been out on deck looking things over and she seems to me to be down by the stern more than she ought.

"Maybe she'll be lighter when more coal gets out of her," suggested another passenger.

"Yes, but she's listed some to starboard. I watched her awhile this morning. She ain't loaded right, or she's loaded *wrong, a-purpose.* That occurs sometimes with a gang of striking stevedores."

The noon whistle blew and the talk ended with the setting of everybody's watch, except the Bum Actor's, whose time-piece decorated a shop window in the Bowery.

That night one of those uncomfortable rumors, started doubtless by Carhart's talk, shivered through the ship, its vibrations even reaching the widow lying awake in her cabin. This said that some hundreds of barrels of turpentine had broken loose and were smashing everything below. If any one of them rolled into the furnaces an explosion would follow which would send them all to eternity. That this absurdity was immediately denied by the purser, who asserted with some vehemence that there was not a gallon of turpentine aboard, did not wholly allay the excitement, nor did it stifle the nervous anxiety which had now taken possession of the passengers.

As the day wore on several additional rumors joined those already extant. One was dropped in the ear of the Texan by the Bum Actor as the two stood on the upper deck watching the sea which was rapidly falling.

"I got so worried I thought I'd go down into the engine room myself," he whispered. "I'm just back. Something's wrong down there, or I'm mistaken. I wish you'd go and find out. I knew that turpentine yarn was a lie, but I wanted to be sure, so I thought I'd ask one of the stokers who had come up for a little air. He was about to answer me, when the Chief Engineer came down from the bridge, where he had been talking to the Captain, and ordered the man below before he'd had time to fill his lungs. I waited a little while, hoping he or some of the crew would come up again, and then I went down the ladder myself. When I got to the first landing I came bump up against the Chief Engineer. He was standing in the gangway fooling with a revolver he had in his hand as if he'd been cleaning it. 'I'll have to ask you to get back where you came from,' he said. 'This ain't no place for passengers'—and up I came. What do you think it means? I'd get ugly, too, if he kept me in that heat and never let me get a whiff of air. I tell you, that's an awful place down there. Suppose you go and take a look. Your knowing the Captain might make some difference."

"Were any of the stokers around?"

"No—none of them. I didn't see a soul but the Chief Engineer, and I didn't see him more than a minute."

The big Texan moved closer to the rail and again scrutinized the sky-line. He had kept this up all the morning, his eye searching the horizon as he moved from one side of the ship to the other. The inspection over, he slipped his arm through the Actor's and started him down the deck toward the Cattle Agent's cabin. When the two emerged the Texan's face still wore the look which had rested on it since the time the Captain had called him from the smoking-room. The Actor's countenance, however, had undergone a change. All his nervous timidity was gone; his lips were tightly drawn, the line of the jaw more determined. He looked like a man who had heard some news which had first steadied

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and then solidified him. These changes often overtake men of sensitive, highly strung natures.

On the way back they encountered the Captain accompanied by the Chief Engineer. The two were heading for the saloon, the bugle having sounded for luncheon. As they passed by with their easy, swinging gait, the passengers watched them closely. If there was danger in the air these two officers, of all men, would know it. The Captain greeted the Texan with a significant look, waited until the Actor had been presented, looked the Texan's friend over from head to foot, and then with a nod to several of the others, halted opposite a steamer chair in which sat the widow and her two children—one a baby and the other a boy of four—a plump, hugable little fellow, every inch of whose surface invited a caress.

"Please stay a minute and let me talk to you, Captain," the widow pleaded. "I've been so worried. None of these stories are true, are they? There can't be any danger or you would have told me—wouldn't you?"

Stopped for a moment before a photograph of his wife and child, looked at it long and earnestly.—Page 200.

The Captain laughed heartily, so heartily that even the Chief Engineer looked at him in astonishment. "What stories do you hear, my dear lady?"

"That the steamer isn't loaded properly?"

Again the Captain laughed, this time under the curls of the chubby boy whom

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he had caught in his arms and was kissing eagerly.

"Not loaded right?" he puffed at last when he got his breath. "Well, well, what a pity. That yarn, I guess, comes from some of the navigators in the smoking-room. They generally run the ship. Here, you little rascal, turn out your toes and dance a jig for me. No—no—not that way—this way—out with them! Here, let me show you. One—two—off we go. Now the pigeon wing and the double twist and the rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat—that's the way, my lad!"

He had the boy's hands now, the child shouting with laughter, the overjoyed mother clapping her hands as the big burly Captain with his face twice as red from the exercise, danced back and forth across the deck, the passengers forming a ring about them.

"There!" sputtered the Captain, all out of breath from the exercise, as he dropped the child back into the widow's arms. "Now all of you come down to luncheon. The weather is getting better every minute. The glass is rising and we are going to have a fine night."

Carhart, who had watched the whole performance with an ill-concealed sneer on his face, muttered to the man next him:

"What did I tell you? He's a pretty kind of a Captain, ain't he? He's mashed on the widow and that's how he shows it. Smoking-room yarn, is it? I bet I could pick out half a dozen men right in them chairs who could run the ship as well as he does. Maybe we'll have to take charge, after all—don't you think so, Mr. Bonner?"

The Texan smiled grimly: "I'll let you do the picking, Mr. Carhart—" and with his hand on the Actor's arm, the two went below.

A counter-current now swept through the ship. If anything was really the matter the Captain would not be dancing jigs, nor would he leave the bridge for his meals. This, like all other counter-currents—wave or otherwise—tossed up a bobble of dispute when the two clashed. There was no doubt about it: Carhart had been "talking through his hat—" "shooting off his mouth—" the man was "a gas bag," etc., etc. When appeal for confirmation was made to the Texan and the Actor, who now seemed inseparable, neither made reply. They evidently did not care to be mixed up in what Bonner characterized with a grim smile as "more hot air."

All through the meal the Captain kept up his good-natured mood; chatting with the widow who sat on his right, the baby in her lap; making a pig of a lemon and some toothpicks for the boy, who had crawled up into his arms; exchanging nods and smiles down the length of the table with several new arrivals, or congratulating those nearest to him on their recovery after the storm, ending by carrying both boy and baby to the upper deck—so that he might "not forget how to handle" his own when he got back, he laughed in explanation.

III

LUNCHEON over, the passengers, many of whom had been continuously in their berths, began to crowd the decks. These soon discovered that the ship was not on an even keel; a fact confirmed when attention was called to the slant of the steamer chairs and the roll of an orange toward the scuppers. Explanation was offered by the Texan, who argued that the wind had hauled, and being then abeam had given her a list to starboard. This, while not wholly satisfactory to the more experienced, allayed the fears of the women—there were two or three on board beside the widow—who welcomed the respite from the wrench and stagger of the previous hours.

Attention was now drawn by a nervous passenger to a gang of sailors under the First Officer, who were at work overhauling the boats on the forward deck, immediately under the eyes of the Captain who had returned to the bridge, as well as to an approaching wall of fog which, while he was speaking, had blanketed the ship, sending two of the boat-gang on a run to the bow. The fog horn also blew continuously, almost without intermission. Now and then it would give three short, sharp snorts, as if of warning.

The passengers had now massed themselves in groups, some touch of sympathy, or previous acquaintance, or trait of courage but recently discovered, having drawn them together. Again the Captain passed down the deck. This time he stopped to light a cigarette from a passenger's cigar, remarking as he did so that it was "as thick as pea-soup on the bridge, but he

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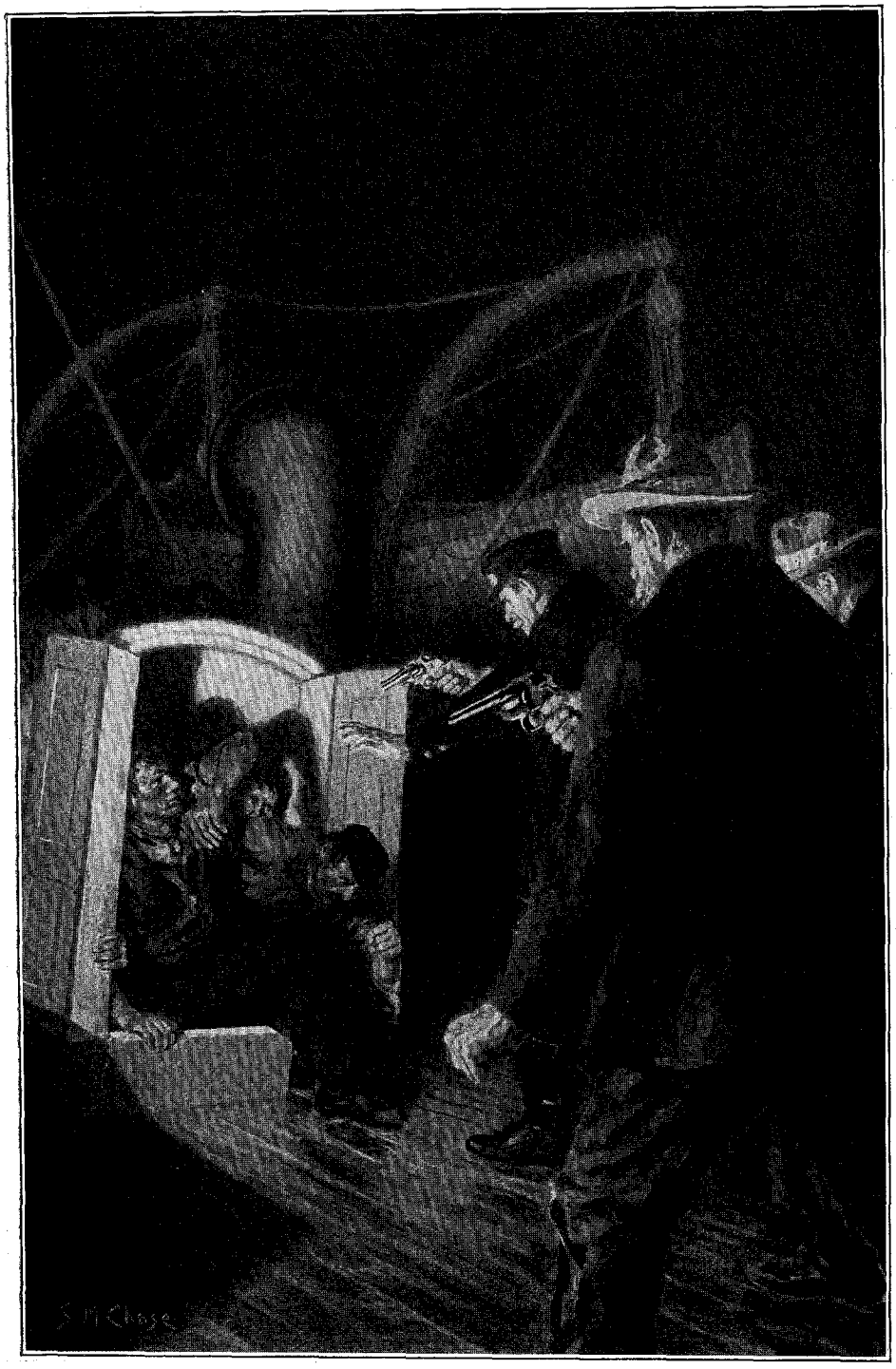

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"Back, all of you!" shouted the Engineer. "The first man who passes that door without my permission I'll kill."—Page 208.

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thought it would lighten before morning." Then halting beside the chair of an old lady who had but recently appeared on deck, he congratulated her on her recovery and kept on his way to the boats.

The widow, however, was still anxious:

"What are they doing with the boats?" she asked, her eyes following the Captain's disappearing figure.

"Only overhauling them, madam," spoke up the Texan, who had stationed himself near her chair.

"But isn't that unusual?" she inquired in a tremulous voice.

"No, madam, just precaution, and always a safe one in a fog. Collision comes so quick sometimes they don't have time even to clear the davits."

"But the sailors are carrying up boxes and kegs and putting them in the boats; what's that for?" broke in another passenger, who had been leaning over the forward rail.

"Grub and water, I guess," returned the Texan. "It's a thousand miles to the nearest land, and there ain't no bakery on the way that I know of. Can't be too careful when there's women and babies aboard, especially little fellows like these—" and he ran his hand through the boy's curls. "The Captain don't take no chances. That's what I like him for."

Again the current of hope submerged the current of despair. The slant of the deck, however, increased, although the wind had gone down; so much so that the steamer chairs had to be lashed to the iron handhold skirting the wall of the upper cabins. So had the fog, which was now so dense that it hid completely the work of the boat gang.

With the passing of the afternoon and the approach of night, thus deepening the gloom, there was added another and a new anxiety to the drone of the fog horn. This was a Coston signal which flashed from the bridge, flooding the deck with light and pencilling masts and rigging in lines of fire. These flashes kept up at intervals of five minutes, the colors changing from time to time.

An indefinable fear now swept through the vessel. The doubters and scoffers from the smoking-room who stood huddled together near the forward companion-way talked in whispers. The slant of the deck they argued might be due to a shift of the cargo—a situation serious, but not dangerous—but why burn Costons? The only men who seemed to be holding their own, and who were still calm and undisturbed, were the Texan and the Actor. These, during the conference, had moved toward the flight of steps leading to the bridge and had taken their positions near the bottom step, but within reach of the widow's chair. Once the Actor loosened his coat and slipped in his hand as if to be sure of something he did not want to lose.

While this was going on the Captain left the bridge in charge of the Second Officer and descended to his cabin. Reaching over his bunk, he unhooked the picture of his wife and child, tore it from its frame, looked at it intently for a moment, and then, with a sigh, slid it into an inside pocket. This done, he stripped off his wet storm coat, thrust his arms into a close-fitting reefing jacket, unhooked a holster from its place, dropped its contents into his outside pocket, and walked slowly down the flight of steps to where the Texan and the Actor stood waiting.

"You understand, both of you, do you not, Mr. Bonner? You and your friend will guard the aft companion-way and help the Chief Engineer take care of the stokers and the steerage. I and the First Officer will fill the boats."

Then, facing the passengers, and in the same tone of voice with which he would have ordered a cup of coffee from a steward, he said:

"My friends, I find it necessary to abandon the ship. There is time enough and no necessity for crowding. The boats are provisioned for thirty days. The women and children will go first; this order will be literally carried out; those who disobey it will have to be dealt with in another way. This, I hope, you will not make necessary. I will also tell you that I believe we are still within the steamer zone, although the fog and weather have prevented any observation. Do you stay here, madam. I'll come for you when I am ready—" and he laid his hand encouragingly on the widow's arm.

The beginning of a panic is like the beginning of a fire: first a curl of smoke licking through a closed sash, then a rush of flame, and then a roar freighted with death. Its subduing is along similar lines: A sharp command clearing the way, concentrated effort, and courage.

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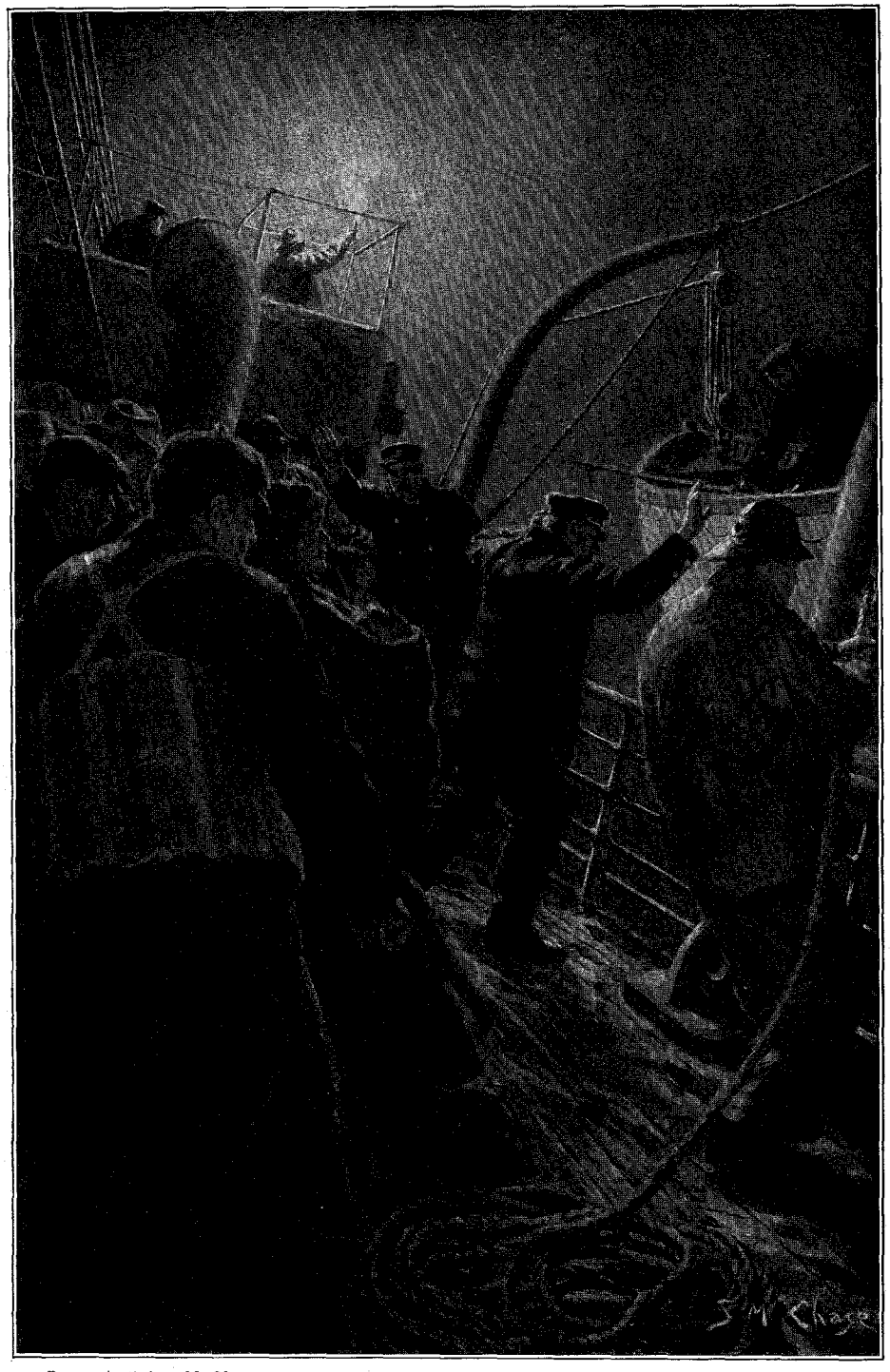

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"Hold hard, men!" he cried. "Keep still—all of you!"—Page 208.

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Here the curl of smoke was an agonized shriek from an elderly woman who fell fainting on the deck; the rush of flame was a wild surge of men hurling themselves toward the boats, and the roar which meant death was the frenzied throng of begrimed half-naked stokers and crazed emigrants who were wedged in a solid mass in the companion-way leading to the upper deck. The subduing was the same.

"Back, all of you!" shouted the Engineer. "The first man who passes that door without my permission I'll kill! Five of you at a time—no crowding—keep 'em in line, Mr. Bonner—you and your friend!"

The Texan and the Bum Actor were within three feet of him as he spoke—the Texan as cool as if he was keeping count of a drove of steers except that he tallied with the barrel of a six-shooter instead of a note-book and pencil. The Bum Actor's face was deathly white and his pistol-hand trembled a little, but he did not flinch. He ranged the lucky ones in line further along, and kept them there. "Anything to get home," he had told the Texan when he had slipped Bonner's other revolver, an hour before, into his pocket.

On the saloon deck the flame of fear was still raging, although the sailors and the three stewards were so many moving automatons under the First Officer's orders. The widow, with her baby held tight to her breast, had not moved from where the Captain had placed her, nor had she uttered a moan. The crisis was too great for anything but implicit obedience. The Captain had kept his word, and had told her when danger threatened; she must now wait for what God had in store for her. The boy stood by the First Officer; he had clapped his hands and laughed when he saw the first boat swung clear of the davits.

Carhart was the color of ashes and could hardly articulate. He had edged up close to the gangway where the boats were to be filled. Twice he had tried to wedge himself between the First Officer and the rail and twice had been pushed back—the last time with a back swing that landed him against a pile of steamer chairs.

All this time the fog-horn had kept up its monotonous din, the Costons flaring at intervals. The stoppage of either would only have added to the terror now partly allayed by the Captain's encouraging talk which was picked up and repeated all over the ship.

The first boat was now ready for passengers.

"This way, madam—you first—" the Captain said to the widow. "You must go alone with the baby and I——"

He did not finish the sentence. Something had caught his ear—something that made him lunge heavily toward the rail, his eyes searching the gloom, his hand cupped to his ear.

"Hold hard, men!" he cried. "Keep still—all of you!"

Out of the stillness of the night came the moan of a distant fog-horn. This was followed by a wild cheer from the men at the boat davits. At the same instant a dim, faraway light cut its way through the black void, burned for a moment and disappeared like a dying star.

Another cheer went up. This time the watch on the fore-top and the men astride the nose sent it whirling through the choke and damp with an added note of joy.

The Captain turned to the widow.

"That's her—that's the St. Louis! I've been hoping for her all day and didn't give up until the fog shut in."

"And we can stay here?"

"No—we haven't a moment to lose. Our fires are nearly out now. We've been in a sinking condition for forty-eight hours. We sprung a leak where we couldn't get at it, and our pumps are clogged.

"Stand aside, men! All ready, madam! No, you can't manage them both—give me the boy—I'll bring him in the last boat."

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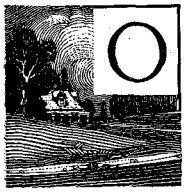
PETIT PIERRE

By Margaret Sherwood

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



ONE chilly October midnight an elderly Irish lady walked slowly across the Pont des Arts, full of delight in the shifting human scenes before her, and in the sense that, ahead, behind, many feet were tramping in unison with her own. She was Mrs. Faunce by name, or rather by pseudonym, for, in casting off the shackles of conventional existence, as she had done in middle life, she had chosen a title that would not bring disgrace upon her respectable kinsfolk. Her costume—as this was Paris her costume must not be neglected—consisted, as usual, of a gray flannel dressing-sack, trimmed with lace, a black taffeta skirt, and the oddest of bonnets, for, like many another *grande dame*, she clung to her own style of dressing, no matter what the shifting fashions might be. As she turned to the left down the quay she felt a queer little tug at the ruffles of her skirt. Not nervously, for she was never nervous, she turned; the many pockets of that skirt contained the wandering old lady's entire fortune. At first she saw nothing, but looking down, she was aware, in the glimmering darkness, of the curly crown of a dusky little head.

"Now who," asked Mrs. Faunce, "may you be? And what are you doing out of bed?"

A pair of solemn brown eyes rested on her face.

"Grandmère?" said the child, questioningly.

"Eh, what?" queried the old lady sharply.

"Grandmère," repeated the wee stranger, resolutely tugging at her skirt. She bent and laid her hand upon the little shoulder, but started back in surprise, for her fingers seemed to touch the close, short hair of some animal. With her unfailing interest in the unexplained, she obeyed the vigorous pull and followed, half stumbling upon something dragging behind her leader—a long, inert, tail-like object.

"By the powers above," ejaculated Mrs. Faunce. "'Tis the queerest thing I've encountered yet in all me years of freedom."

Then she saw, lying in the shadow of the parapet, a man with his head pillowed upon a street organ, asleep, she judged by the loud breathing, and worse, she added to herself as the odor of spirits came up to her. Why had no gendarme found the vagabond? She stood irresolute, while between her and the sombre Paris of Nôtre Dame on the farther bank flowed the dark river, and across the bridge drifted flotsam and jetsam from the gay Paris of painted cheeks and loud laughter. Looking at the child, she marvelled; it was dressed in a queer garment of skins, the odd head-covering of which had fallen back.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Faunce, in her brogue-touched French.

"P'tit Pierre," was the answer, but the old lady did not hear.

"Speak!" she coaxed. "Tell me; are you a boy or a little girl?"

"Not a boy!" was the indignant answer; "not a little girl! I am a monkey!" he insisted proudly.

"What?" she gasped.

"He plays," lisped the child. "I dance; I get the pennies; I am the monkey," and, indeed, the little hand laid upon her own was not unlike a monkey's claw.

The drunken organ-grinder was suddenly and unpleasantly awakened out of sleep. He shivered, thinking that this was the gendarme. A minute later, under the stinging fire of the old lady's tongue, which poured English, French and Irish into his ears, he wished that it were the gendarme, for he seemed to have fallen into the hands of some fury never before encountered in all his turbulent life.

"Grandmère," asserted the child loudly in the midst of the war of words, in a

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Mrs. Faunce saved the situation by swiftly rising and standing upon the picture.—Page 215.

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tone that suggested that there was now no room for doubt.

It was Mrs. Faunce's way to come off victor; the outcome of this contest was no exception. At the end she found herself in possession of the child, the bewildered street musician grasping only the fact that he held in his hand a fifty franc piece which the fury had extracted from her petticoat. He knew that he was being threatened with imprisonment; he knew that he had no real title to the boy, and so he let him go. Petit Pierre slipped his hand into that of his defender and trotted along at her side.

"Hold up your tail on your arm, so," she commanded; he obeyed, and the odd couple pursued their way in silence. Among all the rollicking pairs of folk they met in the shadow and the flaring lights of a Paris midnight there were no others of as diverse ages. Turning a dark corner they entered the Rue de Vannes, and soon stood at the shadowy portal of the Hôtel du Lion.

It was an amused and impertinent company of young artists and students whom Mrs. Faunce encountered at the breakfast table the next morning when she appeared with the little lad at her side. Sleep and warm water had brought a look of rest to the wan face, and the suit of clothes procured from somewhere by the cook fitted not badly. While Petit Pierre was daintily dipping bits of roll into his cup of milk, and hastily swallowing them with swift glances this way and that as if he expected his food to be snatched away, Mrs. Faunce told his story in English, and it was greeted with shouts of delight. For once the old lady's all-too-clever tongue was out-distanced by the others, and she sat, at a loss, while her young comrades tormented her as she had often tormented them.

"Another grandchild?" asked Mr. Neulings, the Englishman. The strange discovery by the vagrant old lady in this very pension of a beautiful American grandchild had been for months a source of speculation to the little band of inmates, who could never discover whether Miss Kathleen Blake was really her grandchild or no.

"Grandmère," said Petit Pierre suddenly, his mouth full of bread and milk, and the remark was greeted with uproarious applause, which made the child bury his face in the lace about the old lady's neck. Questions in English, French, German poured into her ears.

"Shall you adopt Jean Jacques here formally?"

"Shall you make him your heir?"

"Shall you give him a *dot*, as you did Mlle. Kathleen?"

"I wish I were in his boots."

"He has none," said Mrs. Faunce.

"What will Mlle. Kathleen do now—I beg pardon, Mme. la Comtesse? Her nose will be out of joint!"

"What are they talking about?" asked a bewildered English lady who had been at the Hôtel du Lion only two days, and M. Adolphe Mostet, the artist who kept himself forever picturesque and forever charming, explained that the old Irish lady had deserted, at the age of fifty, a home where she was no longer needed, and that she went about the world playing the part of a female Don Quixote.

"You will be obliged to settle down now, Mrs. Faunce, and have the comforts of a home," said Mr. Neulings. "No more wandering about!" He shook an impressive finger at her. "No more Monte Carlo! You must learn to sit by the fire and knit."

"No more getting across the Russian border without a passport!" threatened another.

"Too bad!" said a sympathetic voice. "You will have to give up that visit to the Grand Llama of Thibet."

"You must have a cat," suggested Mr. Neulings, who knew that the most home-loving of animals was abhorrent to this grandmother-errant of the open road. "A cat, a tea-kettle singing by the fire, the clergyman coming to call."

"Mayn't I paint you as the ideal grandparent?" begged M. Adolphe. "Cap, shawl about your shoulders, Jean Jacques here at your knee learning the catechism, through the window people coming home from church. Do you think you could make your expression a bit, oh, the least trifle, more devout?"

"Begone with you all!" cried the harassed old lady. "I'll do no such thing! 'Tis me hope to die in a railroad train, or in a cab, or walkin' somewhere with the bars down in front of me. Enough of the comforts of home I had before I was thirty. Tend the child I will not, for I've too many things on hand. I'm thinkin' now of going

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up in one of these aeroplanes, for 'tis not long I'll have to be enjoyin' the new inventions."

Petit Pierre breakfasted with great composure, for, as they called him Jean Jacques, he had no idea that they were talking about him. In the days that followed he did not lack for care, for Mrs. Faunce paid pension rates for him as her guest at the hotel, and amused herself with him many an hour when she was not far afield, pursuing strange adventures. The cook fortunately took a fancy to the child, insisted on having him sleep in her room, and fed him many a tidbit which he seized with monkey swiftness and crammed into his mouth with the palm of his tiny hand. Fresh and clean in garments from the Bon Marché, he went from kitchen to salon, kissed open watches presented for his amusement, stared at M. Adolphe's pictures, and frankly called them ugly, fingered the wet clay in which Herr Bernhard Meyer was modelling in his studio on the fifth floor, in short, became, pending arrangements for the disposal of his small person, the pet and plaything of the house. Mrs. Faunce resisted Madame's suggestion that he be taken to an orphan asylum. Petit Pierre was young, she said whimsically, and there was plenty of time. Yet in truth she felt hampered by his presence, for the sting of the autumn air was in her blood, and she longed to be away, sharing the swift and systematic gaiety of the Paris streets. There was to her no pleasure in looking down upon it from window or tower; she must feel the very jostling of elbows against her own, in the rush and swirl of life in this most vivid city. Yet whenever her eyes rested on the little lad's hair, faded by the southern sun, and on the tiny feet that had trodden so many dusty ways, her keen glance softened and she forgot. Little vagrant that he was, he appealed to her as no home-bred child could have done, for his bit of experience was oddly akin to her own. She liked his funny way of clinging to her arm in incidental monkey fashion, half hanging on, half swinging free. Evidently his mountebank master had been observing and had trained him for his part. The child amused her endlessly. Quick, imitative, he began, half unconsciously, to copy the vain and pompous ways of M. Adolphe, the quiet self-assertiveness of Mr. Neulings. He loved to make her chuckle and, perched on her mantel-shelf or table, found many ways to do it.

"Surely you are a monkey farther down than your skin," said the old lady, kissing him.

Petit Pierre had lived for ten days at the hotel when a new and unusual guest appeared. He was a mild, blue-eyed, bearded gentleman, of intentionally benignant presence, clad in slightly worn garments which, though black, suggested in their meek lines the linen duster of old days. Neither artist nor journalist, he was at first something of a mystery—evidently not a business man, decided the little coterie of artists, because his manner so plainly suggested that he had no possession save his virtues and the modest trunk which had been taken up to his room. He came and went with a hurried air that hinted constant willingness to be interrupted. At his first appearance Mrs. Faunce looked scrutinizingly at him as if trying to remember.

"Surely your face is familiar to me," she said.

"A common type, a common type, dear madam," he answered. "I have often been told by people that I resemble some—ahem!—dead relative."

His name brought no enlightenment. "Mr. John P. Richards," answered Madame, when the old lady asked the stranger's name; "from Wingate-on-Esk, England. Introduced by the English pastor."

Questioned at last at table about his occupation, Mr. Richards responded with alacrity.

"Assisting the angels," he said, smiling. "Now, no one shall lay blame on the angels in me presence!" ejaculated Mrs. Faunce. "Who ever found them incompetent to do their own work?"

Mr. Richards then explained that he was collecting money for a children's home in Paris, and, if possible, a nursery boat on the river in summer, after the fashion of certain American cities. There were so many wealthy people in Paris, he continued, English, American, Russian, in fact of all nationalities, cut off from natural outlets for their benevolence, that it seemed to him a good field to work.

"Is it to be Protestant or Catholic?" demanded Mrs. Faunce. The listeners pricked up their ears: what cared this pa-

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gan old lady for Protestant or Catholic? Mr. Richards wavered a half-perceptible moment, then enunciated richly:

"Neither; Christian, but not sectarian." Mrs. Faunce moved restlessly in her chair, as if the answer displeased her.

He certainly was an odd figure in this pension of the Latin quarter, among the nymphs and satyrs painted on the walls, the clay-modelled dancing girls in the corners. All, from Madame down, tolerated him good-naturedly, all save Petit Pierre. He hated the tall man who called him "little one." The first time it had happened the child had demanded a translation, and his face—now brightening daily—had clouded.

"I was bigger than any of the other monkeys," he boasted, "but I couldn't move my tail so well," he admitted. The long road had not spoiled little Pierre's sense of truth.

Mrs. Faunce at first watched the stranger unrelentingly, with half-veiled, reminiscent gaze. She remembered the inner lid of the hawk's eye, which gives added protection against the light, and it seemed to her that here the mild blue iris served a similar purpose, hiding a shrewd and business-like inner eye which flashed out now and then, going click! shut, as he made some benevolent remark. Yet, after all, his presence here was plausible enough. His modest means would, perhaps, go no further, and the hotel, unpretentious though it was, had many affiliations with high and low alike. At last the old lady seemed to melt, as the others had done, before the unobtrusive friendliness of the man.

"Ah, here's the assistant angel!" she cried, as he entered the salon one evening. "If it's no trouble, I'd like to know more of your plans for aiding the powers of heaven."

Smiling and unshocked, he took the offered seat beside her, and the two engaged in a long and earnest conversation. A day or two after she took pains to say a good word of him to Mr. Neulings, who met her just as she was coming out of the prefecture of police. She looked disconcerted for a moment, then joined him, gallantly trying to match his stride.

"You needn't look so worried lest I've been reportin' you to the police," she said. "I'm saving that to hold over your head till later! I've been starting some inquiries about Petit Pierre, to see if we can find his parents."

Mr. Neulings nodded, wondering. Mrs. Faunce was not in the habit of explaining so carefully what she was about.

"You might say nothing at the hotel about seeing me here," she insinuated, laying a mitt-clad hand upon his arm. "I'm loath to let Madame know yet I'm taking steps about the lad; she's too anxious."

As the days went on it became evident that Mrs. Faunce was attempting to charm the elderly stranger. She sang for him her old-fashioned Irish melodies, and when the moment for compliments came, fixed her eyes on him alone. She talked endlessly, the keen brilliance of her wit softened for his sake, so that never a barb of it was aimed at him. The two, in all this pleasant intercourse, sat and studied each other with an intentness which, to the delighted pension, bore but one interpretation.

"Aren't you rather attentive to the old gentleman?" ventured Mr. Neulings, who was a privileged character.

"Perhaps, perhaps," twinkled Mrs. Faunce, "but you see, he's succeeded at last in interestin' me in serious things. Ah, if I could only have had the society of a man like that"—for here Mr. Richards entered the room—"instead of a set of rascals like yourselves, there's no telling what I might have become."

"She's fairly coquettish," said Herr Meyer to Madame, watching through the open door of the salon. "Look at that smile!" And, indeed, it was more arch than one often sees at the present day; moreover, the old lady's bespangled fan struck Mr. Richards' shoulder in quite the eighteenth century manner.

"Shame on you for an arrant flatterer," said Mrs. Faunce in answer to some compliment unheard by the watchers outside.

"The thing that gets me is what the gay old lady sees in that solemn beggar to play up to," said Jack Winton, the American. "Is she trying to get Pierre into the Home free of charge?"

Madame, shrewd, non-committal as usual, merely shrugged her shoulders. She realized more keenly than the others did that Mrs. Faunce usually fished in deeper waters than was suspected.

The old lady now snubbed her band of young comrades, neglected Petit Pierre, and

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apparently forgot her taste for solitary adventure, while, through wiles, fascinations, and flattery, she completely subjugated the new comer.

"Ah, but it's the tender heart you've got, and few this day has got it!" she would ejaculate, drawing her voluminous skirts aside to invite him to a tête-a-tête. "When I first set my eyes on you I said to myself, ''Tis a man of feelin',' and that means a man after me own heart." She loudly proclaimed in his presence her preference for a blue eye in man—"It has such an honest look"; she even ventured to comment on a new suit of clothes in which he appeared, pronouncing them charming in themselves, and more so in the way in which they were worn. The impertinence of her pointed shafts of wit which descended upon the others, when she deigned to notice them at all, was equalled only by the impertinence of her compliments to him.

"To be so good and so handsome," she vouchsafed one day, "is given to few."

He flushed to the roots of his hair with pleasure, or was it something else? The keen eyes of the old lady never left him, yet so humble, so truly feminine was she, even discarding her bizarre costume, and coming down in a meek white kerchief, folded Quaker wise across her breast, that he began to think he had here fine material to mould to his purpose.

"You'd better take her at her word," said M. Adolphe when Mrs. Faunce offered her services in helping collect. "She can talk the heart or the purse out of anything if she sets her mind to it."

"You are not my idea of a missionary at all," said Herr Meyer.

"What else have I been this long time?" retorted Mrs. Faunce. "And where would all you wild lads have been if I hadn't left a comfortable home to come as a missionary to you?"

Before entrusting her with any serious part of his mission, Mr. Richards made confidential inquiries about her. Both madame and Mr. Neulings, of the London and Wessex bank, vouched for her integrity, and assured him that she would be an invaluable ally. So it came to pass that the control of part of the fund for indigent children passed into the hands of Mrs. Faunce. She insisted that Mr. Richards himself head her list of subscribers, on account of his well-known name. In vain he protested that he was but an obscure worker: she put him down for a goodly sum and moreover wheedled it out of him in cash, in which shape she insisted on having all her contributions.

"'Tis a whim of me own to have me hand on the very stuff," she explained. "You see, I've been so much in America that I like the feelin' of it. Into me tin box it goes for a day or two, and then into the bank."

As usual, she had her own way. Armed with credentials from the English pastor, to whom Mr. Richards introduced her, arrayed no longer in the dressing sack and mitts of her Latin quarter costume, but in the slightly belated yet impressive garments that she had worn during her brief chaperonage of the American granddaughter, she drove forth daily in her quest on streets far from the Rue de Vannes, coming back with rich spoils. Whether it was the grand manner which came back to her from her society days, or the wheedling Irish tongue, none could say, but Englishmen, Americans and Russians alike found her irresistible. It was not known to the inhabitants of the pension that the old-fashioned cards which she carried in an antiquated bead bag on her arm bore a very different name from that of Mrs. Faunce, and one to which she had a better right. Mr. Richards, strolling wistfully one day through that very stronghold of French aristocracy, the Faubourg St. Germain, was deeply gratified to see her emerge from one of the old houses, obsequiously escorted to her carriage by a lackey. That night he examined her list with many chuckles: how she succeeded where he failed! One or two signatures took his breath away, and a new deference showed in his manner to his ally.

"A great lady, a great lady," he said benignly to madame one day, "but eccentric, very eccentric."

Meanwhile Petit Pierre played on in the pension, climbed to the highest perches he could find in M. Adolphe's room or Herr Bernhard's studio, chattering, to their endless delight, in his mountebank argot; put on his monkey suit when any one asked him, and danced, as he had done in roadways near and far, gravely collecting pennies afterward. "Grandmère's" long absences he bore philosophically, though he always insisted on going to her room after

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dinner to kiss her good-night. At first, indeed, he was a bit afraid, as were the others, of her grand new clothes and the new manner that went with them, commanding a kind of awe. There was less freedom now, than of old, in teasing Mrs. Faunce, in spite of the fact that gleams of the old sinner appeared now and then in this astonishing new face of the saint.

"You are working very hard, Mrs. Faunce, for people who have no real claim on you," said Mr. Neulings one evening, sympathetically.

"Now who is there has no claim on you?" flashed back the old lady. "'Tis tired I am of hearin' of the family and the ties of blood, with your responsibilities goin' no farther than your grandfather back of you and your grandchildren before, your mother's cousins on the right and your father's cousins on the left. Where there's need there's a claim," said Mrs. Faunce grandly.

"Of course one feels a sense of duty," admitted the Englishman.

"'Tis no sense of duty, but me pleasure," stoutly asserted the old lady. "'Tis for pleasure alone I live."

Mr. Richards looked grieved.

"But you must have a different feeling for your own whom you have held upon your knee," remarked the English lady.

"Surely I have," answered Mrs. Faunce grimly, "but I'm not sure 'tis a better feelin'. I've held me own on me knee in more ways than one! To tell truth, they're too much like meself to please me entirely. Strangers I like far better, for they've inherited nothing from me. Me own have had all they are likely to get, but they're not content with me nose here and me temper there amongst them. They want me purse also, but they'll not have it, for it goes to Pierre and the other lads. The world is me grandchild!" said Mrs. Faunce.

Night after night her bobbing gray curls and the ash-colored locks of Mr. Richards met over more and more satisfactory subscription lists, and the old lady's balance in the London and Wessex bank far outstripped all that her colleague had been able to collect. He was deeply gratified by her success, and it was with evident regret at parting that he announced one day his intention of moving on. A similar floating population to that of Paris was to be found along the Riviera and at Rome, and he delicately hinted to Mrs. Faunce that, before going further afield, he would like the sum she had collected transferred to his account. She, of course, consented, and that afternoon invited him to take a cup of tea with her in her little sitting-room upstairs. The tea was English and very good, the muffins not less so. Petit Pierre, who, to his delight, had been invited to help, passed teacups and cream pitcher with his own quick, dainty motions, abstracting a lump of sugar to whip it into his mouth before offering the bowl to Mr. Richards and to the quiet, sad, but polite gentleman who sat at Mrs. Faunce's left hand.

"Mr. Peter Martin, an old friend of me own, just here for a few days from England," said the old lady.

Mr. Martin professed himself much interested in the children's cause, and offered to present it to some of his friends at home. He asked for the names of some of the subscribers, and Mrs. Faunce, busy with her teapot, handed Mr. Richards a bit of paper that he might write them down, withdrawing it quickly when she saw that the muffin-moistened thumb left an imprint there, and giving him a fresh piece. Little Pierre, attracted by the quiet man, and grieved to find that he was not expected to partake of every dish before he passed it, climbed upon the stranger's knee and began playing with his watch. Kissing it open, he was delighted to see a small photograph flutter to the floor from the back of it. A flash of dismay came into Mr. Martin's face, but Mrs. Faunce saved the situation by swiftly rising and standing upon the picture.

"None of us will be looking at a lady's face that my guest wants hidden," she said reprovingly in French to Pierre.

"It was not a lady's face; it was a man," said Pierre.

Stooping, the old lady picked up the photograph, wrapped it in the muffin-stained paper that she had taken from Mr. Richards, and handed it to its owner, around whose grave lips the ghost of a smile hovered.

The next day was to be Mr. Richards's last at the Hôtel du Lion. It was remarked by the inhabitants of the pension that both philanthropists wore a triumphant air that evening, quite justified, of course, by their success. The events of that last day which dawned, golden and beautiful, over the city,

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could be told at length, but brevity is best. Early in the morning Mrs. Faunce presented to her colleague a long account.

"Every cent that has passed through me unworthy hands you'll find put down there," she said, "and here's me check for the amount. Mr. Neulings, would you mind certifyin' that I have that sum to me credit in the London and Wessex bank as trustee for the children's fund?" Mr. Neulings smiled indulgently and said that she was correct.

"You go through unnecessary formalities, my dear lady," said Mr. Richards suavely, as he put the check into his purse. "I should not have thought of challenging your word."

"'Tis impossible, in a world with so many rogues in it, to be too businesslike," remarked Mrs. Faunce with a toss of her head.

Mr. Neulings held out his hand in farewell to Mr. Richards, then hurried away, for it was one of his rare holidays, and he, with the other young men of the pension, had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Faunce to spend the day at Fontainebleau.

"I shall soon be leaving," she had announced, "and who knows when I shall see you all again? One good day to remember; what do you say, lads?" They had accepted with alacrity; now it was arranged that they should meet at the tramway station, Mrs. Faunce having an errand to do.

"Let me do it," begged M. Adolphe.

"No, 'tis to buy me some handkerchiefs, for I've used up me supply weepin' over the departure of Mr. Richards here."

"Let me lend you some! And me! And me!" they shouted. "Ours are larger and you could weep more!" But she shook her head obstinately.

"When it comes to handkerchiefs, 'tis better to have your own," she insisted.

"And grandchildren, too," said Herr Bernhard.

She kept her guests waiting a few minutes at the station that morning, but soon appeared, flushed, yet radiant.

"Where is it that you buy handkerchiefs already laundered?" asked Mr. Neulings, as she wiped her moist forehead. "I've found you out!"

"Go long with you!" she railed, a bit disconcerted. "Would you be tryin' too hard to find out a lady's real errand?"

They had a merry and mellow day at Fontainebleau. Mrs. Faunce, restored to the band of friends whom she had ignored during the last weeks, was her brilliant self again. In the shadows of the great oaks, and at the sunny luncheon table where they drank her health in thin red wine, she entertained them with tales of Parisian life of forty years ago. Afterward, with flushed cheeks, she led the dance when, to the music of Herr Meyer's flute, they danced on the moist fresh grass, and she sang for them, wearing gleefully the chaplet of faded leaves that they had made for her—so happy and so innocent that the touches of May green still lingering in the October coloring seemed to be her fitting symbol. Many a smiling comment was roused on the way home by the old lady with her merry train, her face, despite its wrinkles, seeming in many ways the youngest there.

At the door of the Hôtel du Lion the revellers were confronted by an angry man. Mr. Richards stood there waiting, white with wrath except for a burning red spot in either cheek.

"And you've not gone to Rome after all?" cried Mrs. Faunce. "I might have spared me tears."

"Cheat! Traitor!" he called out, half choking.

"Now that is no way to speak to a lady," said Mrs. Faunce with dignity. "Come inside, lads." They obeyed, Mr. Neulings walking protectingly at her side.

"What is it, me dear?" she asked, turning a guileless face to Mr. Richards.

"What is it?" he stormed. "That!" and he thrust her check before her. "Bogus! Dishonored at the bank! They told me that the whole deposit had been withdrawn early this morning, and very cleverly you've kept out of the way this gentleman who vouched for you!"

Mr. Neulings turned pale; Madame, at her desk, more startled than she cared to admit, grew even more expressionless than usual, and waited.

"May one ask, as an old friend, what you have been doing, Mrs. Faunce?" demanded Mr. Neulings sternly.

"Assisting the angels," she answered with a wink.

At this moment the bell rang, but, before it was answered, Mr. Martin, of the tea-party, entered, a gendarme at his heels. He

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pointed to Mr. Richards, and the policeman stepped to the philanthropist's side.

"Punctual to the minute!" said Mrs. Faunce, smiling. "And now, permit me to introduce the gentleman who, like meself, had been living here under an alias. Mr. John P. Richards is no other than the famous Edward M. Holden who collected the hospital fund during the South African War, and bought himself a villa on the Riviera with the proceeds; also, the Rev. Eben Waumbeck, much wanted by the English police for church restoration funds collected by him, and amounting to £20,000."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Mr. Neulings in distress.

"Of course I'm sure! And if you didn't belong to the stupidest race on the face of the earth you'd have known that nobody could look as honest as that and be honest, too! Your make-up was too good, me dear," she added, turning to her victim. "But I knew you, for all you've bleached your hair and beard. You've quite forgotten, I don't doubt, the large sum I gave you for South Africa!"

Though hair and face were all one ashen gray, Mr. Richards was still defiant until he heard the taunt, then he realized that the game was up, and submitted.

"I regret that it is necessary to place you under arrest," said Mr. Martin.

"This is another gentleman with an alias!" explained Mrs. Faunce, "and the best detective on the continent. You didn't guess, did you, dear, that it was your own picture he was carryin' in his watch that day to make sure of you, or that I got your thumb print through the mere device of havin' muffins for tea! You've left the print of that thumb on too many documents altogether!"

"I might have known," said Mr. Richards, half smiling, though he felt the grasp of the gendarme on his arm. "It's the first time I've ever met a rogue cleverer than myself. My congratulations, Madame!"

Here the lads cheered, as was but human. The noise, resounding through the pension, awakened Petit Pierre, who had been put to bed early with a headache. Down from the top of the house he came pattering in his little nightgown, and stood, sleepy-eyed, upon the lowest step.

"Might one ask," dryly inquired Mr. Neulings, who had not taken part in the cheering, "what you intend to do with the funds?"

"I've transferred my trusteeship," she answered, "to yourself. You will find the sum entered to your credit in your bank, and if the funds are not honestly employed, 'twill be your fault entirely! Me own idea was that we'd ask every subscriber if he wanted his money back, and with what was left we would start in a small way a home for Pierre here and the likes of him. In this very street is a house we can have, 'Maison-a-louer,' 41, and the most religious woman in all Ireland will come to take care of it if I ask her."

"Protestant or Catholic?" asked Jack Winton, mischievously.

"Neither; Christian!" retorted Mrs. Faunce. "And now, you young spalpeens, you'll see whether I'll sit by the fire and take care of Pierre and the cat!"

The cheers sounded out again, Mr. Neulings joining in; even Madame forgot her discretion and smiled. Then the lads, because they could not treat the victor in this fashion, took Petit Pierre and rode him about the hall on their shoulders, where he clung, monkey fashion, and laughed aloud. Mrs. Faunce, standing at one side, laughed too, until the one oak leaf, half brown, half green, still clinging to her curls, shook as in the wind. Mr. Richards, as he was escorted toward the door, asked if he might speak for a moment with Mrs. Faunce. The request granted, he drew her aside, and for an instant they were hidden from the officers by the triumphal procession. With a quick motion the prisoner drew from his breast a small package and thrust it into her hands.

"There's the rest of the money," he whispered. "You'd better have it than the police."

"Ah, me dear, me dear," she answered with tears in her eyes as she hid it. "You make me ashamed of what I've done to you! Truly the best of men that ever I've known were the rascals!"

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXVI

THE WALKING DELEGATE

MISS ELEANOR LEIGH had observed for some time that her father was more than usually grave and preoccupied. She knew the cause, for her father discussed many matters with her. It was often his way of clarifying his own views. And when he asked her what she thought of them she felt that it was the highest compliment she ever received—not that he took her advice, she knew, but this did not matter; he had consulted her. The fact gave her a self-reliance wholly different from mere conceit. It steadied her and gave her a certain atmosphere of calm in which she formed her judgment in other matters. Of late, in the shadow of the clash with his operatives, which appeared to be growing more and more imminent, he had not advised with her and the girl felt it. Was it due to the views which she had of late been expressing touching the suppression of the laboring class? She knew that her father held views as to this quite the opposite of those she had been vaguely groping toward, and while he treated her views with amused indulgence he considered the whole line of thought as the project of selfish demagogues, or, at best, of crack-brained doctrinaires. In fact, however, the principal reason for Mr. Leigh's silence was the growing breach between himself and Mrs. Argand. He knew that if his daughter ever realized the truth, that her aunt's interest had been thrown against him and in favor of men whose methods he reprobated, it would mean the end of all between them, and he was unwilling that a breach should come between his daughter and her mother's sister.

The status of the present relation with his men was, however, growing steadily worse and more threatening. The press was giving more and more space to the widening breach, and the danger of a strike on a vast scale that should exceed anything ever known heretofore was steadily increasing.

Eleanor knew that this was the cloud that left its shadow on her father's brow and she determined to make an effort to assist him. She had revolved the scheme in her little head and it appeared the very thing to do.

The approach of Thanksgiving offered an opportunity for an act of good-will which she felt sure would bear fruit. So one day at the table she broke in on her father's reverie.

"Father, how many men have you in the mills and on the railway?"

Her father smiled as he nearly always did when she spoke to him.

"Why, roughly, about eleven hundred and sixty-five—there may be a few more or a few less to-day; to-morrow there will not be one."

"Oh! I hope they won't do that. I have such a beautiful plan."

"What is it? To give them all they demand, and have them come back with a fresh and more insolent demand to-morrow?"

"No, to give them—every one who has a family, a turkey."

Her father burst out laughing. "A turkey? Better give them a goose. What put that idea into your little head? Why, they would laugh at you if they did not fling it back in your face."

"Oh! no, they would not. I never saw any one who did not respond to kindness."

"Better wait till after to-morrow and you will save a lot of turkeys."

"No, I am serious. I have been thinking of it for quite a while and I have some money of my own."

"You'd better keep it. You may come to need it."

"No, I want to try my plan. You do not forbid it?"

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"No, to give them—every one who has a family, a turkey."—Page 218.

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"Oh, no! If you can avert the strike that they are preparing for, your money will be a good investment."

"I don't do it as an investment," protested the girl. "I do it as an act of kindness."

"All right, have your way. It can't do any harm. If you succeed, I shall be quite willing to foot the bills."

"No, this is my treat," said the girl, "though I shall put your name in, too."

So, that day Miss Eleanor Leigh spent inspecting and getting prices on turkeys, and by night she had placed her order with a reliable man who had promised to provide the necessary number of turkeys, and, what is more, had gotten interested in her plan. She had enlisted also the interest of John Marvel, who worked like a Trojan in furtherance of her wishes. And I, having learned from John of her charitable design, gave my assistance with what I fear was a less unselfish philanthropy. Happily, disease is not the only thing that is contagious. It was impossible to work shoulder to shoulder with those two and not catch something of John Marvel's spirit, not to mention the sweet contagion of Eleanor Leigh's charming enthusiasm. I learned much in that association of her cleverness and sound sterling sense as she organized her force and set them to work. And I was fortunate enough to get one of her charming smiles. It was when she said, "I want one of the best baskets for Mrs. Kenneth McNeil," and I replied, "I have already sent it." Thus, in due time, on the day before Thanksgiving Day, a score of wagons were busily at work carrying not only the turkeys ordered by Miss Leigh, as a Thanksgiving present for each family in her father's employ, but with each one a basket of other things.

It happened that that night a great meeting of the operatives was held.

It was largely attended, for though the object had not been stated in the call, it was well known that it was to consider a momentous subject; nothing less than an ultimatum on the part of the men to the Company, and this many of the men felt was the same thing with a strike. The name of David Wringman, the chief speaker, was a guaranty of this. He was a man who had forged his way to the front by sheer force, mainly sheer brute force. From a common laborer he had risen to be one of the recognized leaders in what had come to be known as the workingmen's movement. He had little or no education, and was not known to have technical training of any kind. Some said he had been a machinist; some a miner; some a carpenter. His past was, in fact, veiled in mystery. No one knew, indeed, where he came from. Some said he was Irish, some that he was Welsh; some that he was American. All that was known of him positively was that he was a man of force, with a gift of fluent speech and fierce invective, which rose at times and under certain conditions to eloquence. At least, he could sway an assemblage of workingmen, and, at need, he was not backward in using his fists, or any other weapon that came to hand. His reputation for brute strength was quite equal to his reputation as a speaker, and stories were freely told of how, when opposition was too strong for him in a given meeting, he had come down from the platform and beaten his opponents into submission with his brawny fists. It was rumored how he had, more than once, even waylaid his rivals and done them up, but this story was generally told in undertones; for Wringman was now too potent and dangerous a man for most men of his class to offend personally without good cause. His presence in the city was in itself a sign that some action would be taken, for he had of late come to be known as an advanced promoter of aggressive action. To this bold radicalism was due much of his power. He was "not afraid of the capitalists," men said. And so they established him in his seat as their leader. To his presence was due a goodly share of the shadow that had been gathering over the workingmen's part of the section of the town which I have noted.

Thus, the meeting on the evening I speak of was largely attended. For an hour before the time set for it the large hall in the second story of a big building was crowded, and many who could not get in were thronging the stairways and the street outside. A reek of strong tobacco pervaded the air and men with sullen brows talked in undertones, broken now and then by a contentious discussion in some group in which possibly some other stimulant than tobacco played a part.

Wolffert and Marvel had both been trying

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to avert the strike and had, I heard, made some impression among the people. Marvel had worked hard all day aiding Miss Leigh in her friendly efforts, and Wolffert had been arguing on rational grounds against a strike at the beginning of winter. I had been talking over matters with some of my mill-friends who had invited me to go with them; so I attended the meeting.

The meeting began, as the meetings of such bodies usually begin, with considerable discussion and appearance of deliberation. There was manifest much discontent and also much opposition to taking any steps that would lead to a final breach. A number of men boldly stood forth to declare for the half-a-loaf-better-than-no-bread theory, and against much hooting they stood their ground. The question of a resolution of thanks for Miss Leigh's baskets aroused a little opposition, but the majority were manifestly for it, and many pleasant things were said about her and her father as well, his liberal policy being strongly contrasted with the niggard policy of the other roads. Then there appeared the real leader of the occasion, to hear whom the meeting had been called: Wringman. And within ten minutes he had everything his own way. He was greeted with cheers as he entered, and he shouldered his way to the front with a grim look on his face that had often prepared the way for him. He was undoubtedly a man of power, physical and mental. Flinging off his heavy overcoat, he scarcely waited for the brief introduction, undertaken by the Chairman of the occasion, and refusing to wait for the cheers to subside, he plunged at once into the midst of his subject.

"Workingmen, why am I here? Because, like you, I am a working man." He stretched out his long arm and swept it in a half circle and they cheered his gesture and voice and violent action, though had they considered, as they might well have done, he had not "hit a lick" with his hands in a number of years.

Then came a catalogue of their grievances and wrongs, presented with much force and marked dramatic ability, and on the heels of it a tirade against all employers and capitalists, and especially against their employer, whom he pictured as their arch enemy and oppressor, the chief and final act of whose infamy, he declared to be his "attempt to bribe them with baskets of rotten fowls." Who was this man? He would tell them. He held in his hand a paper which pictured him in his true character. Here he opened a journal and read the heading of the article I had written for Kalender. There was but one way to meet such insolence, he declared, to fling them back in his face and make him understand that they didn't want favors from him, but justice; not rotten fowls, but their own hard-earned money. "And now," he cried, "I put the motion to send every basket back with this message and to demand an increase of twenty-five per cent. pay forthwith. Thus, we shall show them and all the world that we are independent American workmen earning our own bread and asking no man's meat. Let all who favor this rise and the scabs sit still."

It was so quickly and shrewdly done that a large part of the assembly were on their feet in a second, indeed, many of them were already standing, and the protest of the objectors was lost in the wild storm of applause. The man's power and boldness had accomplished what his reasoning could never have effected.

The shouts that went up showed how completely he had won. I was thrown into a sort of maze. But his next words recalled me. It was necessary, he went on, that he should still maintain outwardly his old position. His heart bled every moment; but he would sacrifice himself for them, and if need were, he would die with them; and when this time came he would lead them through flaming streets and over broken plutocrats to the universal community of everything. He drew a picture of the rapine that was to follow, which surpassed everything I had ever believed possible. When he sat down, his audience was a mob of lunatics. Insensible to the folly of the step I took, I sprang to my chair and began to protest. They hushed down for a second. I denounced Wringman as a scoundrel, a spy, a hound. With a roar they set upon me and swept me from my feet. Why I was not killed instantly, I hardly know to this day. Fortunately, their very fury impeded them. I knew that it was necessary to keep my feet, and I fought like a demon. I could hear Wringman's voice high above the uproar harking them on. Suddenly a cry of "put him out" was raised close be-

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side me. A pistol was brandished before my face; my assailants fell back a little, and I was seized and hustled to the door. I found a man I had noticed near me in the back part of the hall, who had sat with his coat collar turned up and his hat on, to be my principal ejector. With one hand he pushed me toward the entrance whilst, brandishing his revolver with the other, he defended me from the blows that were again aimed at me. But all the time he cursed me violently.

"Not in here; let him go outside. Leave him to me—I'll settle him!" he shouted—and the crowd shouted also. So he bundled me to the door and followed me out, pushing others back and jerking the door to after him.

On the outside I turned on him. I had been badly battered and my blood was up. I was not afraid of one man, even with a pistol. As I sprang for him, however, he began to put up his weapon, chuckled, and dropped his voice.

"Hold on—you've had a close call—get away from here."

It was Langton, the detective. He followed me down the steps and out to the street, and then joined me.

"Well?" he laughed, "what do you think of your friends?"

"That I have been a fool."

He smiled with deep satisfaction. "What were you doing in there?" I asked.

"Looking after my friends. But I don't feel it necessary to invite them to cut my throat. One good turn deserves another," he proceeded. "You keep away from there or you'll find yourself in a bad way. That Wringman——"

"Is a scoundrel."

"Keep a lookout for him. He's after you and he has powerful friends. Good night. I don't forget a man who has done me a kindness— And I know that fellow."

He turned into a by-street.

The next morning the papers contained an account of the proceedings with glaring headlines, the account in the *Courier* being the fullest and most sympathetic and giving a picture of the "great labor-leader, Wringman, the idol of the workingman," who had, by "his courage and character, his loftiness of purpose and singleness of aim, inspired them with courage to rise against the oppression of the grinding corporation which, after oppressing them for years, had attempted by a trick to delude them into an abandonment of the measures to secure, at least, partial justice, just as they were about to wring it from its reluctant hand."

Miss Eleanor Leigh, who had worked hard all the day before despatching baskets to the hundreds of homes which her kind heart had prompted her to fill with cheer, came down to breakfast that morning with her heart full of gratitude and kindness toward all the world. She found her father sitting in his place with the newspapers lying beside him in some disorder and with a curious smile on his face. She divined at once that something had happened.

"What is it?" she asked, a little frightened.

For answer Mr. Leigh pushed a paper over to her and her eye fell on the headlines:

HONEST LABORING MEN RESENT BRAZEN ATTEMPT AT BRIBERY

LABOR LEADER'S GREAT APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

LABOR DEMANDS ITS DUES

"Oh, father!" With a gasp she burst into tears and threw herself in her father's arms.

It was not the only house in which the sending back of her baskets caused tears. In many a poor little tenement there was sore weeping because of the order—in not a few a turkey had not been known for years. Yet mainly the order was obeyed.

Next day Mr. Leigh received in his office a notification that a deputation of the operatives on his road demanded to see him immediately. He knew that they were coming; but he had not expected them quite so soon. However, he was quite prepared for them and they were immediately admitted. They were a deputation of five men, two of them elderly men, one hardly more than a youth, the other two of middle age. At their head was a large, surly man with a new black hat and a new overcoat. He was the first man to enter the room and was manifestly the leader of the party. Mr. Leigh invited them to take seats and the two older men sat down. Two of the others shuffled a little in their places and turned their eyes on their leader.

"Well, what can I do for you?" inquired Mr. Leigh quietly. His good-humored face had suddenly taken on a cold, self-

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contained expression, as of a man who had passed the worst.

Again there was a slight shuffle on the part of the others and one of the older men, rising from his seat and taking a step forward, said gravely: "We have come to submit to you——"

His speech, however, was instantly interrupted by the large man in the overcoat. "Not by a d——d sight!" he began. "We have come to demand two things——"

Mr. Leigh nodded.

"Only two? What may they be, please?"

"First, that you discharge a man named Kenneth McNeil, who is a non-union man——"

Mr. Leigh's eyes contracted slightly.

"—and secondly, that you give a raise of wages of fifteen per cent. to every man in your employ—and every woman, too."

"And what is the alternative, pray?"

"A strike."

"By whom?"

"By every soul in your employ, and, if necessary, by every man and woman who works in this city—and if that is not enough, by a tie-up that will paralyze you, and all like you."

Mr. Leigh nodded. "I understand."

A slight spark came into his eyes and his lips tightened just a shade, but when he spoke his voice was level and almost impersonal.

"Will nothing less satisfy you?" he inquired.

"Not a cent," said the leader and two of the others looked at him with admiration. "We want justice."

Mr. Leigh, with his eye steadily on him, shook his head and a smile came into his eyes. "No, you don't want justice," he said to the leader, "you want money."

"Yes, our money."

Again Mr. Leigh shook his head slowly with his eyes on him. "No, not your money. Who are you?" he said. "Are you one of the employees of this road?"

"My name is Wringman and I am the head of this delegation."

"Are you an employee of this road?"

"I am the head of this delegation, the representative of the Associated Unions of this city, of which the Union on this road constitutes a part."

"I will not deal with you," said Mr. Leigh, "but I will deal with you," he turned to the other men. "I will not discharge the man you speak of. He is an exceptionally good man. I happen to know this of my own personal knowledge, and I know the reason he is not a Union man. It is because you kept him out of the Union." He turned back to the leader.

Wringman started to speak, but Mr. Leigh cut him short.

"Not a word from you. I am dealing now with my own men. I know you. I know who your employer is and what you have been paid. You sold out your people in the East whom you pretended to represent, and now you have come to sell out these poor people here. You have been against McNeil because he denounced you in the East. Your demand is preposterous," he said, turning to the others. "It is an absolute violation of the agreement which you entered into with me not three months ago. I have that agreement here on my desk. You know what that says, that the scale adopted was to stand for so long, and if by any chance, any question should arise, it was to be arbitrated by the tribunal assented to by yourselves and myself. I am willing to submit to that tribunal the question whether any question has arisen, and if it has, to submit it for adjudication by them."

"We did not come here to be put off with any such hyp—" began the leader, but before he had gotten his word out, Mr. Leigh was on his feet.

"Stop," he said. And his voice had the sharp crack of a rifle shot. "Not a word from you. Out of this office," he pointed to the door and at the same moment touched the bell. "Show that man the door," he said, "instantly, and never admit him inside of it again."

"Ah, I'm going," sneered Wringman, putting on his hat, "but not because you ordered me."

"Yes, you are—because I ordered you, and if you don't go instantly I will kick you out personally."

He stepped around the desk and with his eyes blazing, walked quickly across the floor, but Wringman had backed out of the door.

"For the rest of you," he said, "you have my answer. I warn you that if you strike you will close the factories that now give employment to thousands of men and young women. You men may be able to take care of yourselves; but you should

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think of those girls. Who will take care of them when they are turned out on the street? I have done it heretofore—unless you are prepared to do it now, you had better consider. Go down to my box-factory and walk through it and see them, self-supporting and self-respecting. Do you know what will become of them if they are turned out? Go to Galligin's and see. Go back to your work if you are men of sense. If not, I have nothing further to say to you."

They walked out and Mr. Leigh shut the door behind them. When he took his seat a deep gravity had settled on him which made him look older by years.

The following day an order for a general strike on the lines operated by Mr. Leigh was issued, and the next morning after that not a wheel turned on his lines. The effect on the population of that section of the city was curious. Of all sad things on earth a strike is the saddest. And like other battles, next to a defeat the saddest scene is the field of victory.

The shadow had settled down on us; the sunshine was gone. The temper of every one appeared to have been strained. The principle of Unionism as a system of protection and defence had suddenly taken form as a system of aggression and active hostility. Class-feeling suddenly sprang up in open and armed array, and next came division within classes. The talk was all of force; the feeling all one of enmity. The entire population appeared infected by it. Houses were divided against themselves; neighbors who had lived in friendliness and hourly intercourse and exchanged acts of kindness, discussed, argued, quarrelled, threatened, and fought or passed by on the other side scowling and embittered. Sweetness gave place to rancor and good-will to hate.

Among those affected by the strike was the family of my old drummer. The change was as apparent in this little home, where hitherto peace and content had reigned supreme with Music to fill in the intervals and make joy, as in the immediate field of the strike.

The whole atmosphere of happiness underwent a change, as though a deadly damp had crept in from the outside, mildewing with its baleful presence all within. Elsa had lost her place. The box-factory was closed. The house was filled with contention. The musicians who came around to smoke their big pipes and drink beer with old Loewen were like the rest, infected. Nothing appeared to please any longer. The director was a tyrant; the first violin a charlatan; the rest of the performers mostly fools or worse; and the whole orchestra "a fake."

This was the talk I heard in the home when I stopped by sometimes of an evening on my way to my room, and found some of his friends arguing with him over their steins and pipes, and urging a stand against the director and a demand that he accede to their wishes. The old drummer himself stood out stoutly. The director had always been kind to him and to them, he insisted. He was a good man and took pride in the orchestra, as much pride as he himself did. But I could see that he was growing soured. He drank more beer and practised less. Moreover, he talked more of money, which once he had scarcely ever mentioned. But the atmosphere was telling; the mildew was appearing. And in this haunt of peace, peace was gone.

I learned from Loewen one evening that in the event of the strike not being settled soon, there was a chance of a sympathetic strike of all trades, and that even the musicians might join in it, for they had "grievances also."

"But I thought Music was not a trade, but a profession, an art?" I said, quoting a phrase I had overheard him use. He raised his shoulders and threw out his hands palm upward.

"Ach! it vas vonce."

"Then why is it not now?"

"Ach! Who knows? Because they vill not haf it so. Ze music iss dead—ze harmony iss all gone—in ze people—in ze heart! Zere iss no more music in ze souls of ze people. It iss monee—monee—monee—fight, fight, fight, all ze time! Who can gife ze divine strain ven ze heart is set on monee always?"

Who, indeed? I thought, and the more I thought of it the more clearly I felt that he had touched the central truth.

XXVII

MY CONFESSION

JUST after this I decided to move my quarters. Pushkin was beginning to come again to the house, I did not know why,

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and though I did not meet him, I could not bear to be under the same roof with him. I began to feel, too, the change in the household. Elsa had begun to change somehow. Instead of the little carols and snatches like bird-songs that I used to hear before she went to her work, or in the evening when she returned, there was silence, and sometimes sighs, and in place of smiles, gloom. Her face lost its bloom. I wondered what the poor thing was distressing herself about. My young Swede, too, whom I still occasionally saw, appeared to have lost that breezy freshness and glow which always reminded me of country meadows and upland hay-fields, and looked downcast and moody. In place of his good-humored smile, his ruddy face began to wear a glowering, sullen look; and finally he disappeared. The mother, also, changed, and her voice formerly so cheery and pleasant had a sharper tone than I had ever heard in it before, and even the old drummer wore a cloudier air, wholly different from his old-time cheeriness. In fact, the whole house had changed from the nest of content that it had been, and I began to plan moving to a better neighborhood which my improving practice appeared to justify. The chief thing that withheld me was that radiant glimpse of Miss Leigh which I sometimes got of a morning as she came tripping along the street with her little basket in her hand, and her face sweet with high thoughts. It set me up all day; attended me to my office and filled it with sunshine and hope. Moreover, I was beginning to find in my association with John Marvel a certain something which I felt I should miss. He calmed me and gave me resolution. It appeared strange that one whom I had always looked down on should so affect me, but I could no longer hide it from myself. After a time, my broad-shouldered young Swedish car-driver came back and I was glad I had remained. Several times in the evening I found him in the house dressed up with shiny hair, a very bright necktie, and a black coat, the picture of embarrassed happiness, and Elsa sitting up and looking prim and, I fancied, a trifle bored, though it might have been only demureness. When I heard her singing again, I assumed that it was the latter expression, and not the former which I had observed. However, I came in one night and heard Pushkin's voice in the house and I was again at sea. Elsa in all the gayety of her best frock, and ribbons, dashed by me as I mounted the stair to my room.

The next evening I was walking home late. I came on two persons standing in the shadow in a secluded spot. They stopped talking as I passed and I thought I heard my name whispered. I turned and they were Elsa and Pushkin. What was he doing talking with her at that hour? I came near walking up and denouncing him then and there; but I reflected and went on, and when, a few minutes later, Elsa came in very red and scared-looking, I congratulated myself on my self-restraint and sagacity. The next morning was rainy and black, and I took a street car; and found that the motorman was my blue-eyed young Swede, and that he was as dark and cloudy that morning as the day.

That night, I heard Pushkin's voice in the house again, and my old friend's reply to him in a tone of expostulation. It was hard not to hear what Pushkin said, for the house was like a sounding-board. Pushkin was actually trying to borrow money—"more money," and he gave as his reason the absolute certainty that with this stake —"just this one loan," he should win an heiress—"One of the richest women in all the land," he said. He urged as a reason why the old fellow should lend it to him, that they were both from the same country and that his grandfather, when a Minister of the Court, had appreciated Loewen's music and helped him to get his first place.

"And he was a shentlemans like me, and you nodings but a common trummer, hey? And—look here," he said, "I am going to marry a great heiress, and then I shall not haf to borrow any more. I shall haf all de moneys I want—my pockets full, and den I vill pay you one—two—tree times for all you haf lend me, hein? And now I, de shentlemans, comes to you, de common trummer, and calls you mine friend, and swear to pay you one—two—tree times over, certainlee you vill nod refuse me?"

The rest was in the language of their own country. The argument had its effect; for I could hear the old drummer's tone growing more and more acquiescent and the other's laugh becoming more and more

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assured, and finally I knew by his voice that he had succeeded.

I came near rising on the spot and going in and unmasking him. But I did not. I determined to wait until the next morning.

Next morning, however, when I came down I received notice that my room was no longer for rent. The announcement came to me from Mrs. Loewen, who gave it in her husband's name, and appeared somewhat embarrassed. I could not see her husband. He had gone out "to meet a gentleman," she said. Her manner was so changed that I was offended, and contented myself with saying I would leave immediately; and I did so, only leaving a line addressed to my old drummer to explain my departure—I was sure that their action was in some way due to Pushkin. In fact, I was not sorry to leave though I did not like being put out. My only cause of regret was that I should miss my walk through the street where the young schoolmistress was shining. I am not sure whether it was a high motive or a mean one which made me, as I left the house, say to Mrs. Loewen:

"You are harboring a scoundrel in that man Pushkin. Keep your eyes open." I saw a startled look in her eyes, but I did not wait to explain.

I did not feel comfortable that evening as I walked through the streets to the better quarters which I had taken. I knew that John Marvel would have said less or more. I half made up my mind to go to John and lay the matter before him. Indeed, I actually determined to do so. Other things, however, soon engrossed my thoughts and my time. I had to file my bill for my old ladies. And so this, like most of my good intentions, faded away.

In fact, about this time I was so wholly taken up with my love for the entrancing ideal that I had clad in the lineaments of Miss Eleanor Leigh and adorned with her radiance and charm that I had no thought for anything that was not in some way related to her. My work was suddenly uplifted by becoming a means to bring me nearer to my ambition to win her. My reading took on new meaning in storing my mind with lore or equipping it to fit it for her service; the outward form of nature displayed new beauty because she loved it. The inward realm of reflection took on new grace because she pervaded it. In a word, the whole world became but the home and enshrinement of one being, about whom breathed all the radiance and sweetness that I found in it. All of which meant simply that I was truly in love. Content with my love, I lived in a Heaven whose charm she created. But Love has its winter and it often follows close on its spring. I had played Fate again and waylaid her one afternoon as she was returning home from an excursion somewhere, and persuaded her to prolong her walk with an ease that lifted me quite out of myself, and I began to have aspirations to be very brave and good.

We were walking slowly and had reached a park, and I guilefully led her by a roundabout path through a part where the shrubbery made it more secluded than the rest. I can see the spot now as then I saw it: a curving gray road sloping down under overhanging trees, and a path dappled with sunlight dipping into masses of shrubbery with a thrush glancing through them, like a little brown sprite playing hide-and-seek. As we neared a seat, I suggested that we should sit down and I was pleased at the way in which she yielded; quite as if she had thought of it herself. It was almost the first time that I had her quite to myself in fair surroundings where we were face to face in body and soul. I felt, somehow, as though I had made a great step up to a new and a higher level. We had reached together a new resting-place, a higher atmosphere; almost a new land. And the surroundings were fresh to me in the city, for we had strayed out of the beaten track. I remember that a placid pool, shaded by drooping willows and one great sycamore, lay at our feet, on which a couple of half-domesticated wild fowl floated, their graceful forms reflected in the mirror below them. I pointed to one and said, "Alcyone," and my heart warmed when she smiled and said, "Yes, at peace. 'The past unsighed for, and the future sure.'"

A quotation from a poet always pleases me. It is as if one found a fresh rose in the street, and where it comes from the lips and heart of a girl it is as though she had uttered a rose.

"Are you fond of Wordsworth?" I asked. "He seems to me very spiritual."

"Yes. In fact, I think I am fond of all poetry. It lifts me up out of the grosser

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atmosphere of the world, which I enjoy, too, tremendously—and seems to place me above and outside of myself. Some, even, that I don't understand. I seem to be borne on wings that I can't see into a rarer atmosphere that I can only feel, but not describe."

"That," I said, "as I understand it, is the province of poetry—and also, perhaps, its test."

"It has somewhat the same effect on me that saying my prayers has. I believe in something infinitely good and pure and blessed. It soothes me. I get into a better frame of mind."

"I should think your frame of mind was always 'a better frame,'" I said, edging toward the personal compliment and yet feeling as though I were endangering a beautiful dream.

"Oh! you don't know how worse I can be—how angry—how savage."

"Terribly so, I should think. You look like an ogress."

"I feel like one sometimes, too," she nodded. "I can be one when I have the provocation."

"As—for example?"

"Well, let me see?—Well,—for example, once—oh! quite a time ago—it was just after I met you—the very next day—" (My heart bounded that she could remember the very next day after meeting me—and should set dates by that event. I wanted to say, that is the beginning of my era; but I feared) "I got into a dreadful passion—I was really ferocious."

"Terrible," I jested. "I suppose you would have poisoned your slaves, like the old Roman Empress— What was her name?"

"I was angry enough."

"And instead, you gave the cat milk in place of cream, or did some such awful act of cruelty."

"Not at all. I did nothing. I only burned inwardly and consumed myself."

"And pray, what was the offence that called forth such wrath, and who was the wretch who committed the crime?"

"I had sufficient provocation."

"Of course."

"No, I mean really——"

"What?"

"Why, it was a piece that appeared in one of the morning papers, a vile scurrilous sheet that had always attacked my father covertly; but this was the first open attack, and it was simply a huge lie. Give the cat milk! I could have poured molten metal down that man's throat—cheerfully—yes, cheerfully."

It may be well believed that as she proceeded, the amusement died out of my face and mind. I turned the other way to keep her from seeing the change that must have come over me. I was thinking hard and I thought quickly, as, 'tis said, a drowning man thinks. Life and death both flashed before me—life in her presence, in the sunlight of those last weeks, and the shadow of perpetual banishment. But one thing was certain. I must act and at once. I turned to her and was almost driven from my determination by the smile in her eyes, the April sunlight after the brief storm. But I seized myself and took the leap.

"I wrote that piece."

She actually laughed.

"Yes, I know you did."

"I did—seriously, I wrote it; but——"

I saw the horror oversweep her face. It blanched suddenly, like the pallor on a pool when a swift cloud covers the sun, and her hand went up to her bosom with a sudden gesture as of pain.

"Oh!" she gasped. The next second she sprang up and sped away like a frightened deer.

I sprang up to follow her, to make my explanation to her; but though, after the first twenty steps, she stopped running and came down to a walk, it was still a rapid walk, and she was fleeing from me. I felt as though the gates of Paradise were closing on me. I followed her at a distance to see that she reached home safely, and with a vain hope that she might slacken her gait and so give me an excuse to make such explanation as I could. She, however, kept on, and soon after she passed beyond the park I saw a trap draw up beside the pavement, and, after a moment in which the driver was talking to her, a young man sprang out and throwing the reins to a groom, joined her and walked on with her. In the light of the street lamp I recognized young Canter. I turned back cursing him; but most of all, cursing myself.

It has been well observed that there is no more valuable asset which a young man can possess than a broken heart. In the ensuing weeks I bore about with me if not

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a broken, at least a very much bruised and wounded one. It is a tragic fact in the course of mortality that one girl should have the power to shut the gates of happiness on a man. There were times when I rebelled against myself at being as big a fool as I knew myself to be, and endeavored to console myself by reverting to those wise bits of philosophy which our friends are always offering to us in our distress from their vantage ground of serene indifference. There were doubtless as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but somehow I could not get a grasp on the idea that there were as lovely and attractive girls in the world whom I was likely to meet as Eleanor Leigh, whom I now felt I had lost and might possibly never recover.

I walked the streets for some time that evening in a very low state of mind, and Dix, as he trudged solemnly along with his head now against my leg, now a step in the rear, must have wondered what had befallen me. By midnight he looked as dejected as I felt. Even when at length, having formulated my letter, I took him out for a run, he did not cheer up as he usually did. That dog was very near a human being. He sometimes appeared to know just what went on in my mind. He looked so confoundedly sorry for me that night that I found it a real consolation. He had the heart of a woman and the eyes of an angel. The letter I wrote was one of the best pieces of advocacy I ever did. I set forth the facts simply and yet clearly and, I felt, strongly. I told the plain truth about the paper, and I had the sense not to truckle, even while I expressed my regret that my work had been made the basis of the unauthorized and outrageous attack on her father and the lie about herself. With regard to the rights of the public and the arrogance of the class that ran the railways and other quasi-public corporations, I stood to my guns.

This letter I mailed and awaited, with what patience I could command, her reply. Several days passed before I received any reply, and then I got a short, little cool note saying that she was glad to see that I felt an apology was due to her honored father, and was happy to know that I was not the author of the outrageous head-lines. It was an icy little reply to a letter in which I had put my whole heart and I was in a rage over it. I made up my mind that I would show her that I was not to be treated so. If this was the way in which she received a gentleman's frank and full amende, why, I would have no more to do with her. Anger is a masterful passion. So long as it holds sway no other inmate of the mind can enter. So long as I was angry I got on very well. I enjoyed the society of my friends and was much gayer to outward appearances than usual. I spent my evenings with Marvel and Wolffert or some of my less intimate companions, treated myself and them to the theatre, and made altogether a brave feint at bravery. But my anger died out. I was deeply in love and I fell back into a slough of despond. I thought often of confiding in John Marvel; but for some reason I could not bring myself to do so.

Adam driven suddenly out of Paradise with Eve left behind to the temptation of the serpent will give some idea of what I felt. I had the consolation of knowing that I had done the right thing and the only thing a gentleman could have done; but it was a poor consolation when I looked back on the happiness I had been having of late in the presence of Eleanor Leigh. And now between her and me was the flaming sword which turned every way.

My heart gave a sudden drop into my boots one evening when I came across an item in the society columns of an afternoon paper, stating that it was believed by the friends of the parties, that Mr. Canter would, before very long, lead to the altar one of the reigning belles of the city. I had always disliked "Society Columns," as the expression of a latter-day vulgarity. Since then I have detested them.

I finally determined to try to get an interview with her whose absence clouded my world, and wrote her a note rather demanding one. As I received no reply to this, I called one evening to see her, if possible. The servant took in my card and a moment later returned with the statement that Miss Leigh was not at home. I was sure that it was not true. I came down the steps white with rage and also with a sinking of the heart. For I felt that it was all over between us.

Those whom the Gods hate they first make mad, and it was by no accident that the passion of anger and the state of madness have come to be known by the same

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terms in our tongue. I have always held since then that every true lover has something of madness in him while the passion rages. I could cheerfully have stormed her house and carried Eleanor Leigh away. I recalled with grim envy William the Conqueror's savage wooing when he met the Count's daughter who had insulted him and rode her down, to receive soon afterward her full submission. This somewhat barbarous form of proving one's passion having passed out of vogue, I testified my spleen by falling into a state of general cynicism which I vented so generously, that Wolffert finally asked me what had happened to me, and conjectured that I must have met with a cross in love. This recalled me sufficiently to myself to make me dissemble my feelings, at least when in his presence. But I was certainly not rational for some time, and, sleeping or waking, I was haunted by the voice of the siren to whom I had fatally listened. What must I do in my folly the next time I met Miss Leigh, which I did quite accidentally one day on the street, but carry my head so high and bow so slightly that the next time we met, which was far from being as accidental as it might have appeared, she carried her head very high and did not bow at all. It was at some sort of a fair held for charity —and, ever since then I have hated them. Feeling assured that Eleanor Leigh would go, I attended myself with no more charitable object than to benefit a very wretched young lawyer, who was deeply conscious that he had made a fool of himself the last time he saw her. When I arrived, she was nowhere to be seen and I was on the point of leaving when, turning, I found her standing in the midst of a group, her arms full of flowers, which she was selling. All I have to say is that since that time I have felt that Pluto was entirely justified in that little affair in the Sicilian meadows. Thinking to make the amende for my foolish airiness when I last saw her, I made my way up to Miss Eleanor Leigh; but as I approached and was in the very act of speaking to her she turned her back on me. It was a dead cut—a public insult, as humiliating as she could make it. I left the fair in a rage which lasted long. As I wandered through the forlorn streets that night, I fed my heart on instances of woman's inconstancy, and agreed with the royal lover that, "Mal habil qui s'y fie." In his "Inferno," Dante has given twelve different and successive circles in the depths of perdition, each lower than the other. I passed through every one of them, and with no companion but my own folly.

(To be continued.)

BRIEF LIFE

By Sophie Jewett

He came with the wind of dawn, when rose-red clouds were flying;
In the glory of his coming the old moon drifted dim.
He went when the evening star outwatched day's quiet dying;
Its path upon the sea made a white, straight road for him.

Did he dream a wistful dream in some radiant place supernal?
Did he hear the human call, follow and lose his way?
Has the touch of earth on the child made strange to him things eternal?
Is he heir to sorrow and love, being mortal for one swift day?

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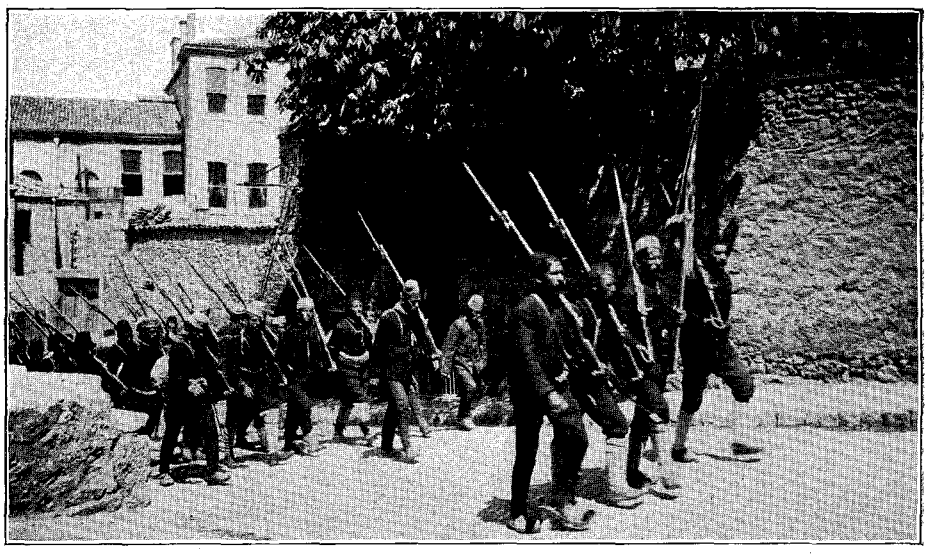

Macedonian volunteers.

THE RECENT CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

WHAT could be more aggravating to a greedy impressionist than to have sat nearly two years in Constantinople, to have watched the amicable revolution of 1908, to have been one of a privileged few to assist at the reopening by Abdul Hamid of the Parliament he suppressed thirty-two years ago, and then to have been caught in an ignoble Florentine pension, among ladies passionate after pictures, when the mutiny of April 13 broke out in Stamboul? And nothing, from the meagre Italian telegrams, was more difficult to make out than the origin of that mutiny. Had the Committee of Union and Progress made the mistakes their friends had feared? Had the opposition liberals been unconsciously playing into the hands of reactionaries? Had the Sultan, who appeared to swallow the revolution in so lamblike a manner, merely been lying low? The only thing was to go back and find out, and to get what reparation one could by seeing the end of the affair—if end there were. For it must be recorded against the sagacity of impressionists, or of one particular impressionist, that he thought nothing at all might happen.

The first hint of anything to the contrary came from a *Neue Freie Presse* obtained at a Croatian railway station, which announced that by the nineteenth a Macedonian army would concentrate at Chatalja, some fifty miles from Constantinople. The nineteenth was the next day, and I was due in Stamboul on the morning of the twentieth.

The day of the twentieth passed, with long stops, with short advances, with pangs of hunger which a disgusted Orient Express—itself some nine hours late—reluctantly consented to appease, with melodramatic rumors of battle, and with a final sight of soldiers making a thin black ant trail over a bare

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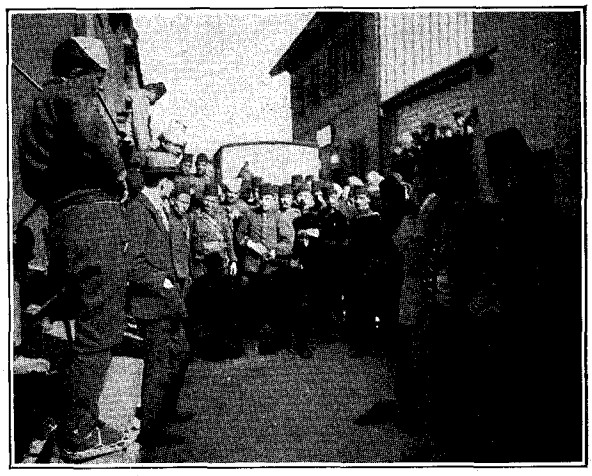
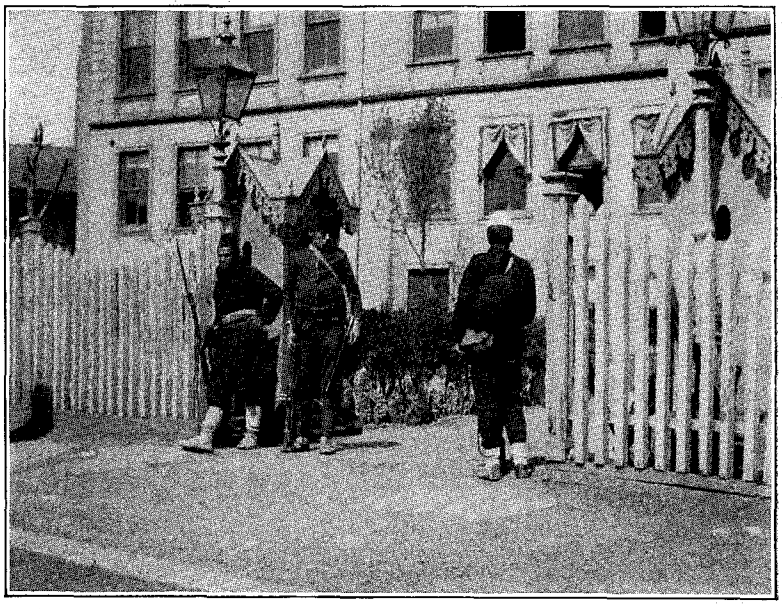
hill. Night came upon us in the green valley of Sparta Kouleh, at the end of which a gleam of the Marmora was visible, and the Bythinian Olympus ethereal with snow. A bonfire reddened the twilight in front of us, soldiers were singing not far away, frogs or tree-toads made a silver music in the distance. To what grim things, I wondered as we so mysteriously waited, did nature make this soft antithesis? At last a long train, fifty-seven empty freight-cars, rumbled out of the dark from the direction of the city. We then started on again, stopping only to take on and let off officers at way stations, and reached town, fourteen and a half hours late, at half past ten.



Soldiers at Chatalja, April 20.

Expectation, after a checkered approach, had been raised to a pitch. But Constantinople proved a most singularly beleaguered city. I perceived that when I saw a couple of Macedonian officers get off the train with me. I perceived it again when I passed the customs with an unaccustomed ease and drove away through streets that gave no hint of siege. Still more clearly did I perceive it during the three long days that followed my arrival. Beleaguering there was, for rumor peopled the fields of Thrace with advancing thousands, and Husseïn Hussny Pasha, commander of operations at the front, issued manifestoes. To the garrison he offered immunity on condition of their taking a solemn oath of obedience before the Sheikh-ul-Islam. To those of the populace not implicated in the



The first thing I saw there was a pair of white leggins guarding a gate, April 24.

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late uprising he promised security of person and property. And both apparently made haste to put themselves on the right side. Deputation after deputation went out to the enemy's camp in token of surrender. The War Office made plans for provisioning the invaders. Parliament assembled at San Stefano in the shadow of the Macedonian camp, and the fleet followed suit. At the same time the air was tense with the feeling that first came to me when the porter of my sleeping-car called that unknown passenger at Nisch. What was going to happen? It was an indication of the color of people's thoughts that the outgoing steamers were crowded during those days, and panics ran through the town like rumors. Some one would shout "They are coming!" The streets would instantly fill with the rush of feet, the clang of closing shutters.

A Macedonian Blue. April 24, 1909.

On Friday, the twenty-third, I went to *Selamlik*. I also wrote a last will and testament before doing so, which I left with careless conspicuousness on my desk, for there was much talk of bombs and depositions. So much was there that in the diplomatic pavilion, to which I was admitted by courtesy of our embassy, no heads of missions were present. There were also fewer general spectators than usual, and they were kept at a greater distance. Otherwise the ceremony took place with its old pomp. I missed the handsome white Albanian and the blue Arab zouaves, recently expelled from the imperial guard; but the dark blue infantry, the black-and-red marines, the scarlet-pennoned lancers, the matched cavalry of Daoud Pasha, a brown battalion of sappers, and even a detachment of the Salonica sharp-shooters, marched up the hill with sounding brass. Before they had quite banked up the approaches to the palace and the mosque the sun, breaking from morning clouds, brought out all the color of that pageant set for the last time. Toward noon five closed court carriages of ladies drove slowly down the avenue, surrounded by solemn black eunuchs, and turned into the mosque yard. A group of officers in gala uniform took their places in line opposite the diplomatic pavilion. At their head stood Prince Burhaneddin, the Sultan's favorite son. His presence excited no little interest, for it had been reported that he had run away. He looked unusually pale. Suddenly the muezzin's shrill sweet cry sounded from the minaret, and the bands began to play the Hamidieh march. Then the Sultan's cortege—of brilliant uniforms on foot, of trusty Albanian riflemen, of blue-and-silver grooms leading blooded chargers—emerged from an archway in the palace wall. Abdul Hamid, in a hooded victoria drawn by two beautiful black horses, sat facing Tevfik Pasha, the Grand Vizier of the moment, and his son Abdurrahim Effendi. He looked bent and haggard, the more because his sunken cheeks were so palpably rouged. As he passed under the terrace of the diplomatic pavilion he glanced up to see if any of the ambassadors were there. The fact that none of them were was afterward said to have irritated him intensely. He did not betray it, at all events, as he passed down the avenue, saluting right and left to his cheering soldiers. After leaving his carriage at the mosque door, where his little son Abid Effendi waited quaintly in the uniform of an officer, he turned and saluted again before going up the steps.

When the bowed figure disappeared it was as if a spring were suddenly let go. Guards and spectators alike relaxed from a

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Taxime artillery barracks shelled April 24.

tension. There had been no bomb. There had been no irruption of invading armies. There had been no sign of disloyalty among troops who were supposed to have gone over to the Macedonians. Indeed they had cheered as I never heard them except at the *Selamlik* after the re-establishment of the constitution. It did not look very much as if Papa Hamid were finished, to quote my Macedonian officer. It looked, on the contrary, as if what an aide-de-camp whispered might be true—that Papa Hamid took the famous beleaguering as a bluff and proposed to call it. The situation became more equivocal than ever.

In the meantime big English tea baskets were brought up the avenue, and the soldiers were served with tea, coffee, and biscuits at the expense of a paternal sovereign. Then a bugle sounded and they jumped to attention, gulping down last mouthfuls as the imperial carriage left the mosque. The Sultan returned with the same ceremony as before, except that Burhaneddin Effendi accompanied him. After he had entered the palace the troops dispersed in review order, marching up one side of the avenue to the palace gate and marching down the other. When most of them were gone, the Sultan appeared for a moment at a window overlooking the terrace of the diplomatic pavilion. Again he was enthusiastically cheered.

It was for the last time. But the situation seemed to clear. That afternoon Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, generalissimo of the Macedonian forces, whom I did not see at Chatalja, issued the first of a notable series of manifestoes. He announced his assumption of command at the front, and his intention to punish only those responsible for the late disturbance. One phrase attracted particular attention. He said, "Certain intriguers, in fear of punishment, have spread the rumor that the above-mentioned forces have arrived in order to depose the sovereign. To these rumors I oppose a formal denial." Every foreign correspondent in Constantinople thereupon telegraphed to his paper that the Salonica troops would make a peaceful entry into the city, and that Abdul Hamid would remain on the throne.

The next morning, Saturday, I was roused before six o'clock by a member of

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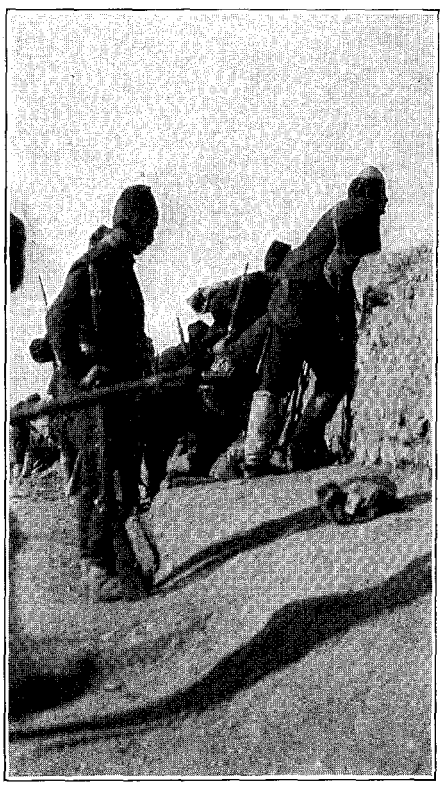
our country household. "I don't know," he said, "but do you hear anything?" I listened. I heard a light air in the garden trees, a pervading twitter of birds. Then it seemed to me that I heard something else in the distance, something faintly crackling, followed occasionally by something more deeply booming. It sounded like firing, and I suddenly remembered my friends of the white leggins. Yet the morning was so delicious, the sky was so soft, the garden so full of birds. . . . By the time I got down to the wharf a few people were gathered there, talking gravely in low voices. The shots we heard did not altogether break the tension of the last few days. My friend the ticket seller gave me serious advice. "Go back to your house," he said. "Sit in your garden, and be at peace. Lead falls into the sea like rain at Beshiktash. No steamers run. They have all been sent back." I was disinclined to believe him. It seemed incredible that anything particular was happening—on such a day, after so many overtures to the Macedonians. Among those at the *scala* I saw Hassan the boatman, whom all men know for a liberal and a reader of papers. "Hassan," I said, "let us row to the city. It is necessary for me to go, and there seem to be no steamers. I will pay you a dollar." Hassan regarded me as one might regard a lunatic for whom one entertains friendly sentiments. "*Effendim*," he replied, "what do you say? They are fighting at Yildiz, and not for one or for many dollars will I go. What have you to do in town to-day?" I began to be rather annoyed. I had to get some films, and there was no reason why I shouldn't, if they were fighting at Yildiz. It didn't occur to me that there could be trouble anywhere else in the town. But neither boat nor boatman could be induced to go down the Bosphorus.

I climbed Hissar hill again, to warn the rest of a town-going household of the situation, and to collect recruits for a forced march of seven miles across country. They were not difficult to obtain. Three of us were starting for a last reconnoissance of the *scala*, when we heard a steamer whistle. We were just in time to jump triumphantly on board. So the croakers were mistaken, after all! The passengers were few, however. At the next station of Bebek, where a considerable English colony lives, a number of friends joined us. At the station below that the captain threw up the sponge. An up-bound steamer was there, which had turned back. We told our captain he was a fool, a coward, and as many other uncomplimentary things as we could think of, but he refused to budge. We accordingly got off and took the stony street following the shore to the city. People stared at us as Hassan had stared at me. The tide of travel was all the other way. There were carriages full of Turkish women, with eunuchs on the box. There were Armenians, Greeks, and Jews of the lower classes—the last distinguishable by the furred robes of the old men—hurrying northward on foot, with babies and bundles in their arms. There were more, notably soldiers of the garrison, singly, in groups, with or without rifles. We stopped the first we saw



They were, in fact, the second firing line of the afternoon attack on Tash Kishla.

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A squad of disarmed deserters, April 25.

and asked what was up. They all declared that they knew nothing, showing much haste to be on. We afterward realized that they were running away. We saw some of them bargaining for boats to take them to the Asiatic side.

There had been no firing for some time, and the sight of rowboats so much nearer the scene of action than Hissar convinced me anew of a false alarm. The Macedonians had probably come into town at last. The palace guard might very well have made a row. Perhaps even the Sultan had been deposed, and had objected to it. But how was it possible that there should be any general fighting? At Ortakeuy, next to the imperial suburb of Beshiktash, six of us got into two rowboats. We soon separated. The boat in which I was had not gone far toward the harbor before firing broke out

Burial of volunteers, April 26.

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again. There was no doubt about it this time. The crack of musketry, intensely sharp and sinister in the clear spring morning, would be followed by the deeper note of a field piece. But we could see nothing. The roofs of Yildiz nestled serene as ever among their embosoming gardens. The imperial flag still floated from its accustomed staff. Not a cloud, not a puff, indicated the direction of the firing. It was uncanny. What could have happened? We skirted the artillery magazines of Top-Haneh, passed the embassy despatch boats, and began rounding into the harbor. Suddenly the man in the stern of the boat uttered a quick "By Jove!" and ducked. A bullet had whizzed behind his ear. Another splashed the water off our bow. A third sang over our heads. I began to think that they had not been wrong at Roumeli Hissar when they advised me to sit in my garden and be at peace. I was far from being at peace and I decidedly wished that I were in my garden. The next best place seemed to be the bottom of the boat. In the face of public opinion, however, as represented by two Englishmen and a Turk, the only course left a scared impressionist was to continue taking uncomfortable impressions in as erect a posture as possible, and be shot like a gentleman. The sole satisfaction I had was in meditating of my last will and testament, providently made the day before, and of its eventual discovery. But it was never discovered, and none of us were laid low. While a few more bullets spattered around us, we were soon out of range alongside Galata Quay.

The first thing I saw there was a pair of white leggins on guard at a gate. I went up to the sunburned soldier who wore them as to a long-lost brother, and asked for news. My reception, I regret to confess, was not too cordial. "Do not stop," admonished the Macedonian. "If you have business, do it and go. There is no danger; but the bridge is closed and boats do not run. To-morrow everything will be the same as yesterday." In one respect at least he was right. The bridge was closed. Access not only to Stamboul but to the great street of Galata was cut off by white leggins. There was accordingly no chance of making the tunnel to Pera. As my friends were divided as to their projects, I explored certain noisome alleys leading back from the quay to see if I could reach the Street of Steps climbing past the Genoese tower. On the way I passed a party of American tourists, hurrying for their steamer, in charge of an embassy *cavass*. They amusingly looked to an impressionist, forgetful of his partiality for the bottoms of boats, as if they doubted whether they would escape with their lives. Step Street luckily proved open. The shops, however, were shut, and pedestrians were remarkably scarce. Moreover, most of them wore white leggins, or gray-blue ones. Young gentlemen so apparelled, with rifles slung across their backs and cartridges festooned about them, strolled up and down the streets or lolled in front of public buildings. There was an engaging negligence about these picturesque persons, who had an air of keeping an eye on things in spite of manifold cigarettes. Rifles might pop desultorily in the distance, but there was no doubt what had happened. The Macedonians had captured Constantinople.

I went to the American Embassy to obtain details as to this historic event. I found the gate guarded by cadets of the War College and Macedonian Blues. One of the latter smoked cigarettes on the sidewalk and scrutinized every one who passed. At a sign from him an approaching group of marines was stopped and searched. A Turkish *hodja* was even more roughly handled, for his honorable cloth had been a favorite disguise for political agitators. No one suspected of carrying weapons was let by. The man in blue, it transpired, was one of many officers who escaped during the mutiny, and came back with the invading army as privates, or so dressed for strategic reasons. As for news, it was remarkably meagre. The Macedonians had occupied both banks of the Golden Horn early in the morning, and had encountered resistance at some of the barracks. There were conflicting reports of the first shots being due to a mistake, and of treacherous flags of truce. At all events the affair was not finished, for every now and then we heard firing. But so far as any one knew there had been no fight at Yildiz.

What made me realize more sharply than anything else the seriousness of the thing was the further news that Frederick Moore, of the New York *Sun*, whom I had often

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met during the last six months, had been badly wounded. I started up Pera Street to see what I could see. More people were about by that time, but the shops were shut, and no cabs or trams were running. All the embassies, legations, and consulates were guarded like ours by cadets and Macedonian gendarmes. Other Macedonians, they of the white caps and white leggins, they of the careless Mauser and the casual cigarette, mingled informally with the crowd. As an inhabitant of a captured city, it was interesting to note the friendliness of captives and captors. A rare shot was the sole reminder that there might be more than one side to this question. By the time I reached the vicinity of the Taxime artillery barracks, however, there were other reminders. I saw an iron shutter neatly perforated by dozens of small round holes. The windows of houses, in otherwise good repair, were riddled and broken. Walls were curiously pockmarked, and I saw a shell embedded in one. These phenomena were particularly visible about the local guard-house, which I was told had only just surrendered. Several stretchers passed me, carrying soldiers in contorted attitudes. A man went into the guard-house with a ridged pine coffin on his back, followed by two of the dervishes who wash the bodies of dead Mohammedans. I didn't count how many more coffins and dervishes I saw go into that guard-house.

I followed one of the stretchers into the adjoining French hospital, in hope of hearing from Moore. The resources of the place were evidently overtaxed, and I took the liberty of going farther to verify the information given me by a white-winged sister of charity. At a hospitable English house across the street I found Mrs. Moore. Mr. Graves of the London *Times*, who had been reported as dead, was also there, and two English officers of the Macedonian gendarmerie. They had come up unofficially from Salonica to see how their men acquitted themselves. It seemed they and Mr. Booth of the *Graphic* had been with Moore that morning. They ran into the firing before they knew it, thinking, as other people did, that the action was taking place around Yildiz. Their position was the more awkward because the Macedonians were determined to prevent the soldiers of the garrison from getting down into Pera, and there was cross firing from side streets. The two correspondents were wounded almost at the same moment, Booth getting a bullet that grazed his scalp, and Moore being shot clean through the neck. A Greek behind him was killed, apparently by the same ball. The officers got Booth into an adjoining house, but by

Deputies leaving Parliament after deposing Abdul Hamid in secret session, April 22.

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a regrettable misunderstanding they left Moore lying in the street, whence he was rescued by a young Greek sculptor.

The streets grew more animated until the *Grande Rue de Pêra* assumed the appearance of a Sunday afternoon. But another aspect of the situation was presented to me when I bearded the Blues of the telegraph office for Mrs. Moore, and heard clerks politely regretting that all wires were down except those to Europe by way of Constantza. I concluded that Shefket Pasha, who did not trouble Yildiz until he was sure of the city, proposed to leave no loophole for reactionary telegrams to the provinces. Returning to the Taxime for further reconnoissance, I was taking snapshots when shots of another kind began to pop again. They were neither near nor many, but they caused an extraordinary panic. People ran wildly back into Pera, the women screaming, the men tucking those near and dear to them under their arms or abandoning them to the mercy of the foe as their motor centres dictated. I, seeing some soldiers grin, waited in the lee of a tree. When the street was clear I went on to the artillery barracks that had given so much trouble in the morning. The big building was quiet enough now, under the afternoon sun that made jagged black shadows in the holes torn by Macedonian shells. Beyond, at the far corner of the Taxime Garden, I saw a group of white leggins. A bugle blew, and some of them crept around the wall into the side street. As I came nearer a soldier ran toward me, brandishing his rifle. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. I replied as politely as I could that I was taking photographs. "Is this a time to take photographs?" he vociferated. "We are killing men. Go back." If other argument were needed I had it in the form of renewed shots that banged behind him, where I could see through trees the yellow mass of Tash Kishla. I went back less rapidly than I might have done, remembering the people who had just run away. Opposite the garden was the parade ground of the barracks, bounded on its farther side by stables and a strip of wall behind which heads bobbed. I began to repent of my retreat, also to thirst for human companionship, and I resolved to join those comfortably ensconced spectators. As I strolled toward them across the great empty space of sun, they hailed me from afar. I then perceived with some embarrassment that they wore white caps, *à la macédonienne*, and that a portentous number of rifle barrels were gaping at me. They were in fact the second firing line of the afternoon attack on Tash Kishla.

I cannot say that they received me too civilly. Grace, however, was given me to appreciate that the moment was not one for civilities, especially from men who had been under action for twelve hours. I also appreciated the opportunity, urged without forms upon me, of studying their picturesque rear. Tired soldiers smoked or slept on a steep grass slope, and a mule battery lurked in the gulley below. Wondering if it might not yet be possible to see what was going on, I approached a young man who stood at the door of a house behind the artillery stables, and asked in my best French if he objected to my ascending to a balcony I saw on the top story of his house. He, being a Greek, replied in his best English that he would be happy to accompany me thither. On the way up he pointed out to me, at a broken window of the opposite stable, the figure of an artilleryman, his rifle across his knees, sitting dead and ghastly against a wall. And he told me about the engagement, of which he had been an uncomfortably close witness: how the Macedonians marched in from the valley of the Golden Horn early in the morning; how the first of them, by a fatal strategic error, were allowed to pass the artillery barracks, and were even cheered; how another lot, who scrambled up the gulley from Kassim Pasha, saw a white flag flying from the artillery stables, advanced more confidently, and were met by a treacherous fire; how they then retired for re-enforcements, brought up machine-guns and field pieces, and took stable, barracks, and guard-house after a nasty little fight of five hours.

From the balcony we had a perfect view of the last operations around Tash Kishla. That great yellow barracks will be memorable in the annals of the Turkish revolution. Many an officer is said to have been tortured there on suspicion of being connected with the Young Turks. It was there that a detachment of the imperial guard fired on the first sharp-shooters

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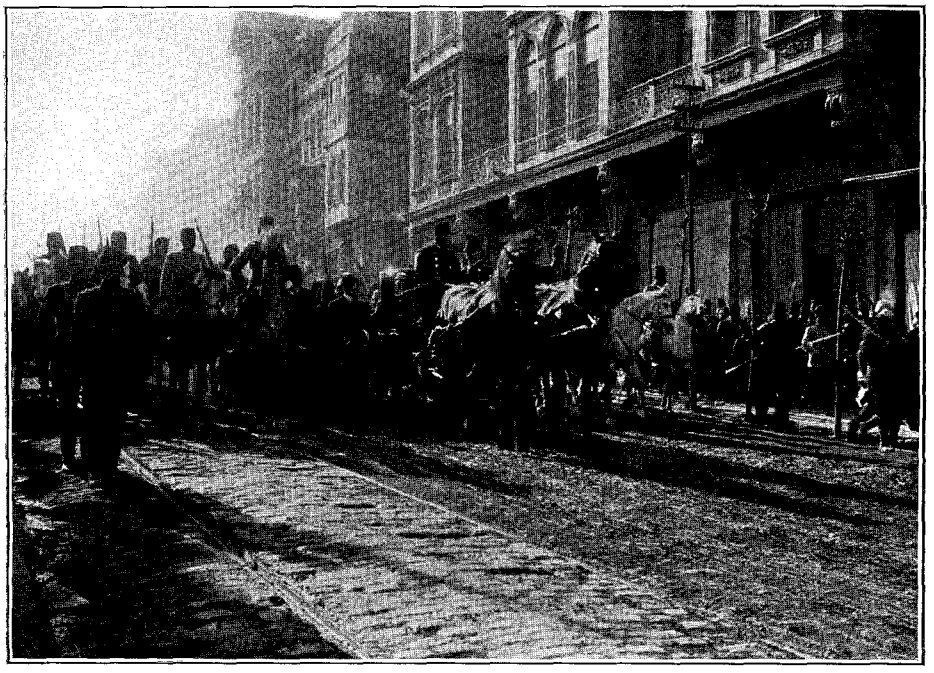
brought up from Salonica to replace them. And there a battalion of those same sharp-shooters, who had been corrupted into fomenting the late revolt, and who knew how little quarter they might expect from their old comrades, held out desperately, long after the other barracks had given in. The last act of the tragedy looks less real than a stage tragedy on that divine spring afternoon while we watched, as from a box at the play, the white-legged figures crouching behind their wall, the farther figures stealing up the side of a sunny road, the sortie of the last handful of sharp-shooters from their shot-riddled stronghold. They took refuge in a garden before the barracks, where rifles blazed and men dropped until a desperate white handkerchief fluttered among the trees.

The surrender of Tash Kishla, the Stone Barracks, practically completed the occupation of the city. But the tension was not over. There were yet three days of uncertainty, of waiting, of a strange sense in the air of contrast between the April sunlight and dark forces working in silence. For Yildiz, as ever, remained inscrutable. From the top of Pera we could see, across the valley of Beshiktash, the scene of Friday's *Selamlik*. No sign of life was visible now at the archway in the palace wall, on the avenue leading to the mosque. Had the Sultan surrendered? Had he abdicated? Had he fled? All we knew, until the end, was that white flags floated over two of the imperial barracks, and that white leggins nonchalantly appeared on Sunday morning at the palace gates. In the meantime Shefket Pasha, the man of the hour, continued to secure his position.



Mehmet V driving through Stamboul on his Accession Day, April 27.

The redoubtable Selimieh barracks, scene of Florence Nightingale's work in Haïdar Pasha, he took on Sunday with half a dozen shells. On the same day he proclaimed martial law. No one was allowed in the streets an hour after sunset, weapons were confiscated, suspicious characters of all sorts were arrested, and the deserters of the garrison were rounded up. Thousands of them were picked out of rowboats on the Bosphorus or caught in the open country. The poor fellows were more sinned against than sinning. The most absurd stories had been spread amongst them—that the invaders were Christians come forcibly to convert them; that the son of the King of

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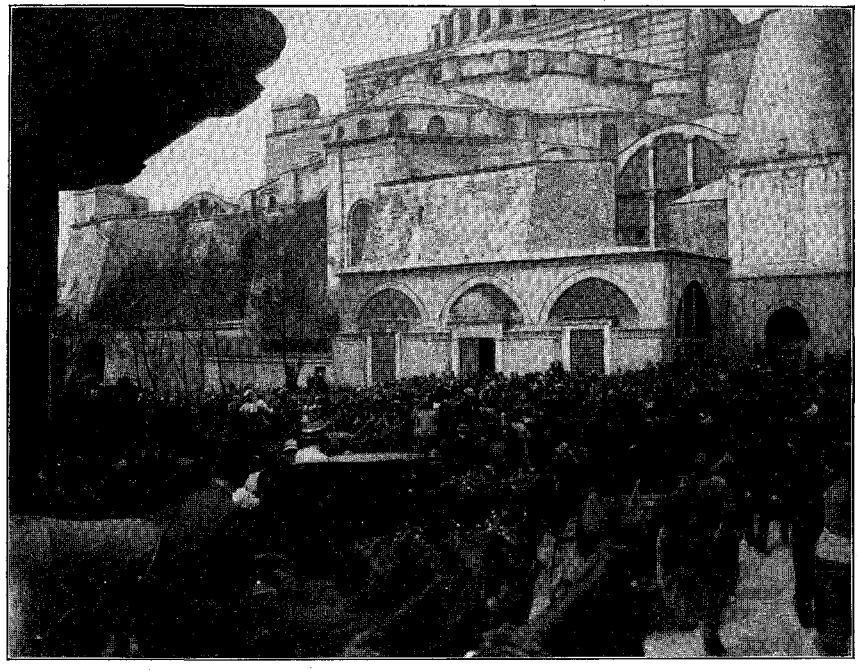

Spectators outside St. Sophia at Mehmet V's first *Selamlik*, April 30.

England intended to turn Abdul Hamid off the throne in order to reign himself; that if taken they would all be massacred. Lost without their officers, dazed by all that had been told them, worn out by the excitement and confusion of the last ten days, their one idea was to get back to their Asiatic villages. On Monday morning several hundred of them, including the remnant of the Tash Kishla sharp-shooters, were marched away to the court-martial at Chatalja. The rest, who were merely the victims of an ignorant loyalty to their caliph, were sent to Macedonia for lessons in liberalism and road-making.

I wondered whether it were by accident that the prisoners sent to Chatalja marched down the hill by which their captors had entered Pera, as preparations were being made on the same height, since named Perpetual Liberty, for the funeral of the first volunteers killed. A circular trench was dug on the bare brown hilltop, and in it fifty ridged deal coffins were symmetrically set toward the east, each covered with the star and crescent, and each bearing a fez at the head. Then a long double file of white-caps drew up beside it, and a young officer made a spirited address. Not knowing, in my ignorance, who the officer was or much of what he said—he turned out to be the famous Niazi Bey of Resna—I wandered away to the edge of the bluff. A few tents were still pitched there, overlooking the upper valley of the Golden Horn. Seeing a camera and hearing a foreign accent, the men were willing enough to be photographed. They were from Cavalla, they said, where an American tobacco company maintains a factory. One of them offered me his tobacco box in English. He had lived two years and a half in New York. When I got back to the trench the soldiers were gone and the coffins were almost covered. One officer was left, who made to the grave-diggers and the few spectators a speech of a moving simplicity. "Brothers," he said, "here are men of every nation, Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Jews; but they died together, on the same day, fighting under the same flag. Among us too are men of every nation, both Mohammedan and Christian; but we also have one flag, and we pray to one God. Now I am going to make a prayer, and when I pray let each one of you pray also, in his own language, in his own way." With which he raised his hands, palms upward, in the

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American and German schools crossing to Stamboul on day of sword girding, May 10.

Mohammedan attitude of prayer. The other Mohammedans followed his example, while the Christians took off their caps or fezes and crossed themselves; and a brief "*amin*" closed the little ceremony.

By Tuesday, Parliament having returned to town the day before, and having sat in secret session with no outward result, people began to say again that the Sultan would keep his throne. As the morning wore on, however, there began to be indications of a certain nature. In Pera Street I encountered a long line of open carriages, each containing two or three black eunuchs and a Macedonian soldier. The odd procession explained itself. The eunuchs were from the palace. Some of them looked downcast, but the majority stared back at the crowd with the detachment supposed to be of their nature, while a few of the younger ones appeared to be enjoying an unaccustomed pleasure. It was not so with a procession I saw later, crossing Galata bridge. This was composed of the lower servants of the palace, on foot, marching four and four between a baker's dozen of sardonic Macedonians. There was no air of palaces about them. Some were in *stamboulines*, frock-coats with a military collar, that looked the worse for wear. Others wore a manner of livery, coarse black braided with white. Others still were in the peasant costume of the country. They were followed by the last of the palace guard, shuffling disarmed and dejected between their sharp-eyed captors. A few jeers were raised as they passed, but quickly died away. There was something both tragic and prophetic about that unhappy company.

Returning to Galata I found the approaches of the bridge guarded by soldiers, who kept the centre of the street clear. The sidewalks were packed with people who waited—they did not know for what. More soldiers passed, with flags and bands. It began to be whispered that a new Sultan was going over to Stamboul that afternoon. The rumor was presently confirmed by an extra of the *Osmanischer Lloyd*, an enterprising Franco-German paper, which was the first in Constantinople to publish the news of Abdul Hamid's dethronement and the accession of his brother. But still people could not believe the news they had been expecting so long. They continued to wait, to see what would happen. I met some friends who suggested going to the vicinity of Dolma Baghtcheh Palace, the

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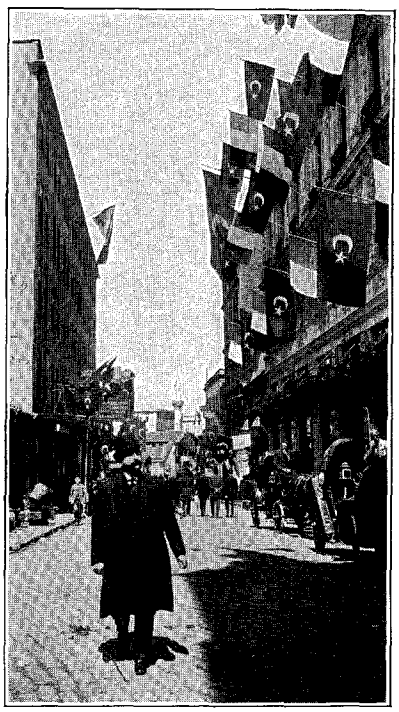
residence of the heir presumptive. If he went out that afternoon we should be surer of knowing it than if we joined the crowds in the city. At the junction of the Pera road with the avenue behind Dolma Baghtcheh we were stopped by a white-leggined Albanian with a Mauser. This tall, fair-haired, hawk-nosed, and serious young person saw no reason why we should occupy better posts than the rest of the people—happily not many—he held at bay. We accordingly waited with them, being assured by the inexorability of the Albanian and by the presence of gunners mounting guard beyond him that we should not wait in vain.

In front of us a wide-paved space sloped down to the Bosphorus, pleasantly broken by fresh-leaved trees and a stucco clock tower. To the left ran a tree-shaded perspective, cut off from the water by the white mass of Dolma Baghtcheh. Before long we saw three steam launches pass close in front of us, making for the harbor. A few minutes later a cannon banged. Another banged after it, another, and another, till we could doubt no longer that what we had been waiting for had really happened at last. Then, before we had time to taste the rushing emotion of new and great things, a small-arm cracked in the distance. That sharp little sound caused the strangest cold sensation of arrest. More rifles cracked. People looked at each other. The soldiers began feeling for their cartridges, their eyes on their officers. As the firing became a fusillade and drew nearer, one of the latter made a sign to our Albanian. "Go back!" commanded that young man fiercely, thrusting his musket at us. There was an instant retreat. Could it be that reactionaries had chosen this moment to make an attack on the new Sultan, that there had been a reply, and that battle was beginning again in the streets? We had not gone far, however, before we saw men shooting revolvers into the air and laughing. So we returned, not without sheepishness, to our places. We were just in time to see our Albanian discharge his rifle with the delight of a boy. The volley that followed did not last long. "Who told you to fire?" demanded the officer who had been so uneasy a moment before. "Eh, the others are firing," replied our Albanian. "Never mind what the others do," retorted the officer sharply. "We came here to show that we know how to obey orders. Now stop firing." His soldiers did, although the city was by that time one roar of powder.



A Stamboul street decorated in honor of Mehmet V, April 27.

It was not long after three o'clock. We still had nearly four hours to wait before Sultan Mehmet V should land at Seraglio Point, proceed to the War Office for the first ceremonies of investiture, return to the Seraglio to kiss the mantle of the Prophet, and then drive past us to his palace. I could not help thinking of the other palace on top of the hill, from which the servants had been taken that morning. The boom of saluting guns, the joyous crackle accompanying it, must have gone up with cruel distinctness, through the still spring afternoon, to the ears of one who had heard that very sound, on the supplanting of a brother by a brother, thirty-three years before. As the time wore away our Albanian grew less fierce. The light, unfortunately, did likewise, until all hope of snap shots failed. I then took my place at the edge of the avenue. Finally, toward seven o'clock, a piqueur galloped into sight from behind the wall that hid the right-hand stretch of the street.

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Mehmet V on day of sword girding, May 10.

Behind him, in the distance, rose a faint cheering. It came nearer, nearer, nearer, until a squadron of dusty cavalry clattered into sight. After the cavalry clattered a dusty brougham, drawn by two black horses, and in the brougham an elderly man with a double chin bowed and smiled from the windows as the crowd shouted "*Padishah'm chok yasha-a-a!*" I shouted with them as well as I could, not stopping to inquire why anything should impede the throat of an indifferent impressionist from over sea, at the spectacle of a fat old gentleman in a frock-coat driving out between two disreputable columns of cavalry. They made a terrific dust as they galloped away through the young green of the avenue toward the white palace—dust which a condescending sun turned into a cloud of glory.

During the days and nights of flags and illumination that followed there were other sights to see. One of them was the *Selamlik* of the ensuing Friday. It took place at St. Sophia, whither Mohammed II rode to pray after his conquest of Constantinople, and where popular opinion willed that a later Mohammed, after this memorable recapture of the town, should make his first public prayer. About this ceremony was none of the pomp that distinguished the one I had witnessed the week before. A few Macedonian Blues were drawn up by the mosque, a few Macedonian cavalrymen guarded the gates of the Seraglio, and they were not all in place by the time the Sultan, in a new green service uniform, drove slowly through the grounds of that ancient enclosure. Again, on the succeeding Monday, we beheld the grisly spectacle of those who fomented the mutiny among the soldiers, and who, in long white shirts, with statements of their names and deeds pinned to their bosoms, swung publicly from great tripods at the scene of their several crimes—three at the Stamboul end of the bridge, five in front of Parliament, and five in the square of the War Department. And the new Sultan was once more the centre of interest on the day he was girded with the sword of Omar. He went to the sacred mosque of Eyoub with little of the pageantry that used to celebrate that solemn investiture—in a steam launch, distinguishable from other steam launches only by a big magenta silk flag bearing the imperial *toughra*. From Eyoub he drove round the walls to the Adrianople Gate, and then through the city to the Seraglio. His gala coach, his scarlet-and-gold coachman, his

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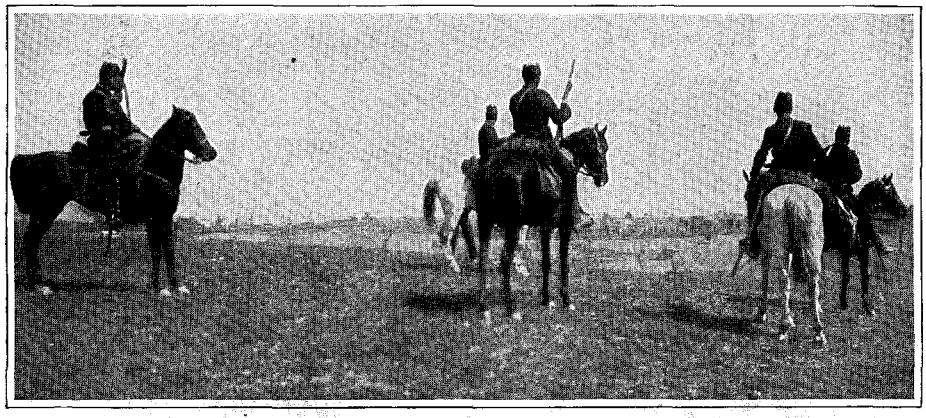

Macedonian cavalry patrol.

four chestnut horses, his blue-and-silver outriders, and his prancing lancers were the most glittering part of that long procession. The most Oriental part of it was the train of carriages bearing the religious heads of the empire, white-bearded survivors of another time, in venerable turbans and green robes embroidered with gold. But the most significant group in the procession was that of the trim staff of the Macedonian army, on horseback, headed by Mahmoud Shefket Pasha. Not least notable among the conquerors of Constantinople will be this grizzled, pale, thin, keen, kind-looking man who, a month before that day, was an unknown corps commander in Salonica. We knew he was capable of such decision that, within four days of an equivocal mutiny, he seized the Roumelian railway and put two trains of troops into Chatalja before the reactionaries had time to make their next move. We knew that he had carried out his delicate operations with phenomenal promptness, tact, and strategic ability. We had not known that he took the city before he was ready, with barely fifteen thousand men, on a sudden night warning that the desperate Sultan planned a massacre for the next day. He has since proved his greatness by a wise and modest use of the power he wields as the real master of Turkey. They say he suffers from an incurable disease, and captures cities for distraction.

There was another spectacle, less obvious perhaps than the rest, yet singularly evocative of them all, when Shefket Pasha opened to a limited number of visitors the park of Yildiz. Yildiz had so long been a name of legend that one approached it with the vividest curiosity—even though the innermost enclosure, its massive walls crowned by high-pitched roofs and overhanging green, remained impenetrable. Was Merassim Kiosque, a tawdry little palace in an abutting enclosure of its own, a hint of those visions unrevealed? I threaded a tortuous space, at one end of it not quite touching the bastion of the forbidden city, to a paved *impasse*, where a small iron door in the Kiosque faced a small iron door in the wall. They had a potency, those small iron doors, upon the imagination of a romantic impressionist. Beyond stretched courts and stables, deserted save for a few last activities of departure. A horse whinnied in the silence. A eunuch gave shrill orders to a soldier. A drove of buffaloes stood mild-eyed under a plane tree, waiting to be driven away. A cat lay blinking in the sun, indifferent to the destinies of kings.

Outside the fabled gardens descended to the sea. Fabled they proved indeed—as some city park, perhaps, though not so neatly kept. A driveway fabulously dusty curved along their summit, past a miniature lake, where the palace beauties used to row. Chalets and summer-houses with red seals on their doors stood among the trees. I went into an open lodge beside a gateway. A bed was torn to pieces, clothes and papers strewed the floor, a cut loaf and an open bottle stood on a shelf as if dropped in some hasty flight. On a slope of thin shade farther on were grouped an ornate wooden cottage, a castellated porcelain factory, ken-

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nels where a few dogs yelped miserably, and enclosures for all sorts of animals and birds. The one really charming part of the park was the ravine behind Cheragan Palace, cool with secular trees and the splash of water. Nightingales and strange waterfowl had their habitation there, and some startled colts galloped away as I descended a winding path. The look of the paths, neither wild nor ordered, made me wonder again what four hundred gardeners did at Yildiz. I suppose they did what any gardener would do whose master never came to see his garden.

There was a point on the hillside whence a long view opened—of domed Stamboul and cypressed Scutari reaching toward each other across an incredible blue, with dim Asiatic mountains in the background. From the height above he must often have looked out upon that scene, who brooded for thirty-three years, in silence and darkness, behind the walls his terror raised. So noble against sea and sky, so vastly spreading, so mysterious in its invisible activities, the city must have been as redoubtable to him as his bastioned hilltop was to the city. And I could not help imagining how, during the days so lately passed, as he watched the city that feared his power and whose power he feared, sounds must have come up to him: of the foolish firing he ordered for the thirteenth of April; of a more sinister firing eleven days later, when he waited for his deluded and officerless soldiers shut up in their barracks to save his throne; of that last firing, for him the sound of doom, proclaiming to his face the joy of the distant city that his power was over it no more. As I went away a train of bullock carts, piled with nondescript furniture, was creaking down the avenue where the imperial guard used to parade at *Selamlik*. A Macedonian gendarme checked them as they passed, standing in the archway of the palace court. Behind him a monkey sat in the coil of a black tail, surveying the scene with bright, furtive, troubled eyes

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BARN DOORS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

WE all, I suppose, have some precious little pictures stored away in our memories with the magic of childhood or the open world about them, pictures that flash upon our inward eye, like Wordsworth's daffodils, and bring pleasure and the dancing heart. It was Wordsworth's genius to feel so profoundly that his pictures persisted in memory till he could transcribe them into a poem. Called the poet of tranquillity, his tranquillity was like Teufelsdröckh's, that of the spinning top. More than all others, he is the poet of tremendous emotion. And it was in an effort to realize with true intensity of feeling my own stored impressions of natural scenes that I came to recognize how large and how beautiful a place is filled in my memory by barn-door landscapes. They have been coming back to me one by one since I saw Moosilauke between golden, dusty walls of hay the other morning, coming back with an aura of enchantment upon them, coming back from forgotten childhood, from careless tramps down world in autumn, from all my country yesterdays. A little gallery of barn-door landscapes, of peeps into the ideal—for every barn-door landscape is a perfect composition!—they are very precious to me now that I have sorted and arranged them, hung them, as it were. I wonder if others could not do equally well in the galleries of their memory?

The earliest barn-door vista of which you have recollection was not many miles from Boston, and there looms in the foreground a great yellow stage-coach swung on straps, that used to ply between Reading and North Reading until the trolley superseded it hardly a generation ago. It was your grandfather's barn that housed this coach, after it had deposited you at

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grandfather's gate across the road, beneath the balm-of-Gilead tree that made cut fingers a pleasure. Of course, with only an eager look over the road, where the hens were scratching in the dust, you went right up the path and in the door to see grandfather, who sat in a high-backed rocking-chair by the kitchen window. After you had greeted him and grandmother had given you a kiss and a cookie and you had climbed up one step into the dining-room, then up a steep flight of stairs that led out of the dining-room like a closet, and then gone down three steps into a chamber that smelled curiously musty, and washed your hands with water from a pitcher with pink roses on it, you rushed excitedly out to the barn—and got your hands dirty again. For you didn't stop to look at barn-door pictures then. You dashed to pat the horses' noses, you climbed into the hay, you investigated the feed-boxes, you asked Fred if you could pitch bedding to-morrow. Then you fell out of the barn by the rear door, a drop of eight feet that landed you in perilous muck, and ran down the slope to the saw-mill, the pungent odor of the fresh-cut wood gladdening your nostrils, the rhythmic screeches of the saw sounding like music in your ear. You watched the men ripping the logs into boards for a while and filled your shoes with sawdust as you climbed the great pile of it to put your hand in front of the blow-pipe and feel the sting of the hot particles as they peppered forth. Then you looked down-stream longingly to the willows. When you got back to the house for dinner your hair was wet.

It was later, after supper perhaps or as you strolled aimlessly about one morning waiting for somebody to go fishing, that the barn-door picture claimed attention. Even then you gave it no conscious thought; it was just there, a part of all this pleasant life that surrounded you. But you came to look at it two or three times a day. The barn stood east and west, virgin of paint, a lovely mouse gray. The great east door, when the yellow coach did not block it, framed a dim interior with walls of dusty, golden hay, and a white hen or two, perhaps a rooster with a red comb, strolling about the floor making sleepy sounds. A pungent smell came forth that you loved. And at the other end, down the vista of the golden hay, the little west door pierced through and held a landscape of surpassing charm, a corner of the mill roof, a graceful willow, and far away the dome of a green hill against the blue sky. If you went to the right or the left of the barn the picture was not the same, there was more of it, unpleasant details obtruded. Just why it never occurred to you to ask, but that barn-door landscape was for you the essence of things. You watched the sunset through the hay while the rest went up on Huckleberry Hill. They thought you wanted to see Fred milk —and maybe that was partially the reason.

It was a year later. You were tired because the ride had been a long one, and when the train finally reached your destination and you climbed into the mountain wagon you were cross into the bargain, for a thunderstorm was gathering down, and your first sight of real mountains, dreamed of for months, promised to be spoiled. The wagon lumbered uphill it seemed for interminable miles between walls of trees, birches taller, straighter than you had ever dreamed, giant hemlocks and spruces, and the thunder rolled ominously in the distance. But never a sight of any mountains greeted your impatient gaze. Finally you came out on the top of the rise, and there was a valley below, and across it the clouds seemed to be trailing in the tops of the trees. "There are your mountains," said your father. "Where?" said you. You saw nothing but the clouds in the trees. "It's coming!" said the driver. A white mist was walking across the valley and over head all was black, the lightning flashed, the thunder echoed. The driver pulled down the hoods just as the rain hit the wagon with a swirl, and you lurched down the slope in semi-darkness. Suddenly the driver turned the horses sharply, and you dashed into a barn, into the hot smell of hay, while the rain thundered on the roof and the wagon dripped upon the floor. You were to wait there till the storm was over.

There was a little door at the far end of the barn, left open with a bar across. Through that you looked down a slope steeper than any you ever saw to a ravine where water ran, but beyond that was nothing but the white wall of the rain and clouds in the trees. Presently a mystery was brought to pass. The white wall of the rain receded. The clouds lifted from the trees. As the world grew lighter the

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clouds lifted higher and higher. Fascinated, you watched them roll up like a giant curtain at a play, and ever as they rolled beneath them were more trees. Did the hill go up forever? As the first sun shaft, level, for the sun was now near to setting, shot into the ravine and the trees shot back flashes of diamond, the clouds rolled up quicker, higher, blew off into nothingness with a whisk of vapor, and before your astonished eyes the trees went up, shoulder on green shoulder, and then the rocks, and then the sharp summit against the sky. And all this you saw through the little barn door while the horses stamped behind you and your father talked with the farmer in dim, far-off tones, and there was the smell of hay.

You looked back lingeringly as the wagon drove out on the sloppy road, into the chilled air. Your mountain still shot up in the middle of the picture. Outside, you saw other mountains, higher, blue, huddling into the distance. But none of them was so wonderful as that behind, nor ever would be. It came out of the mist of rain; it came framed alone.

Years passed before you became a real philosopher and learned to loathe motor cars. There was the tang of autumn in the air, apples ripened by the roadside, and in the night when you awoke you could hear them falling in the orchard. Disdaining all conveyances, most of all the loathed motor car—which, under any circumstances, you could not afford!—you tramped up and down the clean country and forgot there were such things as towns, forgot, even, that sooner or later you must return to one of them, the largest and the ugliest, and plunge once more into the hurry and the frenzy of its artificial life. Now and then inhabitants of this town, in goggles and veils, flashy and loud-mouthed and too obviously well-to-do, purred expensively by you when from necessity you were forced to pound your feet along a main high road to reach the next delectable by-path. You glared at them, brutal reminders of things forgotten, and shrank up against the bushes, while they, disdainfully glancing at you as at a tramp, tore on in dust and smell. After they were out of sight you came out on the road again and resumed your easy, swinging stride, watching for the red gleam of an apple tree that you might forget the smell in the acid aroma of its fruit.

Have I said that you had a companion? Ah, but you did, quite the most wonderful companion in the world! And she, born and reared in that smoky city beyond the horizon, in that city of dreadful night, had never known the country except as a summer boarder knows it, had never watched the virgin spring come up from the south leaving violets where it trod, nor autumn paint the woods and bring down the butternuts on frosty nights when the stars are alive. How wonderful it was to her! How these days of windy clarity and soft ripeness, these nights of silent, hushed star talk, these miles of white road and doming pastures and woodland ponds dancing in the sun or bearing on their bosoms the reds and golds of mirrored trees, caught her up, enthralled her, melted into that other mystery of our human relationships that was opening to her and you, and made both more wonderful and dear. Sometimes as you watched her swinging along, the wine of autumn in her little legs that it seemed she could not tire, her face tilted up to the wind as if she must drink of it, she seemed to you almost some one that you had never known before back there in town, with trailing skirt and bristling defences of propriety. That had been the shell of her; here the real being came to birth, the dear Pagan soul that laughed to meet its brothers, the sun and the wind. And when she splashed white feet in a brook, as a precaution all trampers take, they were Dryad feet, and you caught her with sudden strange alarm to your breast, as if she might vanish from you up that green, mossy cloister of the brook. But she laughed, and melted, and grew warm and silent in your arms. Then happiness that hurt for very sweetness swept over you both, and for a mile you tramped on hand in hand, nor thought to mind the farmer jogging past with apples to a cider mill.

It was somewhere in New England that you found the barn door; but of course you have no intention of telling the exact spot. You had been tramping since morning, through pleasant, rolling country, getting finally on a back road that led up through second growth timber for some miles without sign of house nor any chance to get a peep at the country. But at noon you emerged on the other side of the divide, and a pasture slope to the left invited to a view. A cow watched with mild curiosity as you climbed over and your companion crawled under the bars. At the summit

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was the view—and such a view! Sweet, gentle, yet wide and windy it was: green pastures cut by even lines of trees which marked the roads, domed hills with orchards climbing up, houses here and there with mouse-gray barns, a white spire far off, a pond to the south, another smaller pond at your feet, and opening toward the sun a gentle valley between the billowing hills mile on mile to the blue distance and the faint smoke of a town. And right beside you, set on the ridge like a watch tower, was a sentinel chestnut, its upper branches scarred by the lightnings, its enormous trunk, fifteen feet in circumference measured by your belt, looking like a pillar of granite. A low limb, itself as large as a tree, tempted, and you ate your lunch up in its shelter, swinging your legs. The map showed only five miles more to go, and there was no hurry. Why not strike out when lunch was done across that great pasture at your feet, ignoring the road?

So that was what you did. And you were filled by turns with the enthusiasm of the artist and the golfer. Such billowing stretches of close, perfect turf, hardly needing a mower, with moist, level hollows where the greens would never dry up; and then that daring pond carry, with a long brassy up the slope for a par four! Then suddenly the slender lines of an elm rose out of a corner in the wall, spread, burst into leafage, casting long, cool shadows to your feet, and you were all joy for the perfection of its springing grace, wondering if any wrist was firm yet flexible enough to sweep the image of those lines across the virgin paper. You were tireless on the grateful turf; you bounded. She said she expected you to roll over and nibble grass any moment, and you did compromise by rolling over. And then you came to a cornfield where the giant stalks twelve feet high were not yet cut down, rustling stiffly in the wind. You took her in among them, a new experience for her, and her voice became hushed as she wandered down the narrow lanes, the world shut out, in a sort of miniature wilderness. She said it made her feel very small, as if she had eaten a bit of Alice's cake.

So, through the corn, you came unexpectedly over a little ridge and out in somebody's back yard. The house belonged to the days of the Revolution, but it was preserved in all the simple perfection of its solid outline, its few ornamentations—the Doric door frame, the Greek cornice, the heavy window caps—in perfect repair and colored just enough in contrast to the olive brown of the wide spruce clapboards to pick them finely out. There was no flaw in the proportions of the dwelling, the great square chimney and the long roof being held up with easy grace by the simple frame, a house at once solid, beautiful, and gracious. Three giant elms as old as it arched over the house and down across the half acre of untrimmed lawn, gay here and there with golden glow in careless, frosty flower, three giant lindens guarded the stone wall by the road. And standing in the Doric portico of this perfect house, this dwelling that by its beauty of line and color and setting put to shame alike for dignity or loveliness our modern domestic architecture however opulent, stood a tow-headed girl of seven, barefooted, with frock none too clean, and stared at you with large-eyed, silent wonder.

The collie that came bounding out of the house was not silent, however. He had the ill manners of the country dog, and barked about your feet till a sharp voice reprimanded him from the left. You turned to see a man with a hoe in the barn door. But his back was not bent down. Far from it; he apologized for his dog with the smiling ease of a man accustomed to be listened to. You spoke enthusiastically of the house and he looked at it himself a moment before addressing his reply to your companion, with a subtle flattery that was perhaps wholly unconscious. "Yes," he said, "they done a good job with that house. A hundred and thirty-one years and the j'ists still sound. My wife wanted some gimcracks and a veranda plastered on out front till an architect chap came along an' told her the house was better off without 'em. She wouldn't believe me." Here he turned to you, leaning on his hoe, and grinned. "Funny things, women," he said, "ain't they?"

The tow-headed girl had come shyly up to him, half hiding behind his leg as she stared at you. "Some day Betty here 'll want a veranda," he continued, taking her by the hand. "And if I'm alive, by Gol, I s'pose she'll git it!"

You and your companion laughed as the two of them moved toward the house. And then the barn-door vista caught your sight. It was a big barn, neat as a picture-book, and you looked between walls of dim,

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golden hay, through the shadows, to the smaller door at the other end, and saw framed there in all the crystal brightness of an autumn afternoon what was most beautiful in your magic pasture, the waving crest of yellow corn, the roll of velvet slopes, a perfect elm springing up and far beyond, the hill with its sentinel chestnut, a green watch tower standing up against the sky. In silence you gazed, and then each sought the other's eyes to read the pleasure there. You moved to the left beyond the barn—a cattle run intruded, then a hen-coop and too much corn, spoiling the composition. You moved to the right—the barn itself cut off half the view. You came back again and looked through the dusky walls of hay—and there was the picture, perfectly composed, the soul of the pasture caught. There followed a passage of learned words, psychological speculations, talk of Ruskin's theory about the need in a painting of some point that lets the vision out. She told of the pleasure she had all her life found in paintings that showed a window and the view through it, especially if that view were bright and colorful and the interior dim, of her joy as a little girl in a drawing of the Lady of Shalott where the tiny reflection of the knights riding by down the highway "two by two" shimmered in the mirror. You replied with the memory of a picture in some book that depicted a man and a woman in a dim old stage-coach, while through the coach window a country landscape lay white under dazzling snow, a picture that in your childhood had always fascinated you. You both wondered why no painter that you could recall had ever put such a barn-door vista as this on his canvas, this heavy, dusky frame of the humble accentuating the magic view set like a gem in its centre, this perfect little landscape bursting in with a flood of light and color between the dim walls of golden hay. Then turning you observed that, morning, noon, or twilight, as the farmer came from his side door, or his wife stood on the soapstone step, the picture met their gaze fair and full was a part of the fragrance which floated out from the hay.

In the silence that followed you both thought the same thoughts, and knew you did, for speech was often needless between you two. But by and by she put those thoughts into words, leaning softly against your side. "The glory and the beauty of the world!" she said. "We must press them into a few brief weeks and take them back, only a memory, into that great ugly city over there somewhere." She lifted her arm to point southward, and let it drop heavily again. "Think, think of Broadway, how it smells; and the buildings and the people, and then Harlem and the ugly miles of sardine boxes men and women call homes!"

"Don't think of them, dear," you said. But there was no conviction in your tone. And somehow your feet were heavy as you set out down the highway—southward. A backward look showed the simple, perfect house beneath its guarding trees, the mouse-gray barn, the magic pasture rolling away into the blue distance. "Some day!" you whispered. A soft hand stole into yours, and then thoughts too sweet for any words walked with you down the long white road.

Moosilauke is a noble mountain, even if it is absurdly easy of ascent. Its blue bulk walls in the southern end of the Ham Branch intervale with an almost grandiloquent self-sufficiency. It needs no spurs nor ranges to complete the job. Yet without trouble it fits into a barn-door vista, a topaz in a setting of golden hay. When you walk up from the wide meadows, the shaggy slopes of Cannon and Kinsman bearing down upon you, the sensation of space and height on all your senses, and look at Moosilauke through the barn, it is as if your spacious landscape were viewed through the wrong end of a spy glass. The mountain has become a miniature. But it is a miniature clear in outline, perfect in detail, bursting in through the dusty gloom.

So I was viewing it the other morning and reflecting on the barn-door vistas of other days, when a voice roused me. "I wondered how long it would be," said the voice, "before you discovered it."

"Only long enough to let you find it first," I answered. "Do you remember——"

"Do I remember?"—the voice was close to me now. "Why do you think I chose this place?"

"But you never mentioned it."

The voice was very close now. "Ah!" it said, "if I had had to I—I— O, never let me have to, never, never!"

I think I never shall.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE recent bill passed by the Legislature of the State of New York to prevent "joy riding" marked a step in the enrichment of the American tongue. Curiously enough it is not to the cultivated and scholarly, the thoughtful and the refined that the vitality of our speech is due. The wealth of the language, as our material prosperity, comes from below.

As people acquire education the tendency of speech is toward formality, recognized observances, phrases, and expressions that have been sanctioned and established. It is the lower, busy, uneducated world that seeks the short cut, and uses the most convenient word-tool at hand. It is from this direction comes the quick introduction into current speech of figures taken from industrial progress, the inventions, the arts, the world of affairs, or whatever catches the public attention. For example, the electric cars were scarcely running when "off his trolley" was so neatly descriptive of a certain mental state that it was put into immediate commission. "Get on to his curves" sprang directly from the rooters and holders down of the bleaching boards on the base-ball field, who thus briefly denominated those incursions into higher mathematics which base-ball pitchers discovered to the confusion of batsmen and professors. To add another, it was only a few days ago that our recent Attorney-General announced his preference for "government by megaphone."

An Overlooked Conversational Asset

By their slang you shall know them. This enrichment of the American tongue reflects the national temperament. It is gay, humorous, possibly reckless, but certainly picturesque and often approaches the higher realms of poetry and philosophy. If it is none of these it does not survive the state in which it was born. "Joy riding," denoting the happy insouciance with which the chauffeur in his hours of ease gives pleasure to his friends by means of his employer's motor car, and now to be legally honored, is one of these expressions. Its buoyancy, as indeed that of the greater part of our slang, may be contrasted with the crude "beastly" and the unmeaning "bally," those two overworked adjectives of our English cousins. Tribute to whom tribute is due. The whole country now delights in phrases which one Quimbo Appo, as he would say, "handed out" to a "bunch" of legislators during his examination as a witness before the Lexow Committee, a few years ago. It is only necessary to mention the "glad hand," the "frozen smile," the "marble heart" among his contributions to a smiling and receptive public. To these may be added "glad rags," so eloquent of joyous festal preparation.

Two things characterize these phrases. The first, strange to say, is their elegance, the agreeable impression which the sounds leave on the mind. The other is their gayety. They imply a fine, hopeful outlook on life, come weal, come woe. An appreciative visitor, William Archer, has told of the joy to his soul when he first came upon the phrase, "sky pilot." Nor has familiarity rendered the ear insensible to the poetry of "you're not the only pebble on the beach," certainly one of the most gentle and charming reproofs to the selfish that the genius of man has contrived.

The neat serviceableness of our slang and the gentle humor with which it admonishes makes it invaluable to a civilization which daily becomes more impatient with mere words. How better is conversational impotence characterized than by "chewing the rag"? How pertinently is responsibility enforced by "it's up to you." How more confidingly is cordial agreement acknowledged than by "Sure"? How better can one modestly ward off flattery than by calling it "hot air," or intimate the swift approach of justice than by "all that's coming to him," or convey the human tragedy, great or small, than by "up against it"?

As M. Prudhomme spoke prose without knowing it, so do we all speak slang. An elderly woman, one of the old school, with a proper scorn of our modern brevity was heard to exclaim, "Well, if that isn't the limit!" and believed it inconceivable that so convenient a phrase was slang. These expressions have not only pervaded our speech, but have invaded the literature of two countries, as all who run may read. Our slang, in fact, finds no keener appreciation than from foreigners. William Archer has been mentioned. In the writings of Pierre de Coulvain, it abounds, and a

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Frenchman recently has devoted a chapter to the Bowery girl's "steady," one of the most delightful and wholesome of our characterizations of the ways of a man with a maid.

The only objection that may be urged against the national tendency that these expressions indicate is that we take perhaps serious matters too gayly. The Tariff Bill has been searched for "jokers," as is termed the attempt, supposedly deliberate, to deceive the people. It is such instances that doubtless prompted Mr. Kipling, in his poem, "The American," to comment on

> "The cynic devil in his blood,
> That bids him mark his hurrying soul."

We hope it isn't quite so bad as that, but it is "up to us" to disprove it.

ONE cannot imagine Monsieur Sainte-Beuve objecting in advance to a writer who should seek, after his death, to trace the most intimate discoverable connection between his work as an author and his character as a man. One can even imagine his shade, still possessed of the matured principles so highly developed in his later years, and advanced along the path he had so patiently and heroically blazed for himself, following with a good deal of zest the performance of that task by Professor Harper, of Princeton, in his recently published volume. Not that he would be wholly flattered by the result. He was too sensitive as to his fame while living, and took too much pains to color, so far as possible in anticipation, the impression posterity should receive of him, to contemplate with satisfaction some features of the portrait his biographer has, logically, and in accordance, in great degree, with Sainte-Beuve's own methods, achieved. But he would recognize the methods, the skill, and loyalty of their application, the fine vitality of the resulting picture, and the peculiar value of the lights with reference to the artist's rendering and distribution of the shadows.

The Perpetual Puzzle

One could easily gather from Professor Harper's pages passages, consecutive and harmonious enough in themselves, that would present the great Frenchman in a most ignoble aspect—envious and spiteful toward his associates; ungrateful, unjust, even treacherous; at times vindictive and cruel, at times selfishly truckling; frankly sensual, with a strange vulgar vanity as to his pretended *bonnes fortunes*, this latter trait reaching shocking manifestation in his treatment of the memory of Madame Hugo. And again it would be possible to gather from these pages other passages presenting Monsieur Sainte-Beuve in a very different, in an almost irreconcilable, aspect—faithful to conviction; self-respecting, self-denying, self-effacing; following a lofty ideal in humility, laboriously careless of gain, careless of praise or blame; devoted to his country and its best traditions, to his profession and its most exalted aims; avid of justice, of impartiality, of completeness; the proud servitor, champion, lover of Truth, guided, inspired, in a way consumed by his great passion for the difficult and precious tasks she imposed, and by this lifted and purified.

What interests me at the moment is not the accuracy of either of the aspects in which Sainte-Beuve would be presented by such selected pages. It is the curious fact that one lays down Professor Harper's book with the sense that they are not irreconcilable, that, on the contrary, they are consistent, and that the portrait he offers of this extraordinarily gifted and extraordinarily burdened Frenchman is justified, is based on reality, is in harmony with what our deepest consciousness, if duly interrogated, reveals to us of the possibilities of human nature. We are not able to explain, or even to understand how this can be true. It is the hunger to understand that gives us our insatiable appetite for the works of genius, from Shakespeare through Thackeray and George Eliot to Henry James, in which the mysterious truth is studied, pursued, enforced, and never made intelligible, but never left incredible. And Professor Harper's book has in it something of the compelling charm of the greatest experiments in the sounding of the contradictions of our nature. It is a natural temptation in such a study to close upon a note of optimism, to weigh the evil and the good which the inquiry has disclosed and to leave the impression that the latter overbalances the former. But that way great peril lies. The instrument has not yet been invented that can wholly be trusted in such a function. Even could we be sure that the respective scales held all that really should be considered, what human hand could hold them steady, what human eye could be sure of the reading? It is, notwithstanding, the tendency, especially among the English-speaking peoples, to demand that judgment shall be rendered, and, if possible, that it shall sustain the supremacy of what we consider the Right.

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But the most conscientious desire for such judgment neither confers jurisdiction nor ensures competency. It is, perhaps, impossible that there shall ever be among us a general recognition of this baffling fact, but neither our instinctive rebellion against the fact nor our inherited and apparently invincible habit of ignoring it affects the fact itself.

American Victorians

A FEW years ago a New York school-girl happened to overhear a discussion among her elders as to the relative importance of English literature and American literature. With the rashness of youth she broke into the conversation. "They are both the same size," she said. Then she went to her own book-shelf and took down two volumes. "Don't you see?" she asked, "one is just as big as the other." The volumes were two school manuals prepared by the same writer, a professor of English in one of our oldest universities. Of course, the scale on which the books had been written was entirely different; and the blame for the blunder must be laid on the shoulders of the professor rather than on those of the forthputting maiden. The history of the major branch of English literature, that produced in the British Isles, covers five centuries, while the history of the junior branch, that composed in these United States, stretches back but a scant century. Excepting only Franklin's Autobiography and a few state papers and orations, little or nothing that was written in North America earlier than Irving's "Knickerbocker," need now be read by any one except a professed student of American beginnings. The colonial writings are not books precious for their own sake, and it is only our natural tendency to ancestor-worship which tempts us to overvalue them and to insist on dragging them out into the light.

Of course, American literature is a subdivision of English literature, just as Alexandrian literature is a subdivision of Greek literature. Americans and British alike are today all subjects of King Shakespeare. We Americans took over English literature as we took over the English language and the English law. We New Yorkers have the same right of possession in Chaucer and in Milton that the Londoners have, no more and no less. And any attempt to set American literature off by itself results only in cutting us adrift from our past and in denying to us our honorable descent. The literature of our language was one and indivisible until early in the nineteenth century; and since Irving was followed by Cooper and by Emerson and the rest, English literature has had two currents—British and American, both belonging to English literature beyond all question, since both are composed in the English language. Ours is American, obviously, and theirs is British, because it must include the writers of Irish and Scottish birth. It is to make this inclusion of the Irish and of the Scots that the compilers and editors of the early nineteenth century entitled their collections the "British Poets," the "British Novelists," the "British Essayists."

Of late the London editors and compilers have not been so careful and so exact in the use of adjectives. Mr. Ward called his invaluable volumes the "English Poets," and omitted all the American bards, and in Craik's corresponding series devoted to "English Prose," only one American writer was included, Washington Irving—although if Irving was deemed worthy, it is difficult to discover any reason why Emerson and Hawthorne should have been left out. In Professor Saintsbury's twelve-volume "Periods of European Literature," the writer of the final volume, dealing with the end of the nineteenth century, made no mention of Poe or of Hawthorne or, indeed, of any American author whatsoever.

On the other hand, Professor Knight in his recent "Victorian Anthology," includes Bryant and Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell, Cranch and Whitman—a most extraordinary selection, since it omits Poe and Lanier. And it raises an interesting question; Emerson and Longfellow ought to be included in any anthology of English poetry in the nineteenth century—but are they Victorians? Above all, is Whitman a Victorian? What would Whitman himself have said to the suggestion? And if the poet of Concord fight, the lyrist of "Jonathan to John," and the writer of the requiem on Lincoln are Victorians, what profit had we from the Fourth of July, 1776?

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG

MUCH the most important annual international exhibitions of paintings held in this country are those of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the causes contributing largely to this superiority being the liberality of the founder of the Institute and the efficient system organized by the Director of the Department of Fine Arts. All the works exhibited, with a few exceptions, are selected from those of between six and seven hundred of the most eminent painters, foreign and domestic, a list of whose names is held by the Department and to whom are sent annually circulars. For the foreigners, these contributions are submitted to juries or advisory committees of painters selected for this purpose and who sit in London, Paris, Munich, and The Hague, the Institute bearing the expense of transportation to Pittsburg of the pictures accepted for the exhibitions. All works thus accepted abroad are hung by the home jury, which, however, sits in judgment on those submitted to it by artists resident in the United States, the Institute paying for the shipment to and from Pittsburg of the works of men who have been invited to send, whether these works are accepted or not. Any artist, at home or abroad, can send his canvas to Pittsburg for submission to this jury at his own expense. It is composed of ten painters, two of whom are foreigners, elected by ballot by all the artists on the Institute's list; but, to save wasted votes, a list of some forty or fifty men who have declared their willingness to serve if elected is mailed to all with this ballot. It is provided that the Director of the Fine Arts shall serve as chairman of this jury of ten, but shall have no vote except in case of a tie. In the year of the first exhibition, 1896, the Director, Mr. John W. Beattie, M.A., went abroad and personally invited the painters to send to the exhibitions and to serve on the juries and committees if selected. The advisory committee of The Hague was created later. In 1902 there was a loan exhibition, and in 1906, none. Sculpture has not been included, though this addition has been proposed; this year there was held in the sculpture galleries on the first floor a very important memorial exhibition of the works of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, at the same dates as the thirteenth annual display of paintings, closing on the 30th of June.

On this occasion there were shown two hundred and ninety-six canvases, and among the painters represented—very few by more than one or two pictures each—some eighty-two were foreigners. The exposition of contemporary European art was thought, on the whole, to be one of the best which the Institute had been able to gather. In the two long main galleries the paintings—with the exception of one of the two special exhibitions of the collection, a group of seventeen of Henry W. Ranger's landscapes in the centre of one of the long walls—were hung in a single row, very well spaced, so that there was no sense of crowding, and presented at their best advantage. In the large transverse gallery through which the visitor entered these salles d'honneur he found a special display of the works of Alfred East of London, twenty-five in number. The important "centres" of the exhibition were, Charles Cottet's very large canvas from the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, 1908, a group of mourners in black around the nude dead body of a fisherman in a little village; the portrait of "Mr. Messinger," by Antonio Mancini of Rome, full length, life size, silk hat and frock coat, and also very black; and Abbott H. Thayer's "Stevenson Memorial," the seated winged figure in white, clasping her knee, on a rock inscribed VAEA. On one of the long walls hung René Ménard's very beautiful "Judgment of Paris," from the same Salon as the Cottet, but of the previous year, and quite unique in this collection; in one of the smaller galleries was one of Henri Martin's familiar big allegorical renderings, not one of his best, entitled "Bucolique"; one of the four Honorable Mentions was awarded to another large representative canvas, by the English Stanhope Forbes, a lamplit interior with workers on copper; and two of Sorolla's paintings from his recent exhibition in this city lit up two of the walls.

But, in spite of this apparent variety and the

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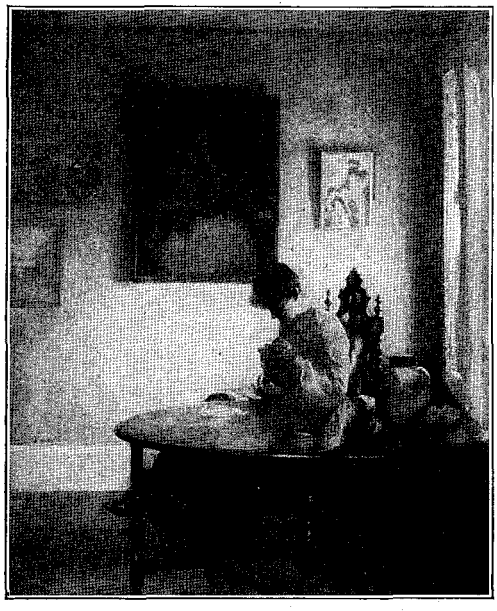
wide field presumably covered, there was not much lighting up of the walls. The visitor's impression was apt to be that this was peculiarly a technical exhibition, for the painters, not pandering to popular taste; and the official awards probably served to confirm him in this impression. Notwithstanding a number of exceptions the general result was the representation of what may be called the modern school of painting—the devotion to technical problems of a certain not very wide range, the search for tone and value rather than color, the absence of splendor, the literal art—not tonal—which strives simply to produce the same impression on the retina as that produced by the actual scene in nature. On entering the first of the long galleries in which the more valuable works were collected the eye was attracted by what was practically the only important spot of positive color, the red of the lady's gown of Miss Beaux's "Mother and Son" at the far end of the room. This lack of pomp of light and color was noticeable. Even in the very few imaginative figure pieces, like Thayer's, the light darkened; even the very few in which the spotted shadows of pure sunlight were attempted rendered only studio sunshine. The absence of the old-fashioned things formerly thought to be essential—such as human interest outside the question of visual perception, beauty of varied color scheme, grace, charm—was as manifest as it frequently is in modern galleries.



"Girl Crocheting," by Edmund C. Tarbell.
In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

Alfred East's anteroom might have prepared the curious visitor for this painters' exhibition, though the great skill in composition and the high order of imagination revealed here were by no means always to be found elsewhere. Even in his noble and classic landscape there was trouble; his skies were seldom blue and never happy, the pools were always dark, the grain never golden. His favorite light seemed to be like that produced when a very dark cloud suddenly goes over the sun, in which only the massed shadows remain, and the individual ones, from figures and tree stems, disappear. His black-robed nuns, his fauns, even his fête makers (very far from Watteau's), abode in a land not unlike that in Dante's First Circle—"desiring without hope." But, as the deeper emotions are never the hilarious, the mere technical skill here took a subordinate place.

The sympathies of the juries, on the whole, seemed to be rather with those painters who strive to render very vividly a momentary aspect of nature or man, and who—as is well known—evince a curious preference for certain aspects. The works of Messrs. Schofield and Lawson and of Miss Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, for example, as contrasted with those of East and Ben Foster, we will say, render with skill the vibration and the chill in the air; there is a suggestion of commerce, enterprise, life, and alertness; there is frequently a beauty of color, but seldom of tone (this beauty obtained at the price of unbeautiful or negligible color in many other places, seldom by uniformly beautiful color); the incident or the scene selected for representation is never of much importance; human interest is not at all necessary; the pictures—valuable as facts—to hang on your walls in a collector's pride of possession are not those to take into your communings on lonely winter eves. Messrs. East and Foster, on the contrary, who are also held in high honor, are concerned with intimacy, quietude, serenity, brooding, beauty which shall be diffused over the whole work, with no mere literalness in any part. It would be difficult to imagine one of the great goldsmith-painters of the early Italian days satisfied with this modern surface and texture and color,

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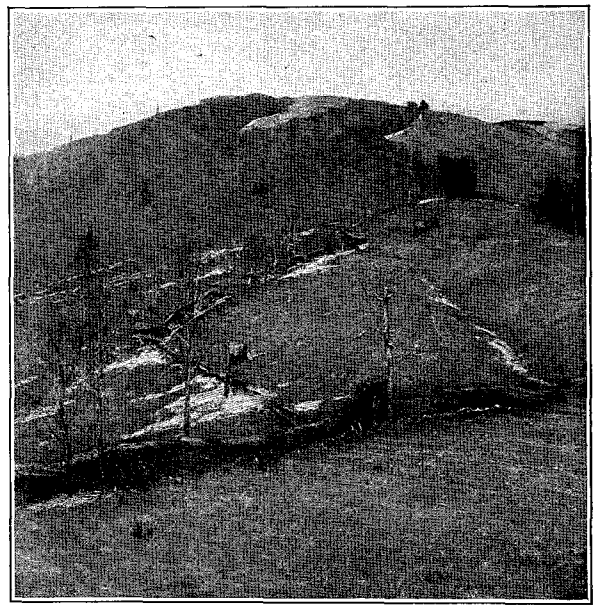
the methods which repel intimacy, the absence of loving care in every part. In the nudes, many of the qualities of flesh are sacrificed to the necessity of obtaining the strong first impression of the solidity of the body and its general effect of color and light and shade; in those shown here there was no idealization of face or figure.

The medal of the first class, carrying with it a prize of $1,500, was this year awarded to Edmund C. Tarbell of Boston, for his "Girl Crocheting," which has been made familiar in Eastern exhibitions, and in which an interior which would have appealed to the old Dutchmen of the seventeenth century is rendered in a manner very different from theirs. The medal of the second class, with a prize of $1,000, went to George Sauter, of London, for his much larger canvas, "The Bridal Morning," the bride, completely nude, with her back toward us, in her mother's arms, while an attendant stands near with the first garment of her toilet. This pretty idea did not interest the painter and he took no pains to explain the incident; he was interested only in the problem of presenting a nude body against a certain luminous background of such and such a color. To do this he summarized everything,—there was very little modelling in the flesh and no search for local color, the naked bride stood straightly on both feet, the three figures were little more than colored silhouettes, with no action, and the faces indistinguishable. But the general truthfulness of the effect sought was obtained, and there was a very good balance and harmony of color between the blue and white curtain through which the light shone, the green and silver of the mother's gown, the dull reds of the attendant's, and the grayish flesh of the central figure. This harmony of color reappeared in a smaller picture by Mr. Sauter, the shimmering green of young leaves in a "Spring Veil," quite without any drawing. In 1904 he received an Honorable Mention in these galleries.

For the third medal, with a prize of $500, the jury became more conservative, Bruce Crane's large study of "November Hills," rising nearly to the top of the canvas, fenced off into varying patches of russets and grays and touched up with slight patches of snow, being one of those paintings quite simply and broadly rendered, and so faithfully that the sentiment of the landscape follows the transcript into its frame. The four Honorable Mentions went to Arnesby Brown, of St. Ives, Cornwall, for his "Cattle at a Gate"; Stanhope A. Forbes, of the Royal Academy, for his large picture of the lamplit interior; E. A. Hornel, of Kirkcudbright, Scotland, a nearly life-size group of two young girls gathering flowers; and Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, of Philadelphia, a smaller canvas of nurses and babies, "In Rittenhouse Square." The methods of the two last-named painters are somewhat extreme, and our visitor found it necessary to place at least the width of the gallery between him and their canvases to prevent his attention being absorbed by these methods to the exclusion of the subject-matter. But at this distance certain truths became apparent—especially in the sunny, snow-spotted Philadelphia square.

Mr. Forbes's interior, "The Village Industry," was one of the most learned works in this exhibition. Nothing was omitted, or slurred over or merely suggested, every detail in the crowded composition, with its double lights, its varying textures, and its innumerable difficulties



"November Hills," by Bruce Crane.
In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

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"The Village Industry," by Stanhope Forbes.
In the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

of drawing and of painting, was carefully and truthfully worked out. It was impossible not to admire such well-trained skill, and if it could be said that the artistic interest of the whole was not very great, this reproach could be addressed to many of the world's most famous canvases. Mr. Brown's cattle, also very well painted, though not requiring any such wealth of detail, had for *their* problem the rendering of their warmly sunlit bodies as solid, while the lowering sky behind them should not be, and this problem was solved without any sacrifices.

This task of securing each year a reasonably comprehensive collection of contemporary art is a very difficult one, and notwithstanding the intelligent organization of the Institute's juries and the ample funds at its disposal, the foreign works sent over have not always answered hopes. This year several of the Paris pictures were thought to be peculiarly unsatisfactory, and some of them were relegated to inferior places in the smaller galleries on the other side of the corridors. The city in western Pennsylvania is a long ways from the European marts, and it has been suggested that a renewal of the purchases formerly made for the permanent collection of the Institute might have a reviving effect on the interest of the English and Continental painters.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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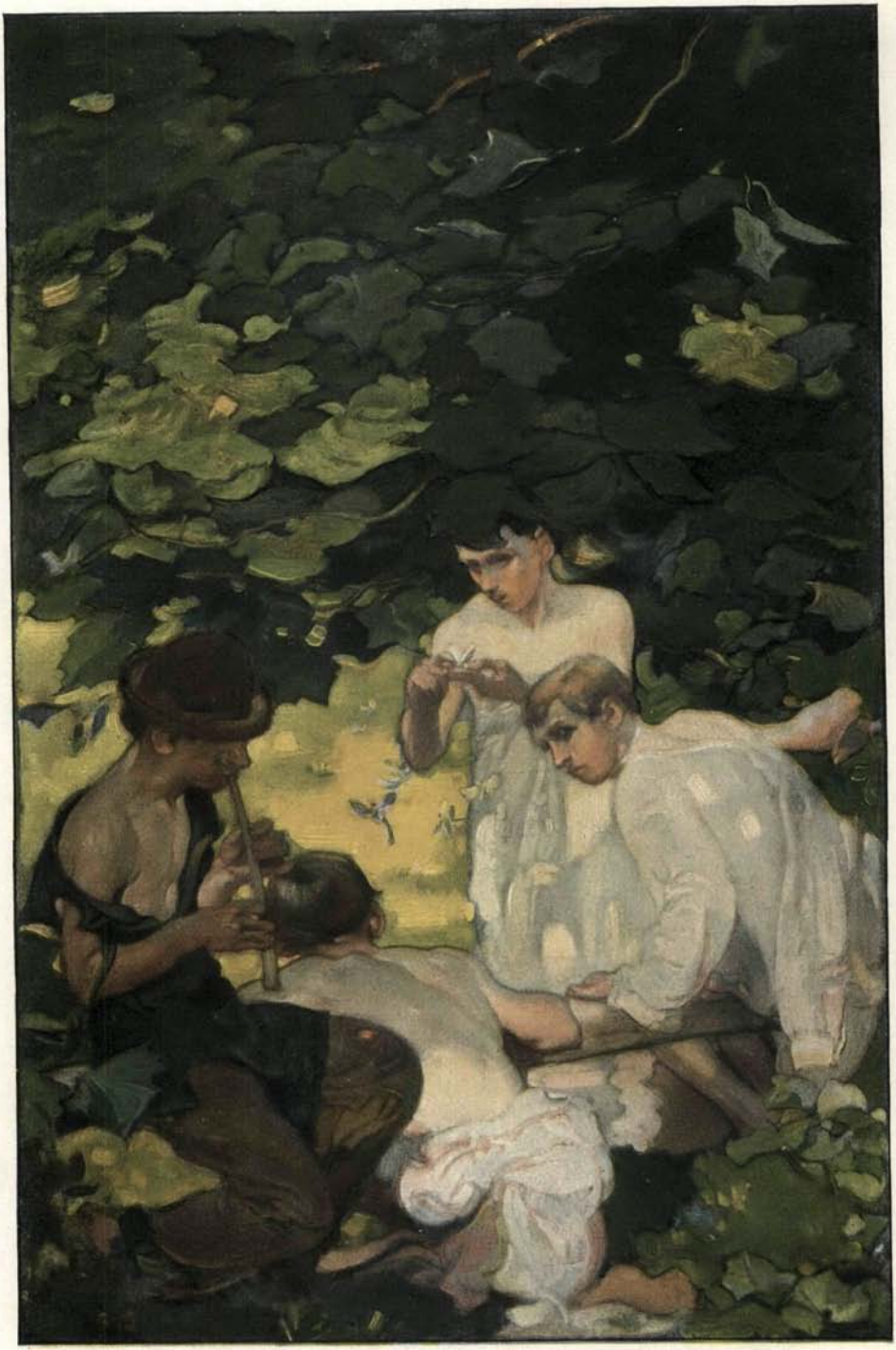

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

THE BATHERS.

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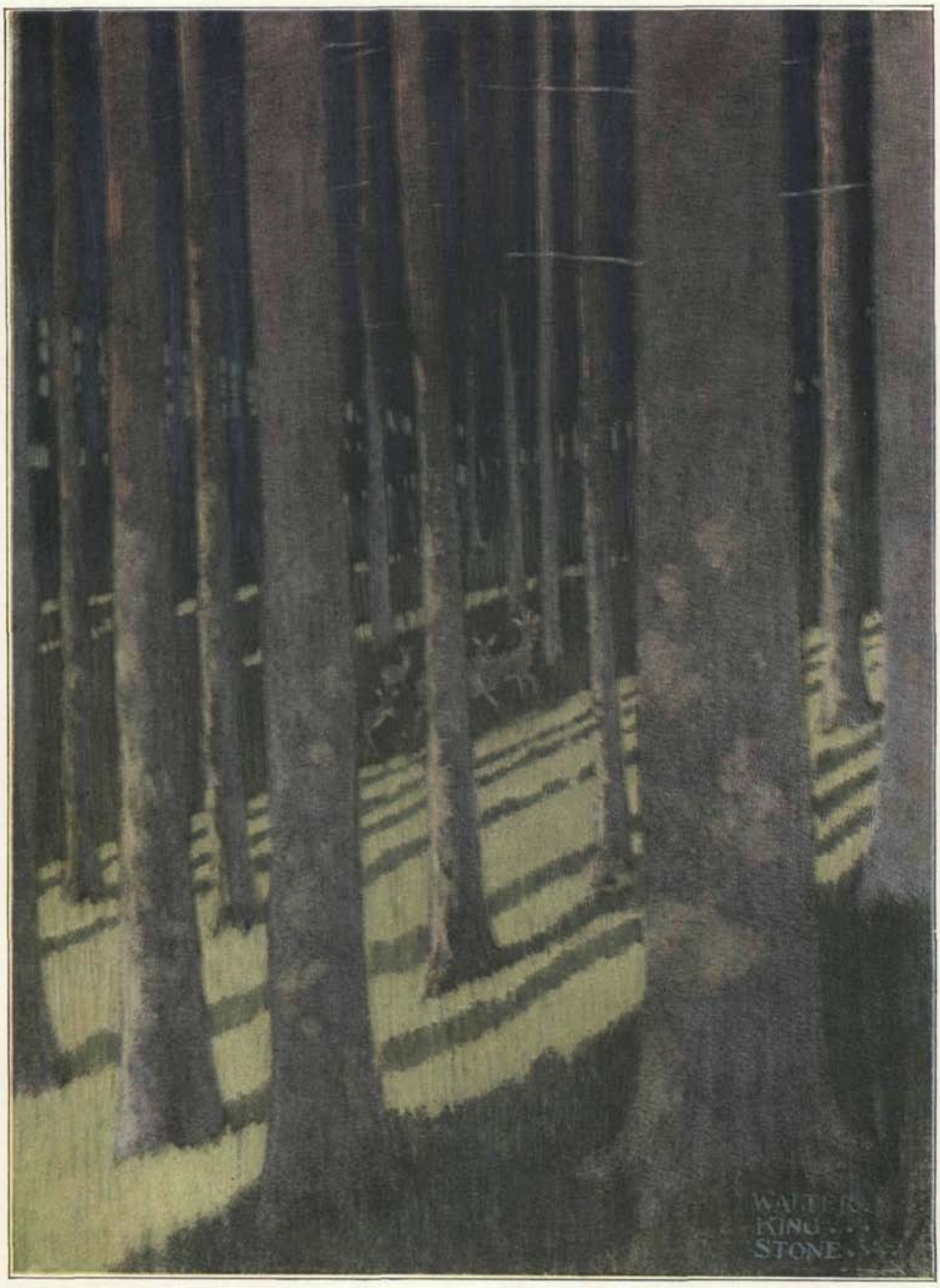

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

Through all the greenest, most delicious mysteries of the Schwarzwald.—Page 143.

Near Forbach.

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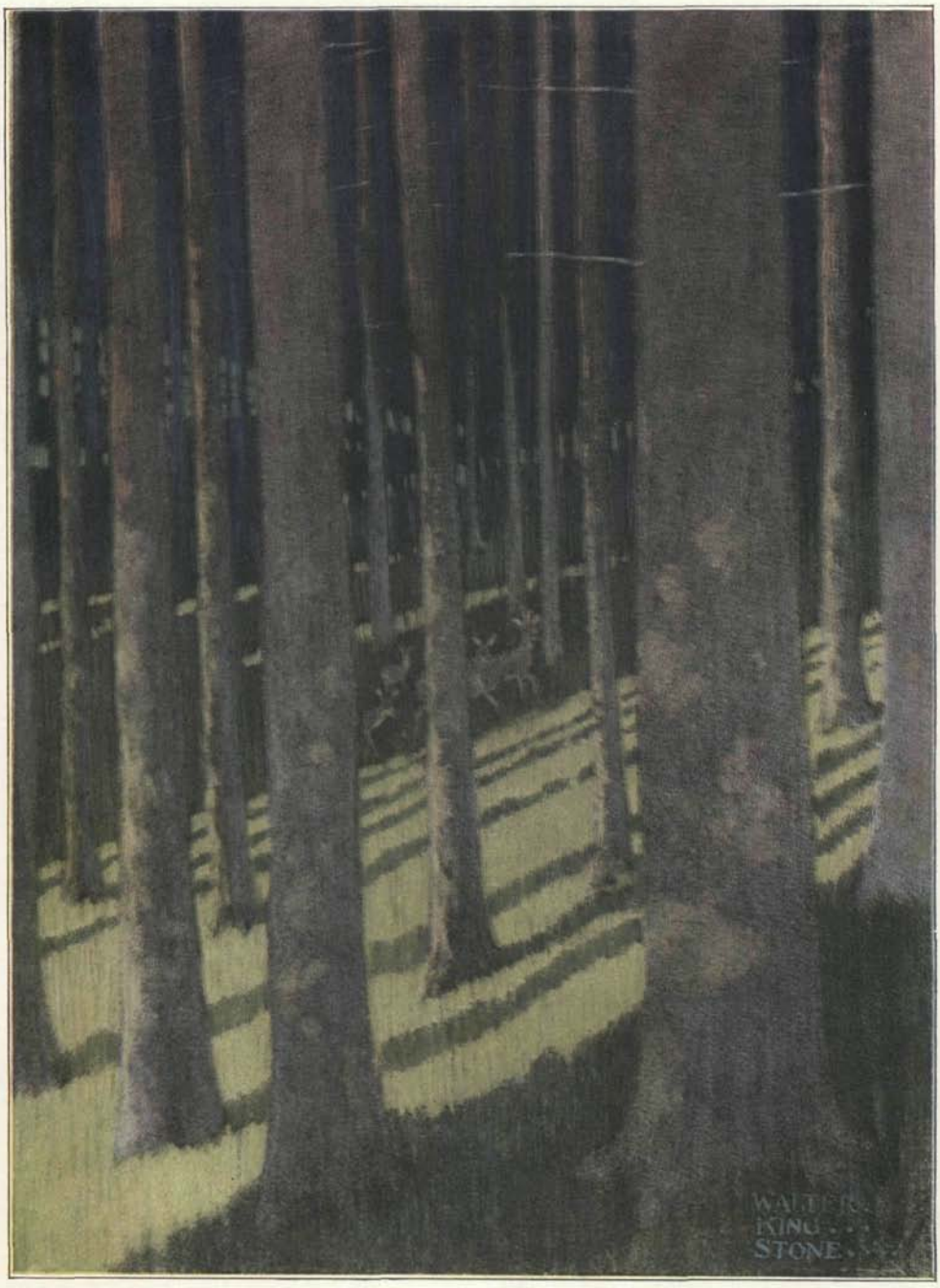

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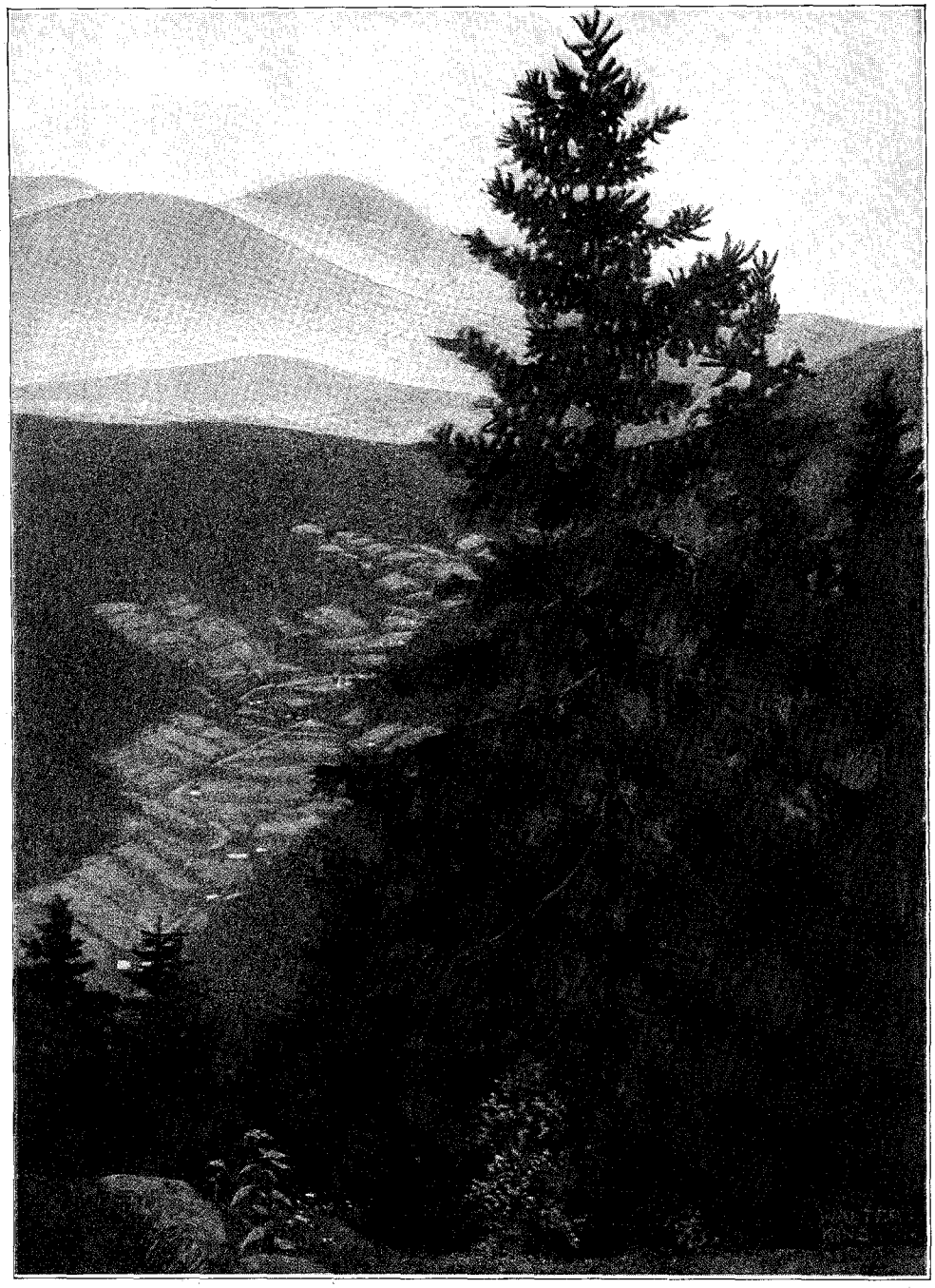

Drawn by Walter King Stone.

With ravishing outlooks upon wild hills and gentle valleys.—Page 149.

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